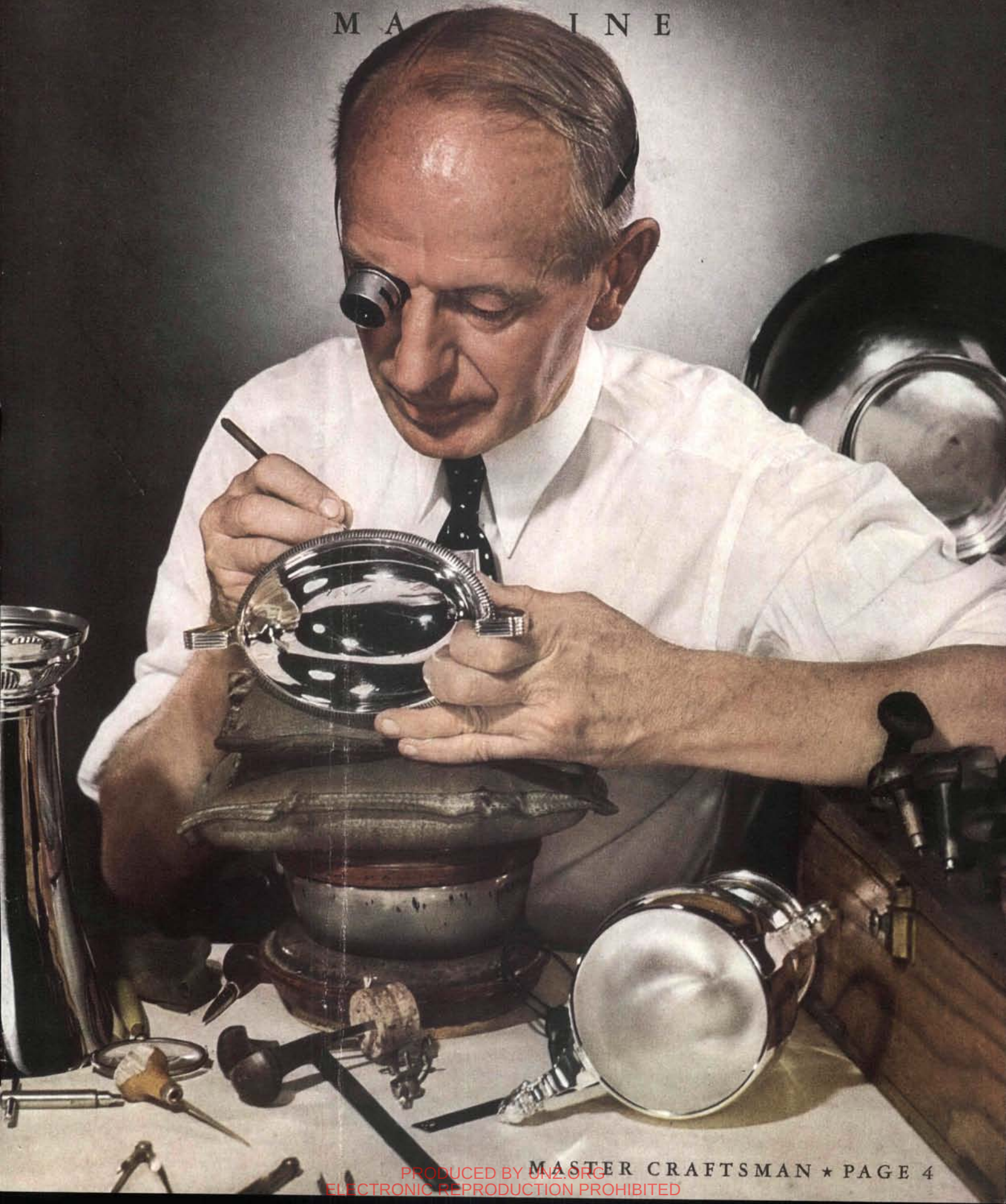
October 25c

Scribner's

MAGAZINE



MASTER CRAFTSMAN ★ PAGE 4

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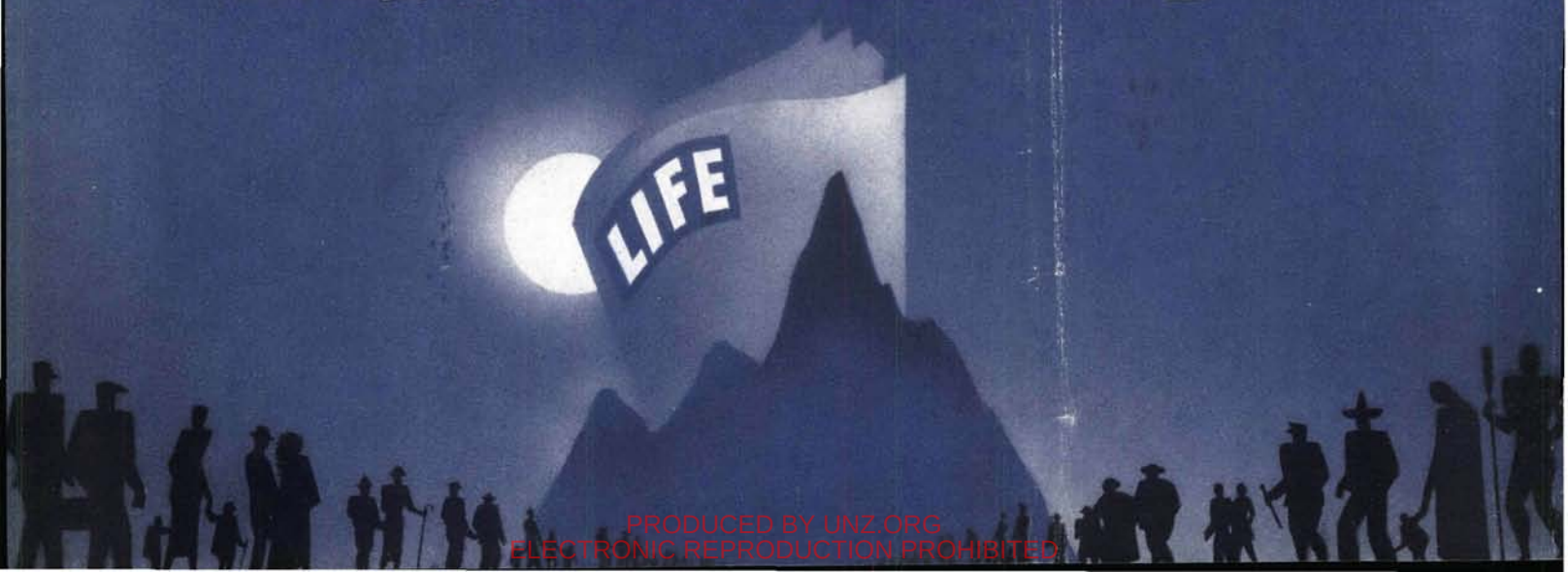
through pictures to inform

Everybody likes pictures—but LIFE is for people who prefer knowing to just "looking". LIFE appeals first and last to people who want to be informed.

LIFE entertains, LIFE amuses, LIFE pleases by sheer photographic appeal—but always LIFE informs. LIFE records the explosion of the von Hindenburg and the capture of Bilbao; it reveals the mores of a typical American city or the moral indignation of a typical American vice-crusader; it shows Mankind's war on cancer or Mankind's search for its million-year-genealogy; it shows Americans their own Art or their own Parties—always it seeks to inform.

"To see life . . . to see the world . . . to eyewitness great events" . . . people who stir to this strangely compulsive desire to see and to know and to be informed, like LIFE.



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Scribner's

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STRAWS IN THE WIND

Master Craftsman (*See Cover*)

In 1892 a small want ad appeared in the New York *Herald* advertising an opening for an engraver's apprentice. Young George Le Vind, a tea salesman more interested in drawing than in selling, saw the ad, answered it, got the job. Today, George Le Vind is one of the foremost engravers in his field—and a fitting subject for the fifth in our series of professional and occupational covers.

At a cluttered worktable on the second floor of the establishment of Black Starr and Frost-Gorham, on Fifth Avenue, Mr. Le Vind squints through a magnifying eyepiece and makes the deft strokes with a hand gouge that engraves the decorations on fine silver platters and trophies. Also, he designs and engraves bookplates, expensive stationery, and signet rings. The work is painstakingly accurate. For instance, an engraving of a dog on a trophy is as easily recognizable as a photograph of the animal. In a simple design sometimes as many as five degrees of shading are apparent.

Mr. Le Vind's work is not to be confused with numerous processes which are today lumped under the term "engraving." His art consists in cutting designs directly into metal, using a simple hand tool. It is a task that calls for the specialized skill of a master craftsman.

On that first job back in 1892, Mr. Le Vind's duties consisted chiefly in engraving a square of copper with dozens of parallel vertical lines, adding more dozens of parallel horizontal lines, then tossing in some curved lines, and finally erasing the whole thing. This produced nothing tangible, but the steady fingers of the young engraver grew accurate and skillful. And the salary was $2 a week.

At this same time Mr. Le Vind was studying at the Mechanics and Tradesmen's School, learning other tricks of the trade. At the end of a year, he was doing the simpler engraving on guns. At the end of four years, though, his employer died, and young Le Vind started moving from one job to another, gaining a broad education in his craft. In 1899, he came to the firm of Black Starr and Frost-Gorham (then Black Starr and Frost) and there he has been ever since—turning out equally expert work for princes, presidents, and ordinary people.

A student of engraving, Mr. Le Vind feels that the craft today is at its highest level. Mass production has not retarded hand engraving, but has pushed it into more expensive fields where, aided by technical advances, it continues to progress.

Born in the same neighborhood as Al Smith in lower New York City, Mr. Le Vind now lives with his wife in Orange, New Jersey, and spends his week ends—summer and winter—in a log cabin by a lake near Sussex, where he fishes (unsuccessfully), loafs, and reads technical books. He is a stanch Republican and an admirer of Herbert Hoover. A SCRIBNER reader for many years, he has pictures cut from issues as far back as 1887.

Like the guild craftsmen of an earlier day, Mr. Le Vind's chief interest is the quality of his work. During his spare time he is usually busy on a job of his own. Sometimes it's a serious piece of work, sometimes just a finger exercise. Recently he engraved five complete alphabets on the head of an ordinary pin. Most people think this is a foolish waste of time, and Mr. Le Vind admits that they are probably right, but he likes to test his precision.

The Editorial Month

Time was when an editor's job consisted of reading, rejecting, revising, and proofreading manuscripts. Now, with photography being used more and more for illustration, that work is just a starter. Usually the editor must work with the photographer on a project to be sure that the emphasis is where it should be—and this means that the editor is out "on location" a good part of his time. It's interesting and a change from the regular production schedule, but it does take time. For example, the portrait on the cover of the present issue required six hours to "shoot." And at least eight or ten hours were spent before the shooting in selecting the proper subject, making some trial black-and-whites, and deciding on the props.

In the September issue the full-page photograph of the patient in the fever machine by Arthur Gerlach required three hours to shoot, with the help of several members of the staff of a large hospital. A photograph, of course, must be technically correct, as well as esthetically satisfying, for a host of trained readers is always ready to let you know if a mistake is made.

Occasionally, through error, the name of the photographer is not printed with his work or no mention is made of the source of special equipment used. Last month was a bad one in this regard, for in the rush of production we neglected to mention that Thurman Rotan did the fine photograph illustrating "The Exile"; that in the background of the cover portrait of Paul Newman in the August issue, there was a fine painting owned by the Austrian State Tourist Department; and the fact that while Mr. Newman had had a good deal to do with Fisher Body advertising, the account is now handled by the Arthur Kudner agency. Our apologies, gentlemen, and please pass the aspirin.

In the September issue it was stated in these columns that there would appear shortly a condensed account of the new SCRIBNER'S first year, including runs, hits, and errors. This thumbnail sketch is in preparation and will be published in an early issue, as soon as the final circulation and advertising fig-

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"There is today a more sustained demand for accurate, timely news among farmers and country people than among city folks."

WALTER B. PITKIN
("Life Begins At 40")
Editorial Director, FARM JOURNAL

"TO give the *modern* farmer what he needed in a magazine we created a *new* Farm Journal . . . printed and delivered from coast to coast in 4 days . . . a speed record never before equalled by a magazine of over a million circulation.

"The new Farm Journal fills *three* important needs at once . . . it brings a wider selection of timely home and technical farm features . . . provides a simple, trustworthy interpretation of happenings here and abroad . . . and delivers it all while it is still *news!*

"Take a look at the modern farmer and you'll find him the most versatile and all-around useful human being left on earth. He is a man who lives constantly with the changes of nature. He must know climate, insects, soils, the handling of men and animals . . . the problems of merchandising . . . in short, he must be a combination executive, scientist, salesman.

"His interests are broader than any city man's. His wants and desires and his ability to satisfy them have created today's most important industrial opportunity.

"Farm Journal, with more than 1,330,000 circulation, offers a fast, modern approach to him and his family."

FARM JOURNAL

"FOUR DAYS FROM WRITER TO READER"

★

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ures are complete for the first twelve months of the new magazine. This being the Economic Age, what good are facts without figures?

The editors regret to announce the death of one of the magazine's newest and most readable contributors, Mr. Edmund Pearson. For several years Mr. Pearson was editor of publications for the New York Public Library, and his interest in crime was an offshoot of that work. His attitude toward crime was that of an intelligent onlooker—the psychological, not the brutal aspects of crime interested him. He had little sympathy for criminals, believed in capital punishment and strict law enforcement. Mr. Pearson had been engaged by SCRIBNER'S to write three articles on aspects of crime. One of them appeared in the July issue, "The Perfect Murder." Fortunately, Mr. Pearson had completed his second article of the series, "What Is Evidence?" It will appear in November.

Fillers

Several readers have asked about the fillers which were published in the back pages of the September issue. The common question is whether we buy these fillers from readers. We do—paying five dollars apiece and considering only those items accompanied by the full newspaper page or the full magazine page, or in the case of a quotation from a book, exact information as to author, publisher, date of publication, and page number.

We are also considering suggestions for new series of fillers—to parallel the ones we've started: "Grounds for Divorce," "Authentic Dialogue," "Change of Name," "The Snob Appeal," etc. For an acceptable series (including one or two sample items) we pay twenty-five dollars. SCRIBNER fillers are unlike those of any other magazine—examine them carefully. Like other contributions, the fillers should be accompanied by stamped envelopes, addressed for return. Address: Filler Editor, care of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

The Last Word

To Maud Palmer Thayer, author of 'The American Student Leaves the Reservation," which was published in the August issue, the Editors sent the reply written by Bergen Evans, "A Tirade for Tourists," which is printed in the present issue. Miss Thayer writes:

I wonder whether Mr. Evans has friends in Europe? His tone rather suggests that on his last visit he gave them all a good American sock in the jaw and rowed home.

I have friends in Europe, first known during their long residence in the States. I have never calipered their culture, but I respect their thinking, enjoy their charm, and add my resentment to theirs that a shrewd and kindly folk, as we know Americans to be at home, should allow themselves to be so grotesquely represented by their young abroad. What should we think of ourselves? That *does* matter.

"You can't see a country, really, unless you have friends there," once commented an English guard to me very wisely. So, if for no other reason than that you get more for your tour money, it pays not to antagonize the foreigner on his own soil. Today, student tours are planned to avoid the old-style gallery-gallop. Homes and hosts of their own class receive them.

There can be no guarantee against hokum and propaganda like daily association untainted by contempt.

There is another reason beside the one that you get more for your money by friendliness.

"What country do you in the United States fear most?" is a question that startles us with a realization that we are not bred in the shadow of any fear. Student tourists of other countries may justify their travel tantrums by inherited aversions or unaccustomed freedom, but the American, fortunate by geographical accident, carries no rucksack of hatred across any European border. The least to be expected of him is tolerance and a friendly approach. It is possible to be keenly skeptical without being insulting, to be merry without tonsillar display or property loss. It is possible for students to leave friends in Europe.

Those things which Mr. Evans cites as abhorrent there—soldiers everywhere, the use of women as brood-cannon, even the brothel-markdowns for the leering sentinel—are all offspring of fear and hate and signs of preparation for more. Why should free Americans deliberately add the gunpowder stench of ill will?

MAUD PALMER THAYER

Please enter my subscription to your very fine magazine, which I enjoy from cover to cover. Don Herold's honest and independent comments are particularly interesting to me. He knows how to express significant thoughts in simple language.

LEON M. HENRY
Dulce, New Mexico

May I compliment you on the beauty of your magazine? As an advertising man, and one who has been a printer, I can appreciate more than most readers the typographical perfection, the excellence of makeup, the quality of the paper and the printing—all of which, in my opinion, rank SCRIBNER'S ahead of any other magazine in sheer material beauty. As for its spiritual content, I like it immensely.

WILLIAM M. SELLMAN
Colorado Springs, Colorado

Life in the U. S. Contest

The complete list of winners in the Life in the United States Contest will be announced and the first series of manuscripts published in the December issue of SCRIBNER'S. *The unprecedented number of manuscripts submitted makes it impossible for the judges to arrive at their decisions before this time.*

The Best Generation

As an account of one man's experience, Mr. Shuford's article, "Ours Was the Best Generation," in the August SCRIBNER'S, was moving, but as history it was more stimulating than persuasive. It should, perhaps, have been written entirely in the first person singular. Because Mr. Shuford is, one gathers, uncommonly sensitive and introspective and, may I add, humorless, his experiences are not typical of us all. . . . I feel that Mr. Shuford, blinded by the intensity of his own experience, has illegitimately imposed his autobiography on a whole generation.

Although my life has been very similar, superficially, to Mr. Shuford's, I confess that I have never suffered the spiritual torture, the psychic disintegration which he describes. Very possibly I am the poorer for it in wisdom and understanding. But whether it is admirable to be spiritually callous, or not, is irrelevant; the point is that we callous ones exist, and any generalizations about our generation which ignore us are to that extent false. . . .

Unlike Mr. Shuford's acquaintances many of us married early, as soon as we had graduated. We married because we fell deeply in love. There was nothing intellectual about it; there were no arrangements made for divorce, separation, or individual love-lives. These were the last things we wanted. . . . I suppose we were as ignorant as most young people of the courage that must be brought to love, but we were resolved to make our marriages successful. . . .

Our return to the places of our birth after the depression was quite similar to Mr. Shuford's. We too were restless, depressed, and bitter. But we were not melodramatic. There were for us no violent midnight tramps in search of peace, no embarrassing encounters with our fellows. On the contrary, we were joined together by our enforced idleness; we refrained from morbid probings into the state of our souls, and accepted our lot with as much urbanity and good humor as we could muster.

Mr. Shuford's statement that a parallel existed between the development of social conscience by the government and the growth of individual character and conscience in us is too sweeping. We were more often irked by the inefficiency in the operation of the governmental recovery agencies than inspired by their aims. Although we accepted government employment thankfully, we were depressed by its futility.

It would seem that the difficulty in generalizing about a whole generation is that distinctions are to be detected only in the "intellectual" minority who react like weathercocks before the prevailing winds of doctrine. Those generalizations need to be qualified by a recognition of the callous majority in whom change is so subtle, wavering, and indistinct that it well-nigh defies analysis.

Some of us who went to college in the middle twenties were frankly materialistic rather than intellectual. We more often discussed how to make a million dollars than the subconscious, and we elected courses in economics and business administration rather than in philosophy. It is true that we were aware of the group that Mr. Shuford describes, but we ignored them as being too precious, too "literary." They were not representative; they were outside the pale.

LEONARD DEAN
Three Rivers, Michigan

In This Issue

MARC A. ROSE believes that because he has used a lot of paper in his time and has lived a long time in the South, he has ample reason for investigating

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THE NILE

By EMIL LUDWIG

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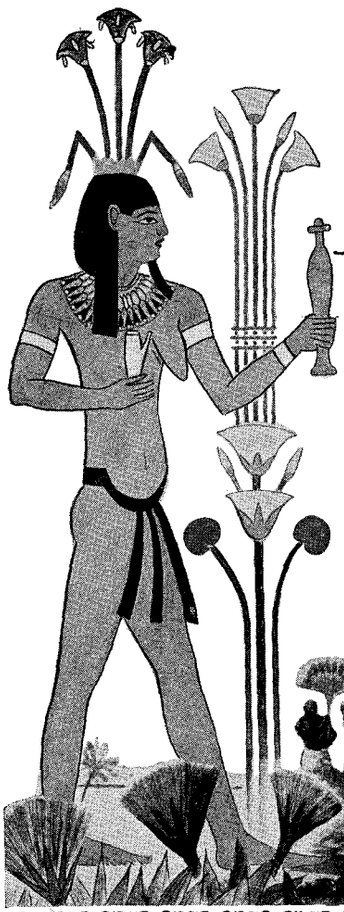
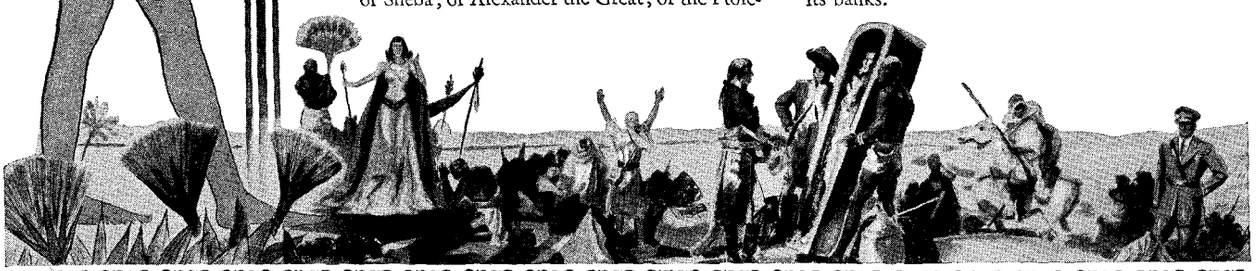


"WHAT A RIVER! WHAT A LIFE STORY!"

CRITICS are almost unanimously agreed that the resulting work, published early this year, is Ludwig's greatest. As we follow the course of the Nile, originating in a primordial land of wild beauty and maturing amidst our ripest civilization, there arise before our eyes all the shadows of the past: an endless train of historical figures, the warring tribes, the strange races, that have desperately fought and struggled for existence along its shores. The river nurtures and sustains them all—"men of the mountains and men of the marsh, Arabs, Christians and cannibals, pygmies and giants."

Here is the story of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba; of Alexander the Great; of the Ptolemies; of Abyssinian slave markets; of Caesar, Antony and Cleopatra; of Stanley's heroic discovery of Livingstone and the Congo; of Mehemet Ali and his murder in one day of all the Mamelukes; of how the dervishes cut down General Gordon; of the romantic Colonel Marchand's trek through the jungle; of Lord Kitchener—and countless other heroes, adventurers and madmen who make up the splendid pageant which has followed the course of the Nile.

Through it all the protagonist of the story remains clear. The Nile, mighty artery of life to land and people, flows majestically through the ages while humanity grubs and claws on its banks.



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Study this booklet at your leisure; you may be surprised, for instance, to learn that belonging to the Club does not mean you have to pay any fixed sum each year; nor does it mean that you are obliged to take one book every month, twelve a year (you may take as few as four); nor are you ever obliged to take the specific book-of-the-month selected by the judges. You have complete freedom of choice at all times. You also participate in the Club's "book-dividends," which are valuable library volumes like THE NILE by Emil Ludwig. In 1936, the retail value of the books distributed free among Club members was over $1,450,000. For every two books its members purchased, they received on the average one book free.

If, after reading the booklet referred to, you decide to join the Club, a free copy of THE NILE will at once be shipped to you.

Here is a very interesting fact; over 150,000 families—composed of discerning but busy readers like yourself—now get most of their books through the Book-of-the-Month Club; and of these tens of thousands of people *not a single one was induced to join by a salesman;* every one of them joined upon his own initiative, upon the recommendation of friends who were members, or after simply reading—as we ask you to do—the bare facts about the many ways in which membership in the Club benefits you as a book-reader and book-buyer.

SOME TYPICAL OPINIONS

The Nile stands among the finest of Emil Ludwig's works for its sheer exuberance in descriptive passage, its wise weighing of historical factors, its recreation of famous scenes and its deep human sympathies.

—HARRY HANSEN, *N. Y. World Telegram*

Is based on a magnificent conception and, I think, develops it with extraordinary skill and passion. Few books that I have read of late have afforded me more solid pleasure.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN, *The New Yorker*

Is not only one of the best things he has ever written but also one of the most richly rewarding of recent serious publications in any field.

HERSCHEL BRICKELL, *N. Y. Evening Post*

What a river! What a life story! Neither the Ganges nor the Yangtse, the Amazon or our Mississippi carries such a flood of story with its water. . . . *The Nile* is, I think, Emil Ludwig's best book.

—LEWIS GANNETT, *N. Y. Herald-Tribune*

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FROM "THE BIRTH OF A NATION"

Articles

THE BIRTH OF A NATION
By Milton MacKaye

The story behind the first classic of the American screen. How it was conceived, produced, and presented. The second in a series of articles reconstructing fragments of our neglected past in the light of their contemporary meaning.

WHAT IS EVIDENCE?
By Edmund Pearson

Proof that circumstantial evidence is usually more trustworthy than eye-witness testimony. Based on the Hauptmann trial and two other famous criminal cases. An opportunity to test your ability as a trial judge.

GOLD AND YOUR INVESTMENTS
By John T. Flynn

To most people, the government's gold policy is an unintelligible economic puzzle. But Mr. Flynn explains it — pointing out its direct effect on every business contract and every investment, and its tendency to retard recovery.

Stories

MR. MERGENTHWIRKER'S LOBBLIES
By Nelson F. Bond

NOT DEVOID OF FEELING
By Mark Schorer

SIX DAYS IS A LONG TIME
By Harlan Hatcher

A MAN'S SON
A "first story" by Helen Worth

Also

LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES
—brief articles of personal experience.

THE SCRIBNER QUIZ

AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES

don herold examines

DEPARTMENTS conducted by Gilbert Seldes, John Chamberlain, G. Selmer Fougner, Richard Gilbert, and George Jean Nathan.

In the November

SCRIBNER'S

the Southern pine-paper development.

Mr. Rose was in newspaper work for twenty-five years before becoming editor of *Business Week*. He held that job for six years and since then has been writing for magazines. He remarks that he's right back where he started from—a reporter again—but on smooth paper rather than newsprint. He writes principally about business and industry; how things are made, how they are distributed; of the progress of technology.

He likes to picture what he calls "the pageantry in such a spectacle as the rolling tide of the wheat from field to table, the drama of such a contest as that now going on among silk, wool and rayon." But he will *not* be known as a glorifier of business or the businessman.

*

Notre Dame and the Art Institute of Chicago are RICHARD SULLIVAN'S schools. His story, "The Paper Costume," is one of many to be published recently. His poetry and stories have appeared in the *Atlantic* as well as in many of the small magazines, and he has written radio plays and several stage plays which have been produced by university or little theaters. He teaches playwriting and poetry at Notre Dame; has a wife and daughter.

*

EDWARD NORTH ROBINSON ("How Fine It Ought To Be") is the son of the well-known Brown University football coach. Young Robinson went to Brown and shocked the elder Robinson by playing no football and editing the literary magazine. His English professor advised him to give up ideas of writing anything any editor would pay money for. He worked at race tracks during the summers and has been accused of always endowing race horses with fine feminine characteristics.

"I was also accused and damned by two Yankee farmers," he writes, "for being a low-down Southerner, ignorant of the fine people and horses of New England (until recently I have always lived in New England and have never been south of New Jersey)." He has a novel he hopes to interest somebody in publishing and he works for a large advertising agency in New York City.

*

JOHN R. TUNIS has written on problems of higher education for the past ten years, for SCRIBNER'S, *Harper's*, and other publications. Last year he published a book, *Was College Worth While?*, based on information secured from the members of the Harvard class of 1911. He is now working on a novel about college life which will appear in the spring. Mr. Tunis also writes on sports. Last summer his NBC broadcasts of the Wimbledon tennis matches were terminated by illness, but he is in good health again.

*

Most people are familiar with THOMAS CRAVEN'S two books, *Men of Art* and *Modern Art*, which demonstrated most clearly his idea that art criticism need not be stuffy or as ritualistic and abstruse as some people would make it. His article on Thomas Benton is the second of a series on contemporary American painters. Another will follow, in an early issue.

*

MARGARET COLLINS, author of "Careers, Limited," has two children, aged four and one. She remarks, frankly, that "she was not at all pleased" when she came to the unavoidable conclusion that children were her primary job, and says that she "spent some time in unfocused attempts to discover a workable combination of children and other interests." Mrs. Collins married Fletcher Collins, a teacher of English, in 1932, after she had been graduated from Wells and had done graduate work at Yale. Both are interested in music and poetry. At present they are living near Burlington, North Carolina. Dr. Collins teaches at Elon College. In their spare time they collect folk songs and ballads, Dr. Collins recording the words, and she, the music. Dr. and Mrs. Collins delight in giving informal programs of ballads, lyrics, and folksongs, English and American, for their friends and associates. For two years Dr. Collins taught in the Arthurdale Community School in West Virginia, the Subsistence Homestead Project in which Mrs. Roosevelt has been interested. While there, Mrs. Collins learned to know the First Lady well. In the time spared from her home duties and music, Mrs. Collins writes.

*

FREDERICK WIGHT (author of "The Switch Key" in this issue) has painted more than he has written. Born in New York, he was transplanted very young to Cape Cod, later went South to school and, after graduating from the University of Virginia, headed for Paris. There he painted for two years, then decided to come home again. At the Cape in summer and down South in winter, he continues his painting. His pictures—very Cape Cod things—have been exhibited in one man shows in New York these last three years. Also they have been invited about the country a bit. "All my paintings are people," he says, "and I have painted all my life."

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Scribner's
MAGAZINE
Volume CII, Number 4 October, 1937

King Cotton Shares His Throne

MARC A. ROSE

Technology invades the cotton country and discovers pulpwood, a cash crop which promises a brighter future for the farmers of the Southern states

JUST outside Savannah, three miles up the river from the spot on the Yamacraw Bluffs where General Oglethorpe landed to found the colony of Georgia, there is an avenue of live oaks that is the delight of painters and photographers. The wide-arching branches of the old trees, swathed thick with pennons of gray moss, once led to a noble mansion, seat of the Hermitage Plantation. You will recall that mansion, perfect symbol of the Old South, if you are old enough to have seen a movie entitled *The Birth of a Nation*.

The house is gone now from the site where it gathered years and dignity; stone by stone, and brick by brick, it was transported to make a winter home for Henry Ford some thirty miles away. Today the drive leads toward the great sprawling rectangles of a paper mill, aggressively raw and new. The picturesque ruins of the slave quarters are gone too; here are rows of workmen's cottages, dazzling white with paint that has hardly had time to dry.

The story of what is happening in the South is here told in one quick glance. The symbolism of the scene is almost too obvious, the kind of thing a bad playwright might contrive. But the difference between Art and Fact is that Fact is under no obligation to be good Art. Fact can use coincidence shamelessly. So nine hundred men make paper, and three hundred girls paste it most unromantically into paper bags for five-and-ten-cent stores, on acres that were the demesne of a cotton aristocracy.

There are a dozen mills just built, or being built, in the South, all but one of them in the coastal plains regions. They represent an investment of at least $60,000,000. Into harbor improvements, the building of villages for workmen, and the purchase of forest lands will go another $40,000,000. No such burst of industrial development has been seen in the South since the textile industry migrated from New England. The textile migration was a long-drawn-out affair, reaching its peak twenty years ago. Today's expansion is sudden, almost explosive. In something like eighteen months, the paper-making capacity of the South is being increased from 3500 tons a day to 6500 tons. A year's output would fill 415 miles of box-cars or, if it were all medium-weight wrapping paper, it would be enough to cover the State of New Jersey.

The forests of the South have been rediscovered, and this fact foreshadows social and economic effects that are hardly appreciated as yet. It is another long step toward the industrialization of the South. The paper mills create new opportunities for employment in a region where industrial jobs have been few. How few may be judged from the statement that when the new mill in Savannah began operations, at a third of its ultimate capacity, its $2,000,000 annual wages doubled the industrial payroll of that city of 95,000. Shopkeepers, professional men, farmers, and the owners of movie houses all felt the change. Old residents remarked, with drawling humor, that, even in midsummer, Savannah looked alive.

Of greater significance than mill employment, however, is the change the paper industry seems destined to work in the lot of thousands of farmers who live within the territory that is the scene of the great development—the coastal region from the Carolinas around to Texas. Caught in the toils of the one-crop system, the pine-belt farmer has gone along from year to year, poor and hopeless. If he has looked lazy, that has partly been due to his enforced servitude to cotton. From the time the crop is "laid by," meaning that it has been cultivated for the last time, until it is picked in late autumn, there is noth-

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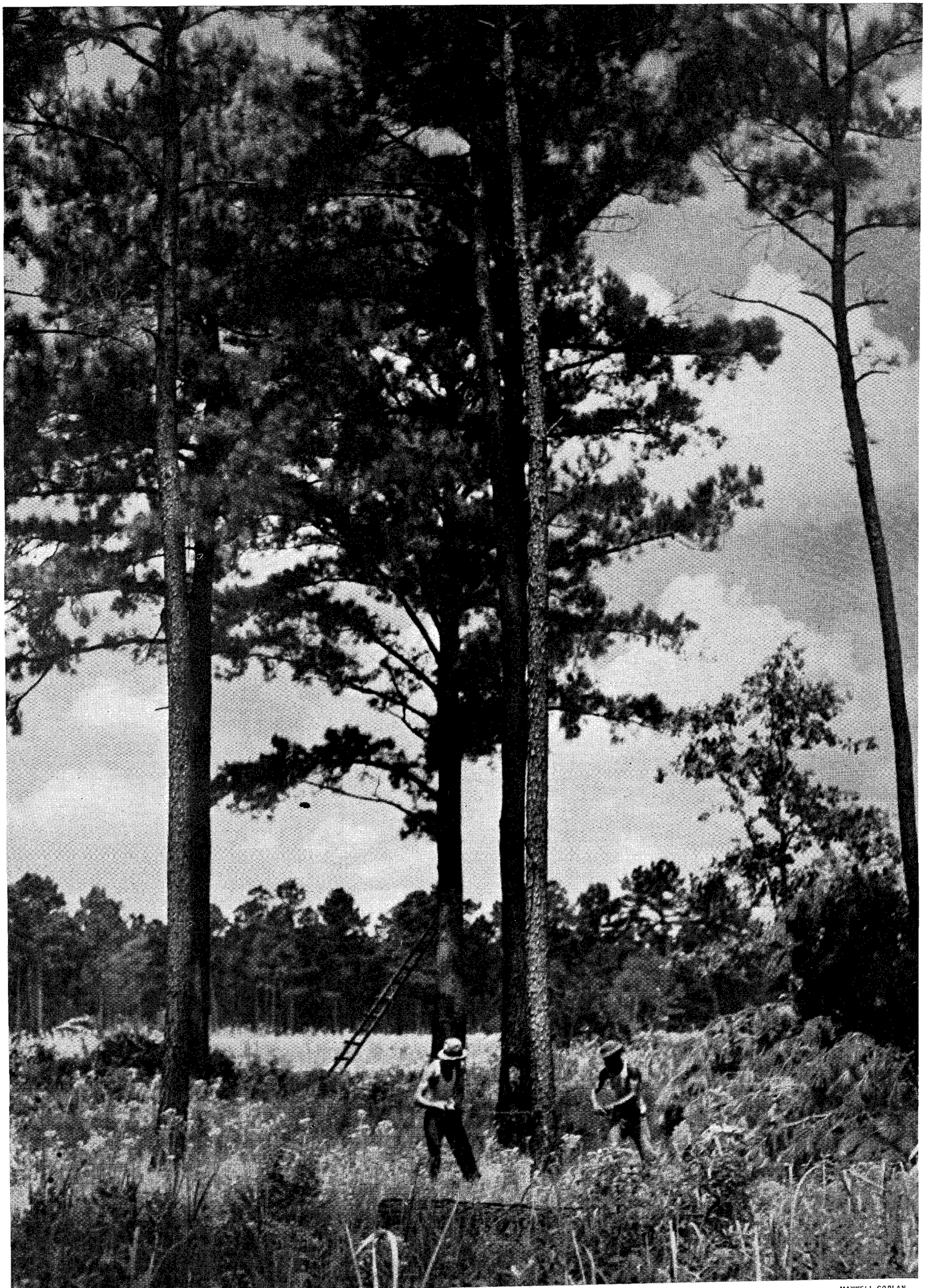

MAXWELL COPLAN

Cutting Southern pine for wood pulp, near Charleston, South Carolina

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ing for the cotton farmer to do. And after picking is over, there is nothing more to do until spring planting.

The crying need of the Southern farmer has been some means of getting cash in the long season when the single crop was growing. Agricultural experts have preached to him for years on the virtues of diversification, but the average small farmer just sighed and went on in the old way. What else could he do? The system has been all but unbreakable. The farmer had to eat through the summer when he had no income. So he borrowed in the spring on the security of his coming crop, and that meant the crop had to be cotton or tobacco—a "money crop"—because no one would or could lend to him on a balanced agricultural pattern of corn, potatoes, hay, and forage, largely intended to be consumed on the farm. He lived on credit until the "money crop" was sold and then usually found that his debts swallowed all the proceeds. Cash receipts from the sale of principal farm products amounted to less than $120,000,000 in Georgia in 1935; divide that among 2,000,000 rural population and it comes out $60 per capita. This agrees roughly with the recent assertion that the income of farm families in the pine belt amounts to about $200 a year.

Shivering in his cabin in winter, steaming in the muggy heat of summer, no one has seemed less affected by the trend of technical progress and the shifting currents of international relations than the Southeastern farmer. Yet the chemist has reached out from distant laboratories and changed his life. The ambitions of foreign dictators, the manipulations of currencies, the revival of world trade—all remote events to which the cracker has been oblivious—are reaching into the fragrant depths of the piny woods and altering his whole social and economic outlook.

The point is this: for every man employed in a paper mill, two men work in the woods to supply the endless flow of logs. On the average, the paper mills seem to be acquiring enough pine lands to fill about half of their requirements for raw materials; they will buy the rest of their wood from farmers. Some of them plan to hold their own lands in reserve and to purchase their whole current supply.

The paper mills will buy wood every day in the year, and the present price is $4 a cord. A man need not sell many cords to increase by a great percentage an annual income which has been $200. Here is cash for groceries, for shoes, for an occasional visit to town and the movies. Here is cash to keep down the debt at the store, and perhaps eventually to break away from the pernicious credit system. A large proportion of farmers within the coastal area own lands which have been timbered over, and since have developed a second growth. And some of the tenant farmers can find work in the woods at day wages.

To grow pulpwood, cut it, and haul it requires no special farm machinery or equipment. The wood can usually be cut when other farm work is slack and it yields cash in the cotton-growing season. The mill hands and the woods crews provide a new market for garden truck, milk, and eggs. These are factors Secretary Wallace enumerated recently, when he pointed out what a beacon of hope the development of the pulp industry is to the agricultural population in the pine belt.

Southern farmers are becoming forest-conscious. In Georgia, for example, one hundred rural high schools, each with a ten-acre demonstration woodlot near a highway, are teaching the fundamental principles of forestry to an average of two thousand boys a year. Eventually they carry this store of knowledge home and put it to use on the family woodlots. Grizzled old neighbors are learning to ask the boys' advice. The CCC has also done good work in the Southern pine woods—much of it of permanent value. Like the schools for boys, the CCC has set an example which will be emulated by farmers generally. Fire protection is also being developed.

Moderately good forest land in the South will grow a cord of pine to the acre each year. A given tract can be cut every fifteen years—some say more often. Or, after fifteen years, it can produce turpentine for six or eight years, and then be cut. These are the facts which encourage forestry experts to believe that the 200,000,000 acres of forest in the South can and will be made to yield a vast supply of wood forever.

The paper men, indeed, count on a perpetual supply. Some of them have announced that they will plant a tree for every tree they cut. Others have laid down the rule that they will buy wood only from farmers who agree to live up to certain minimum standards of forestry. Apparently, this is no destructive invasion like the onslaught of the lumbermen from the North in the nineties. They felled the virgin forests, magnificent stands of yellow pine trees, many of them a hundred and two hundred years old, leaving millions of acres of stumps. The cut-over lands were regarded as of virtually no value. But Southern pines grow incredibly fast. Lands that once were a sad desolation of stumps are covered again with trees, not the giants that the lumbermen found, but good second-growth. Thus is the stage set for the peaceful invasion of the crackers' domain.

Broad world developments have motivated this burst of activity in the pine woods. Men who like sweeping phrases say we are entering the cellulose age, as once the age of steel burst upon us. Certainly the world consumption of cellulose is expanding at a dizzying rate, and wood is the principal source of cellulose.

The demand for paper has increased so rapidly that some qualified observers believe a world-wide shortage threatens, a crisis of which we may all presently become aware through an increased price for newspapers, magazines, and books. Newspapers and magazines are fatter, as advertising pages multiply with the recovery of business, and circulations are increasing. The paper carton has almost completely replaced the wooden box. More paper towels are sold every year. The paper handkerchiefs and the filmy tissues the ladies use to remove make-up are light as feathers, but in the aggregate they use up tons of wood pulp.

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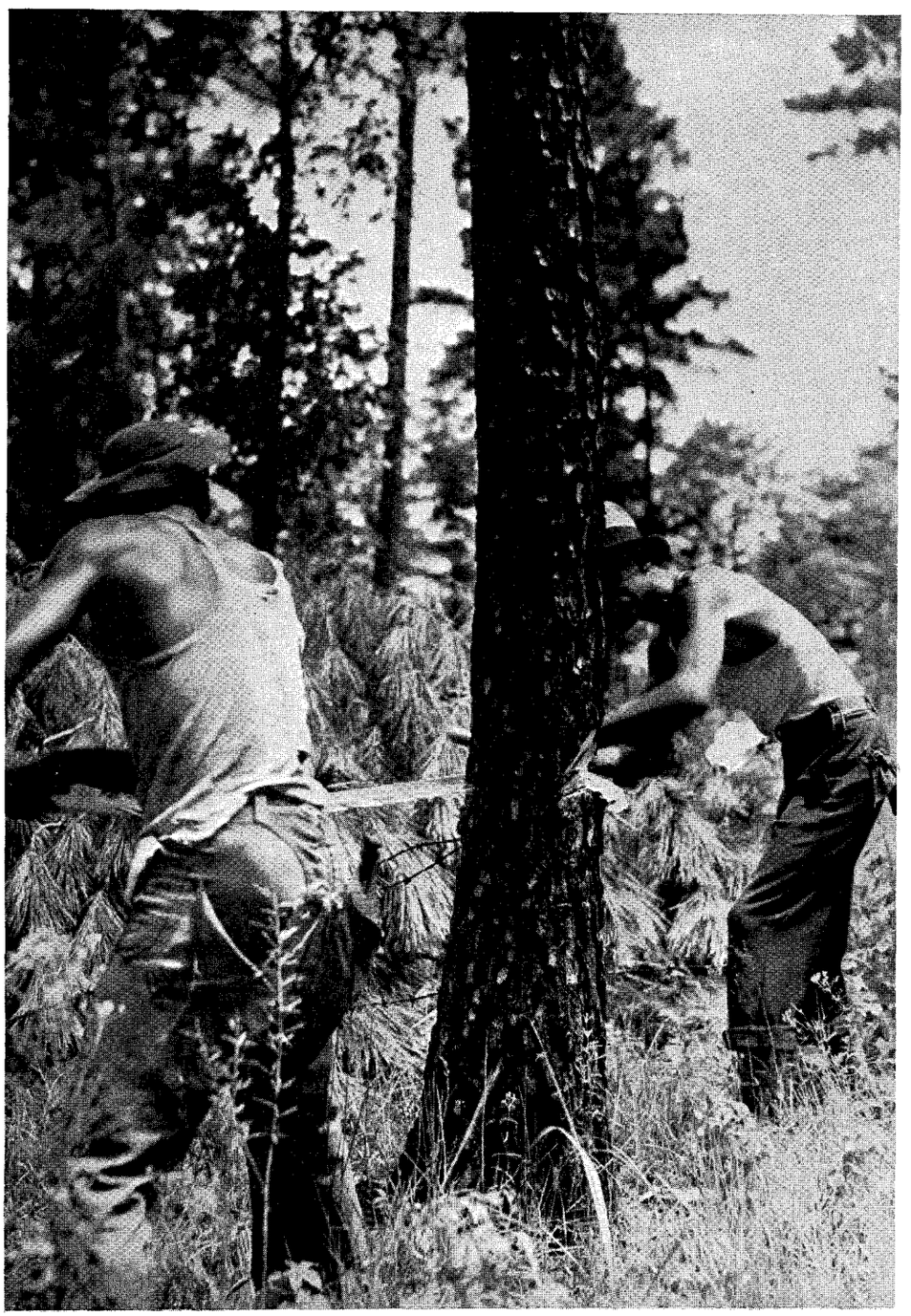
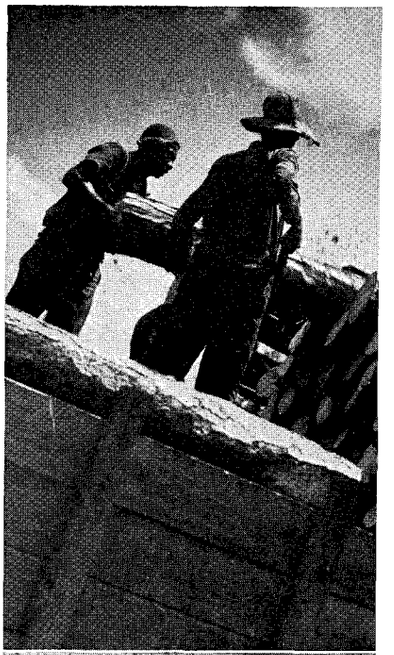
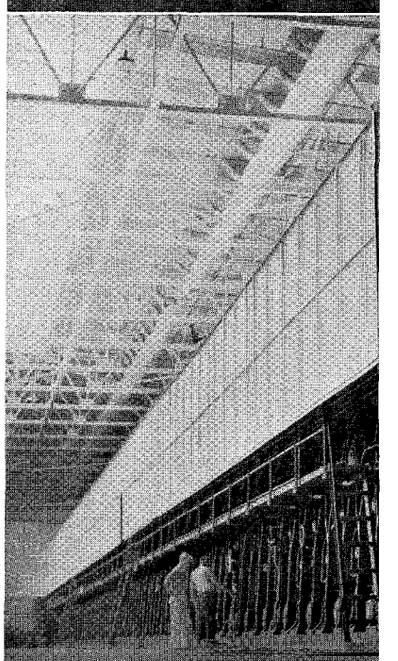
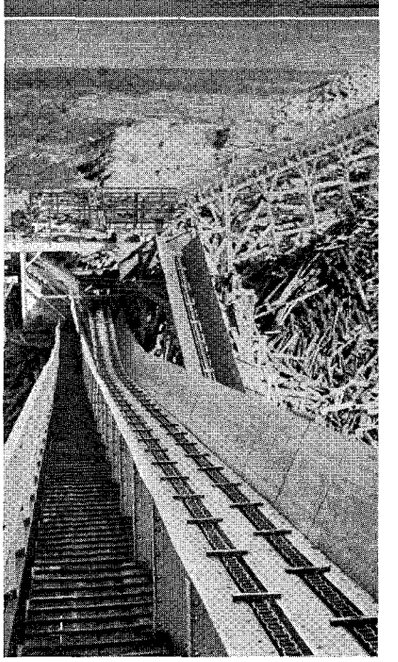
PAPER—A NEW CROP FOR THE OLD SOUTH

The Southern cotton farmer has made a discovery—that slash pine is a cash crop. The idea of converting second-growth pine into paper has spread suddenly across the Southland—offering hope for better times. Through the pine belt, paper mills are being built. The operations shown here are those of the West Virginia Pulp and Paper Company near Charleston, South Carolina. Most mills buy part of their wood from local farmers; the rest they produce on their own lands, using local men as labor—two men in the forest (lower left) to each mill hand. The wood is









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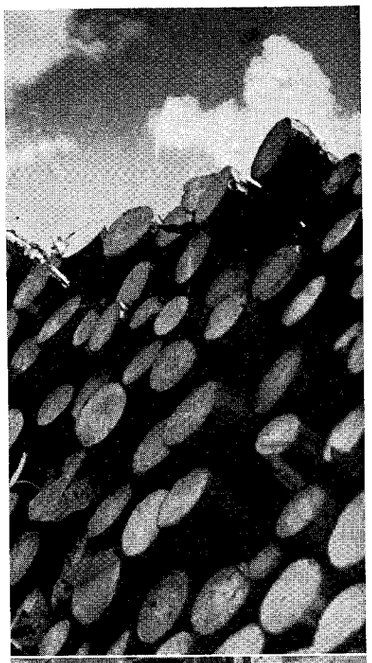

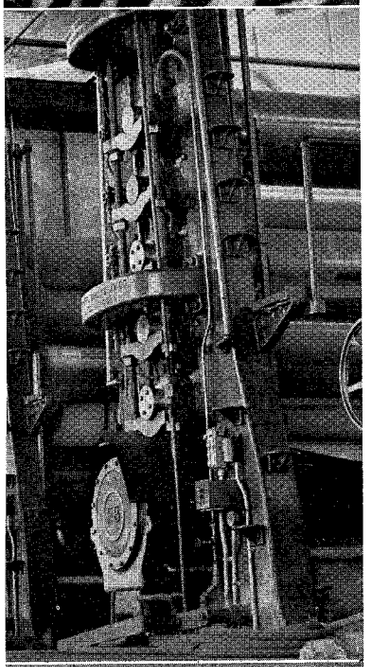

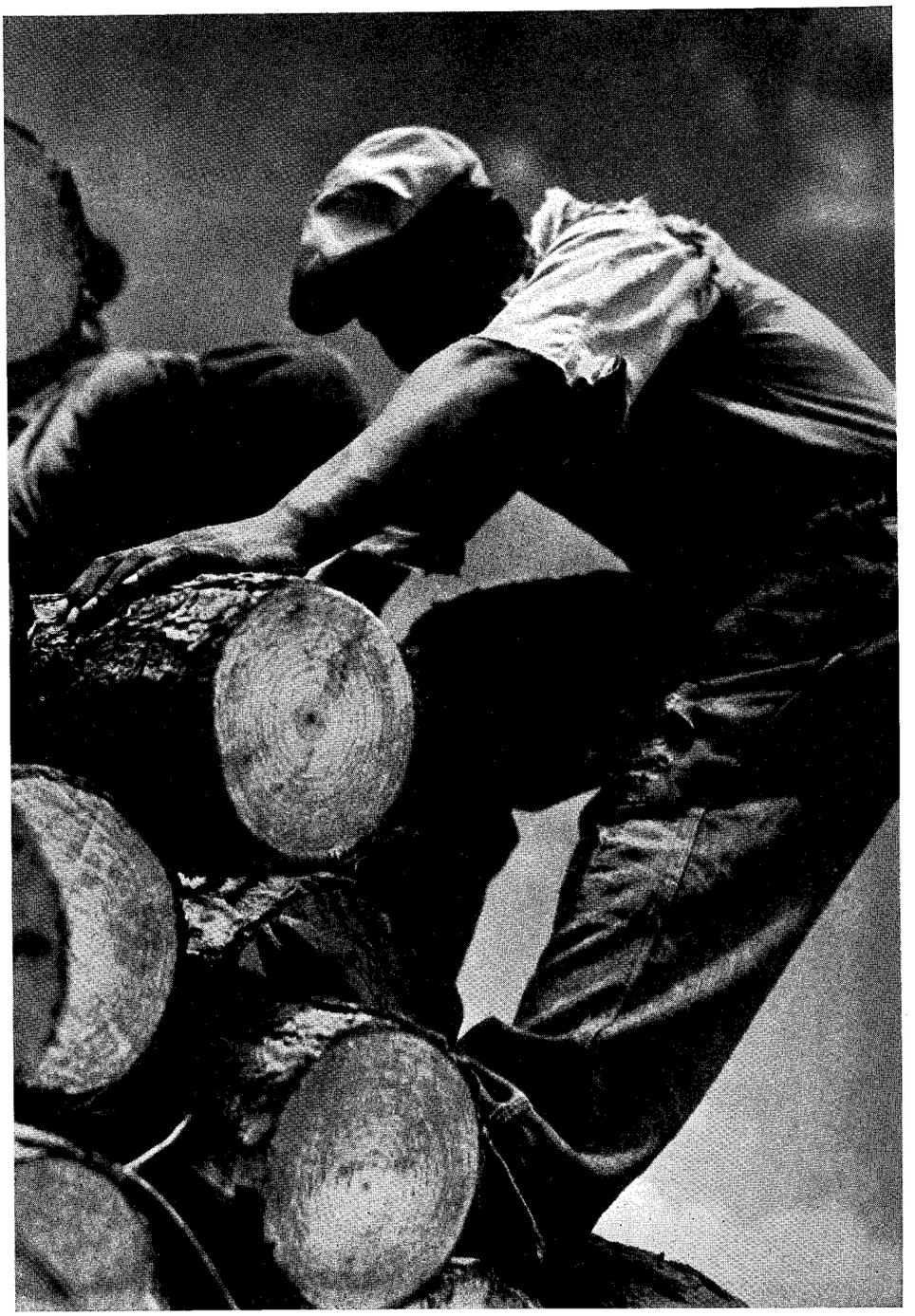

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAXWELL COPLAN

transported by rail, barge, or truck (upper center). Only about four days' supply is kept in the storage yards (lower center), for Southern forests can be worked the year round (upper right). The movement of the industry southward has been almost explosive; and as technical problems are overcome, progress will be more rapid. Today's mills are producing kraft—utilizing mammoth, $750,000 machines which convert liquid wood pulp into the heavy brown paper in a single operation (middle center). Pleased with this kraft production, the South looks hopefully forward to the time when it will manufacture better grades of paper. In eastern Texas, today, a newsprint mill is being planned. If it succeeds, others will follow.

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Not only is the use of paper expanding, but also the world is consuming rayon as fast as it can be turned out. Production of the short-fiber rayon which is spun by itself or in mixture with cotton, silk, or wool is probably the fastest-growing industry in the world today. It has been greatly stimulated by the determination of Germany and Italy to become independent of imported materials and thus be better prepared for war. Thus do political events in Berlin and Rome change the lives of American pine-belt farmers.

That does not end the tale of the new wood-consuming factories. Automobiles, furniture, and millions of small objects that used to be varnished or painted are now lacquered, and the lacquer is likely to have a cellulose base. Many of the new synthetic materials which we group under the name "plastics" and which we use for a thousand purposes, from making radio cabinets, umbrella handles, and pipe stems to decorating modernistic bars, are also built up from cellulose.

Now, given free choice, these varied industries will not all use precisely the same sources of raw material. Some of them will not use wood at all if cotton linters are obtainable at a moderate price, and some of them will choose special kinds of wood. But cellulose is cellulose, whether grown as cotton, spruce, hemlock, gumwood, or pine, and when a shortage develops, the separate groups become vigorous competitors for the available supplies. Pulp mills have not been built fast enough, either here or abroad, to keep ahead of the aggregate demand. Depression, of course, saw to that.

While this situation was developing, Southerners with vision were trying insistently to convince the rest of the world that their great forest resources offered a good and cheap supply of raw materials.

Their chief enthusiast and chief evangelist was, and is, Dr. Charles Holmes Herty. In season and out of season (he never would concede there was any off-season) he preached the value of Southern pine as a source of cellulose. He did much more than preach; he demonstrated. In his laboratory in Savannah, he has been conducting experiments for the past five and a half years to prove that Southern pine will make newsprint, book papers, writing papers, and even rayon. Everyone knew that it would make kraft, the brownish paper that is used for cartons and for wrapping. But the kraft makers were not convinced that there was enough pine in the South to warrant the building of more mills there. Instead, they have been importing 400,000 tons of raw material a year, largely from Sweden and Finland.

It was the persistent campaign helped along by Dr. Herty that helped bring about the Federal survey of national forest resources that is still going on, though many of its findings have been published. That survey has been the sufficient proof of Southern forest wealth.

Dr. Herty and his backers were concerned with developing the South; they were thinking in terms of more jobs in Southern towns and new opportunites for pine-belt farmers. Paper manufacturers, however, had to think in terms of dollars and cents. Fortunately, the two lines of approach run parallel; there are economic advantages in operating in the South which are considerable. In the first place, men can work in the Southern woods all year. Northern mills do not feel safe without a year's supply of wood in the yards, and interest on money tied up on wood is one of the heavy costs of operating. Southern kraft mills customarily work with four days' supply of wood on hand, and often with less. Fuel and other raw materials are at least as cheap and as readily available in the South as elsewhere. Southern pine is heavier than most competing woods. It yields more paper to the cord.

Wages are lower in the South. Some part of the differential is justified by lower living costs. Some part of the difference is less justifiable, one may suspect, and amounts to taking advantage of the Southern workmen's eagerness for any kind of a steady job—a situation that will change as the industrialization of the region progresses, bringing greater competition for labor, and as the Southern workman becomes more sophisticated and more assertive. When the textile mills first went South, they notoriously paid wages far below the New England standard. Little by little, their spread between wage scales, North and South, has narrowed, partly because of the pressure from the workers, partly because, as the textile manufacturers point out, Southern labor has become more skillful. Some such evolution will take place in the paper mills, but for the present, the Southern operators have a definite wage advantage.

For all these reasons, the rush Southward is on.

The first mill to get into operation was the one built at Savannah. The biggest kraft mill in the world is going up at Georgetown, South Carolina. A project involving $20,000,000 for mills, harbor development, and workmen's villages will utilize the vast Du Pont holdings of pine lands around Port St. Joe, Florida. Other mills are being built at Jacksonville, Florida; Fernandina, Florida; Franklin, Virginia; Plymouth, North Carolina; Charleston, South Carolina; and Spring Hill, Louisiana. The only inland mill of importance was built a few months ago at Crossett, Arkansas, and is now in operation. The rest are on deepwater.

There are two more mills, one in Texas and one at Brunswick, Georgia, whose construction points a new trend in the industry, for they are to supply the pulp for fine white papers. Processes for bleaching kraft pulp are comparatively new. Experts will tell you that even now kraft cannot be bleached as white as other papers, on a commercial basis, but you would have to be told, for it takes an expert to see the difference. The bleached kraft is white enough to be invading markets that have been hitherto closed to it.

The South is not yet satisfied. It welcomes the kraft-paper development, but its real ambition is to become the seat of the great newsprint industry. We import about 2,000,000 tons annually of the paper which newspapers use; compared with newsprint, most other branches of the paper industry look small. (*continued on page 90*)

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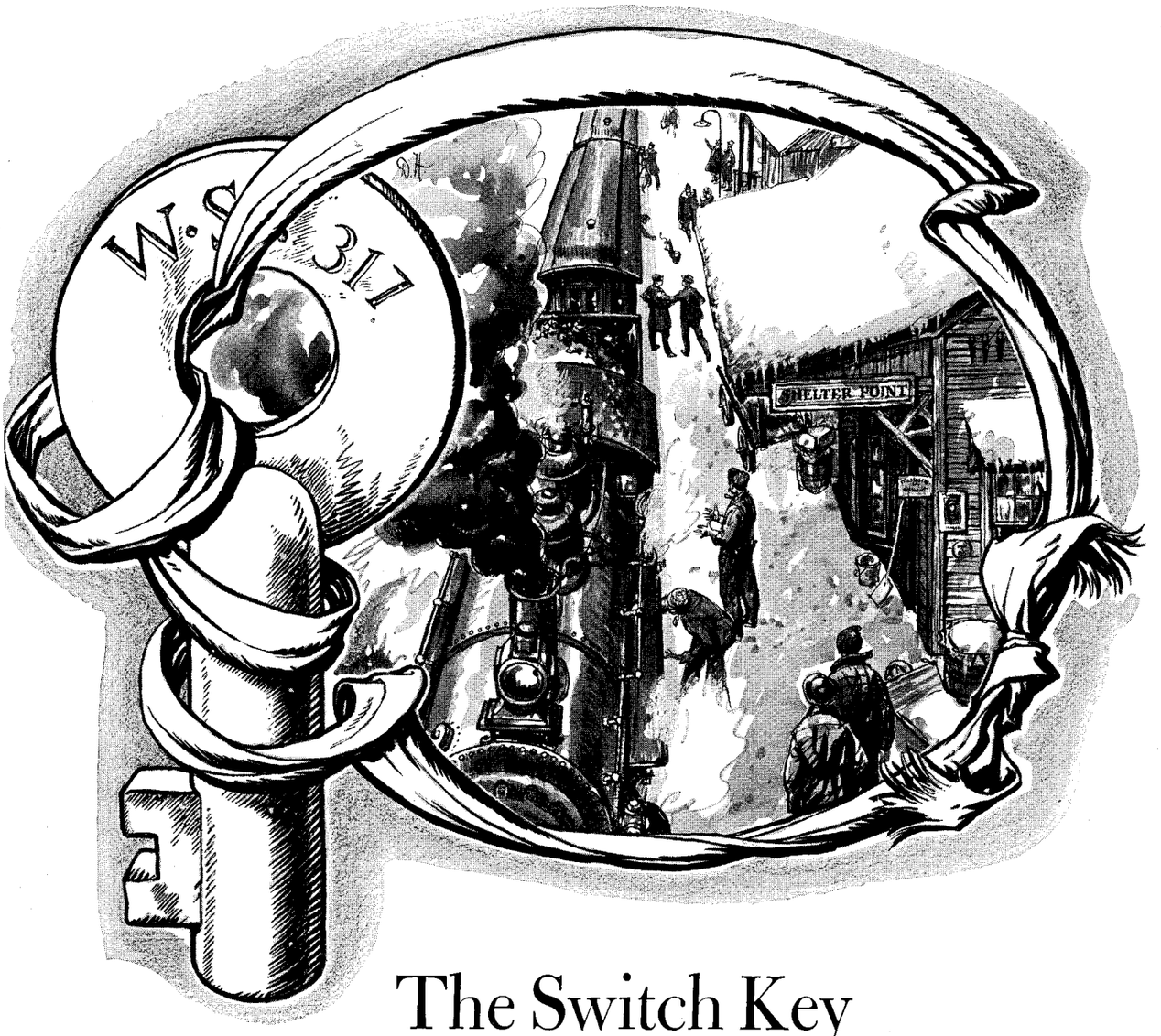

The Switch Key

FREDERICK WIGHT

DRAWINGS BY DAVID HENDRICKSON

In those days the railroad stopped at Shelter Point. At five minutes of twelve you heard the whistle, and you screwed yourself around in your desk and looked out the back schoolhouse windows. Right below you the station agent, Walter Stone, paced briskly up and down the platform. The express agent also waited, and the man who drove the barge. The whistle blew again, and smoke spouted out of the gash in the sand hills. Then the train tore down through the salt marsh across the Switch and past Bill Barrow's house and coasted upgrade to stop against a blank sand wall under the schoolhouse. If it was five minutes late, Frederick Winslow and the oldest Barrow boy were watching it from the back fence; this was the noon recess. The steam and smoke came up into their nostrils, and the engine panted like a runaway beast come home to its stable.

They watched Dan Thowles swing himself out of the cab, crack his wind-red jaws open, and beat his gloved hands together. Ike Sparrow the soot-faced fireman got down too and peered curiously under the wheels. Walter Stone clapped the conductor on the shoulder and looked into the baggage car. Bert Nailor jumped in and got the papers and the mail sack. The passengers got out; sometimes there was a stranger.

"Dan's on the tick," Bill Barrow said importantly, for the Barrows were connected with the railroad. A mile down in the marshes Bill's father, Rufus, tended the fish-wharf switch, so the cars could go out onto the wharf. That was his job.

All of his children took railroading seriously. When the noon train came through the marsh they lined up to see it go by crashing over the switch. The train always went by at a tear, for Dan Thowles liked to cut off the throttle about there and drift up the grade into the sta-

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tion, just making it. Bill and young Winslow could see the little Barrows now, going back into the house like mice.

You weren't allowed to leave the schoolyard and go over the fence to railroad property, but Bill Barrow went over because he felt he had a right to, and of course Fred Winslow went along with him because the two of them were always together.

"Hello, boys," said Walt Stone. He liked to take them roughly by the hair. "You ain't supposed to be around here," he warned, but then he'd forget about it. You could go up to the water tower; you could prowl through the soot-hung den where the engine drowsed heavily. You could come into the ticket office where it said No Admittance and the telegraph clicked.

"Walt, can I look at the tickets? What's the farthest away ticket you got?"

"Anywhere you want to go. Boston, Washington, the moon. Name your place and give me the money. Now get out of here, both of you," he said.

He looked at his nickel watch. He took the bunch of keys off the hook and fitted one into the door. There was another key that hung on a nail by a red ribbon. That was the switch key for Bill Barrow's old man.

If Bill Barrow ever touched that key Walt Stone was another man altogether. "That key's your dad's lookout," he snapped. "You steer clear of that."

Then Walt Stone shut up shop for the day. You see, Dan Thowles and Ike Sparrow took the passenger train right back. The afternoon fish train never came beyond the fish-wharf switch. Nothing more happened at the station until tomorrow morning, and Walt went off to tend to his oyster business and his lobster pots.

And that was where the switch key came in and old man Barrow. Rufus had a key that let him in the station, but Walt never let him keep the switch key at home. Every afternoon he had to walk a mile to the station and let himself in and get that switch key with the red ribbon off the hook. Then he trudged back through the sand and along the marsh path beside the track and he opened the switch that led out onto the wharf. When Dick Sleever had turned his engine about on the marsh triangle, and rumbled off with the fish cars, Rufus locked the switch again, and scuffed back to the station to return the key. So when Walt Stone came in next morning and his eye caught that ribbon he knew the switch was locked, and he could watch Dan Thowles spurt the train over the marshes with his heart at ease. This was Walt Stone's system, and Rufus, walking the four miles, thought it abominable.

"It's an abomination," he'd say. "It's downright awful. There's no sense to it," he would complain to Bill and Fred and to his wife and to his hound who made the trip with him. To anyone who cared to listen.

"Why, Bill could bring that key when he comes from school, couldn't you now, Bill?"

"Sure I could, Pa."

"Why Racer here could bring it," said Rufus kicking the dog. "I ain't fooling. Dogs have done smarter things than that. Walt Stone's just pigheaded. His whole family is like that. His father was just as set." He cleared his throat laboriously and he spat. "Don't you go near that," he warned the boys, scuffing the engine cinders over his spittle.

Bill was rather proud of the fact that his father was tubercular, and Rufus was proud of it himself. He always leaned against the wall if anybody was looking, or got himself low in a chair to make the most of his long yellow neck. He had a trick of making his hollow dark eyes stare until his wife would call out "Rufus" and he could see she was frightened. He acted as though his disease were an exceptional talent that was just beginning to be appreciated too late. There is a divinity about death, and Rufus savored the ritual of his own funeral in his lifetime.

It was his ailment that got him the job of tending the switch. He had been a fisherman, and had given it up. Then he had given up clam digging. When young Walter Stone became the station agent he thought of this job for Rufus. The railroad had a house down at the switch which was bigger than a tool house. With a long shanty they hauled up against it it did for the Barrows. This gave Rufus a pretty easy job and it let Walt go lobstering afternoons.

"How's Mr. Barrow today?" Fred would ask Mrs. Barrow without fail when he and Bill reached the house.

"He's had a good day today." She was a dumpling-shaped woman always washing clothes.

"The marsh is a bad place for R. B.," Rufus would say patting his chest. "R. B. ought to be up on a hill in the pines."

"We're lucky to be here, Rufus," said his wife. She picked up the baby which had begun to squall and shook it and nursed it.

"It's all right for you." Rufus made his voice hollow as he shut the door and set out for the station. A number of women in town felt it was a crying injustice that Walt Stone had staked Rufus out in a marsh to die.

Maria Barrow had gone to see Walt to ask him to let her fetch the switch key herself. He had paced up and down the ticket office, run his hand through his hair, and said, "No, railroading and women are two different things, Maria. It's too much responsibility." He shook his head. "Where'd I be if anything miscarried, giving the key to a woman? I did this to try to help Rufus out, but a man's got to tend to his business while he lives."

So Maria went home, and she held it against Walt for this. Only she tried to keep Rufus from talking against Walt so he didn't lose his job altogether.

This was the way things were when the accident happened. It was in December, and there was a little snow on the ground, and the train was late that day. Fred and Bill Barrow and all the other boys were leaning against the south side of the schoolhouse eating their lunches out of their lunch pails, and the girls were in the basement where it was warm. You could see the trawlers in the harbor and the fish wharf with the red cars on it, and right below you was the black sharp-spiked roof of the

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railroad station. The tracks came right straight at you over the marsh, and this was half the fun watching the train coming head on.

"Here she comes," yelled the Rowler boy, and Bill Barrow nodded condescendingly. The whistle shrilled out of the cut and tore straight towards them. "Look at her come," said Fred Winslow.

"Gosh! Look!" said Tim Thowles. Every sandwich stopped on its way up.

The train had turned out the switch by Bill Barrow's house. It was rushing toward the fish wharf. You could

"Look!" said Tim Thowles. Every sandwich stopped on its way up

hear the squeal of the brakes; the train kept right on. It piled into the waiting fish cars, and you heard the crash. It shoved the fish cars ahead of it off into the harbor. They sposhed out of sight like so many bricks, like so many toy cars. The train was slowing up, but the engine went off too, and there was a white squirt of steam and a roar. The passenger cars didn't go off. All the boats in the harbor were toppling about from the splash wave.

"Your damned old man left the switch open." Tim Thowles in a shriek of tears hit Bill Barrow in the jaw. Dan Thowles was his uncle. Bill just held him off with a hand. He was completely scared.

"I'm going to see it," yelled the Rowler boy. They all began to run. They knew school didn't matter now. Fred was frightened for Bill. The boys were appalled by what they had seen. They wouldn't begin to enjoy this for some time.

All of Shelter Point was at the wharf by the time the boys got there—everybody but Rufus Barrow. Here was the coal car with its front wheels over the stringer, just waiting for somebody to send it toppling. The end of a fish car stuck out of the black water, but the engine was clean under.

"Is Dan Thowles a goner?" one person asked another.

"He's a goner all right. He's down there."

"He stuck to his post," said Jim Rowler's father.

"He was a damn fool not to jump," Joab Baylis muttered.

Everybody drew back a little from the Thowles family. Dan's wife was there blubbering and Dan's brother Luke was striding up and down the planking. Four men in a couple of dories were already prodding with eel spears where the engine must be. One of them was Walt Stone.

"It ain't no use," he cried, and Fred saw him throw off his coat and dive overboard, and come up spluttering after a long while. The men in the dories grabbed him and dragged him out of the December water. "You'll kill yourself, Walt." The wharf load of people looked down gray and silent.

"Where's Ike? Where's Ike? Is he gone too?" Ike's cousin May Dill came running, holding a shawl under her chin. Several women came forward to shelter her. No one had thought of Ike.

"Was there any passengers?" asked Joab Baylis.

"Lawyer Parker and a stranger," said Jim's father.

"I'm going up to fix Rufus Barrow; he's the man," shouted Luke Thowles. His eye looked drunken; it passed over Bill Barrow unrecognizing.

"You can't hit a dying man, Luke," said Jim Rowler's mother. "There's the boy." She lowered her voice. "Don't take it this way."

Bill Barrow had been feeling frightened and intimidated, but now he remembered his father was a dying man. "It wasn't my father's fault," he said, stepping up.

"Hear him, do you? Just listen—it ain't his father's fault," cried Luke.

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Rufus sat up in bed, a gleam in his eye

"That's all right, young 'un," said Jim Rowler's father.

"Hush, Luke," Jim's mother said.

Down at the wharf end the people were watching the men in the dories, giving their advice. "Can you feel anything soft?" "Yer better wait till ebb tide."

Bill Barrow slunk away home. He was glad to get clear. Fred Winslow went with him, conscious that he was standing by his friend. They took the marsh path, snow-drenched underfoot.

"How's Mr. Barrow?" Fred asked Maria as he always did. You could hear Rufus groaning in the next room.

"He's took to bed," said Bill's mother. She was sitting in a chair rocking herself about, and her face was all red blubbered.

"Don't take it this way, Mrs. Barrow." Fred believed this was the thing to say.

The door opened and Rufus stuck in his long neck. "Shut up, will you, will you shut up!"

"Will you stop it, Ma?" Bill asked. And she did. Maria threw her apron over her head and gave herself one more shake. Then when she took the apron down she was all right. She went and washed her face at the sink and then she washed the baby's. Genevieve and the small ones stayed in a corner quiet as woodchucks.

The door burst open and Walt Stone strode in. "Where's Rufus?" he shouted.

"He was took sick, Walt." Maria moved against the door. "He was took sick last night."

The harbor water was still trickling off Walt's clothes. He pushed Maria out of the way and he shouldered open the door.

"Hey you, Rufe, how'd that switch get open?"

Rufus was lying in bed with the covers up to his chin.

"I don't know, Walt. I was sick yesterday." He coughed.

"That switch key's up at the station all right," Walt said.

"Oh yes." Rufus raised his head. "The key's there all right. But I can't tell you about yesterday. When I have a spell I can't remember."

"I can't believe you'd forget to lock the switch afore you walked back with the key." Walt Stone looked fierce and puzzled.

"You're right, Walt." Rufus sat bolt up in bed and he had a gleam in his eye. "You can't believe it, and you won't find twelve other men to believe it neither."

"How'd the switch get open? That's what I want to know."

"That's it, how'd it get open?" Rufus lay back and pulled up the covers. He turned his face to the wall.

"You're trying to put it on me," Walt said in a low voice. "You're trying to put it on me."

"It was an accident, Walt," said Maria. Rufus coughed.

"Now, by God!" Walt turned on her shouting. "By God, there's a trick to this. There's a trick to this between you." He looked around the room wild-eyed, and he took himself by his wet hair, like he'd take the boys, only fiercer.

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"You got some way of workin' that switch between you, you got it workin'. You got a key of your own." His eyes grew narrower. "Come on, Rufus, you give me that key." He took Rufus by the shoulder and he shook him. "Where is it? Where is it?" he yelled.

"You leave him be." Maria burst in between them. Then Walt Stone came tearing back into the other room breathing like a locomotive, and he grabbed Bill Barrow by the neck of his shirt and held him up. "Come on now, Bill, you're a smart one. You know about this, you've seen it. Where's that key?"

"I don't know nothing about it."

Fred listened and wondered if Bill was lying. They oughtn't to lie to Walt.

"What do you know about this? You've been hanging around." Walt grabbed at Fred.

"Nothing."

"You seen your pa with a key." Walt lunged at Genevieve.

"Yes," in a small voice.

"Did it have a red ribbon on it?"

"Can't say."

"Where'd your pa get it?"

"Pa made it, I seen him."

"I knew it," cried Walt. "By God, now, I knew it."

"The child's lying," said Rufus. "Try and find it," he bleated and he whipped back with his face to the wall.

"This is the way you repay me." Fred saw the white knuckles on Walt's fists as he glowered through the door at the back of Rufus' head in his bed.

"I'll live to repay you whatever we owe you," Maria said.

"Well, by Jingo, it lets me out." Walt took a deep breath and he almost laughed. "It's prison for somebody but it ain't going to be me. I'll prove it on you—you heard what they all said." He wheeled on Fred.

"You boys keep out of this," said Maria. Her face was red, and her black eyes blazed.

"Yare, keep quiet, don't tell anybody," Walt jeered. "I'm only going to send a few telegrams." With two great strides he left the house, slamming the door. He left a harbor-water puddle on the floor. Rufus looked around gingerly, and the hound came out from under the bed.

"You did just right, Maria. You know I ain't long for this world." He reinforced this with a cough.

"You boys keep quiet," Maria told them. They both went out and watched Walt marching way on ahead of them toward the station.

"I guess I better be getting home," Fred said.

"I'll walk with you part way," said Bill. "I didn't let on when he asked me, did I?"

"Did your father make a key?" Fred whispered.

"Sure he did. I seen him. With a file. He's had it for a couple of weeks, I guess. Pa knows I seen him."

Both boys felt uncomfortable and disloyal to Walt Stone. He was a long way ahead of them now; small on the snow under the orange sky. Then they saw him turn around and come back again, and get bigger and bigger. Fred Winslow remembered this long afterward, and the fancy came to him that Walt really did begin to be a bigger man when he turned around. When he came up to them he just stood in front of them looking at them. Then he kind of shook his head.

"Pa had a key of his own," Bill said suddenly. "I know your key ain't been off the hook." The man and both the boys stood there looking ashamed.

"They wouldn't touch Pa nohow, would they?" Bill asked. Rufus was privileged like the dead.

" 'Criminal negligence' "—the boys were terrified and astonished at the phrase—"That's what it would be for me. Or else, or else something a damned sight worse for Rufus. You know what it means, making a key like that?"

"No."

"It's—well, Rufus, he knows. It's prison and lots of it." Walt swung his foot and scuffed the railroad ballast in the snow. "You can't kick a sick cat, can you?" he said to himself.

"My pa ain't a sick cat," Bill said.

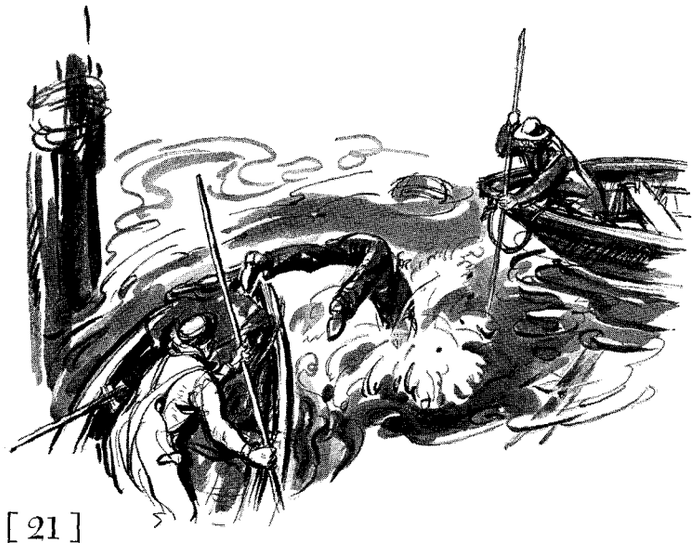
"Bill." Walt looked down at him. "You beat it home and tell Maria not to worry. Not yet." Then he turned around, and he walked back toward the station once more.

And Fred Winslow was drawn along after Walt Stone, at a distance, as though by the long drawn metal excitement of the railroad tracks. It was getting dusk. He saw Walt reach the station and go in, while he himself was still a ways off from it, and a light came on in the ticket office. Then he heard quick steps crunching behind him in the gravelly snow. It was Maria, running—puff-faced and bareheaded, with her black hair down her back. She wasn't meant for running any more than a cow.

"Fred," she puffed, "get on ahead and ask him not to send any messages till I get there. Get on ahead."

So Fred made his legs move. When he reached the station he found Walt sprawled on his chair under the lamp. A little tab of red showed in his hand. The ribbon on the switch key.

"Maria Barrow she said not (*continued on page 89*)



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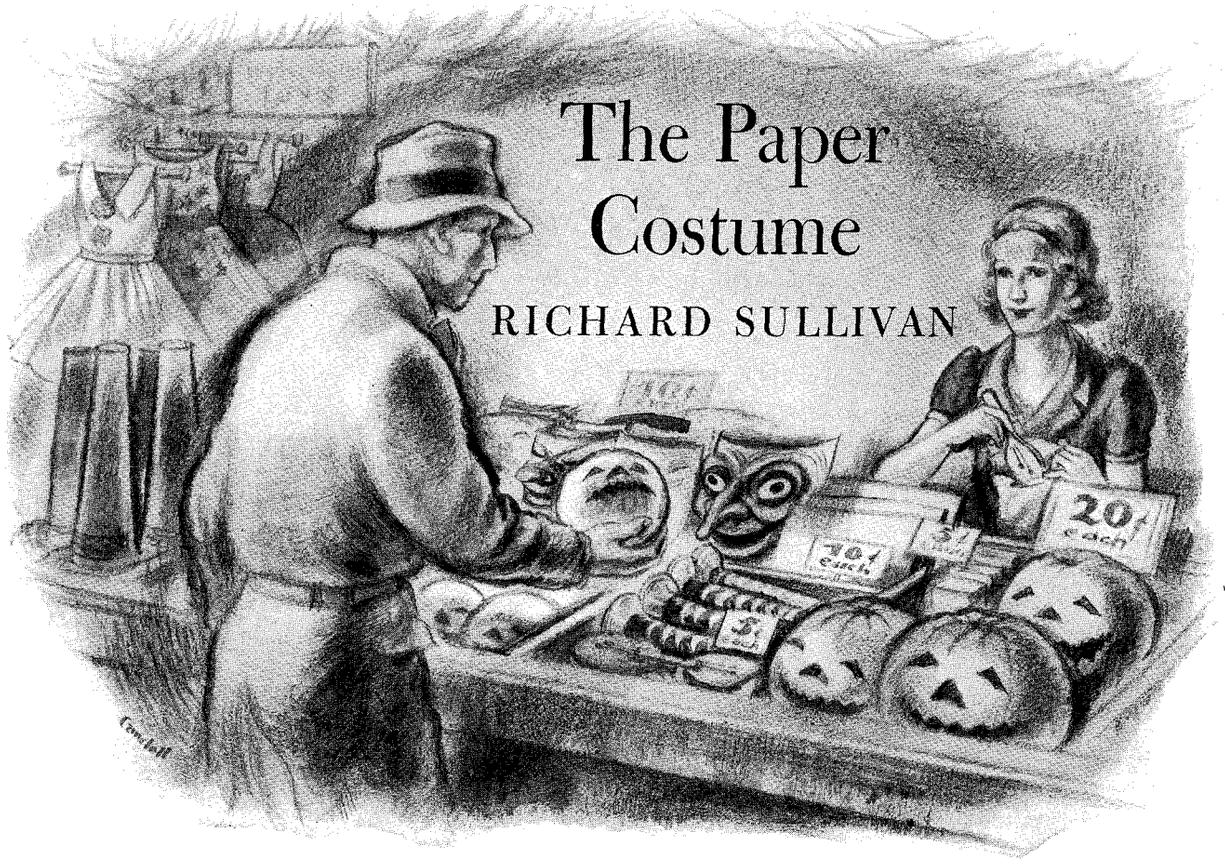
The Paper Costume

RICHARD SULLIVAN



DRAWINGS BY VICTOR CANDELL

RICKABY, wearing a rain-spotted brown hat pulled over his eyes, walked into the dime store and stood uncertainly looking around. In the pocket of his flimsy brown topcoat his damp hands were clutching and reclutching a dirty handkerchief and a key ring with one key on it. He strode through a thick smell of peanuts and chocolate, then through a sharp smell of perfume, all the time listening to the babble of voices in the store, a brittle drumming sound like the cooing of the doves he had kept in the back yard fifteen years ago when he was a boy, and all the time glancing around with a hurried, anxious look at the counters and the red and yellow signs above them.

Ahead, he saw a shower of orange ribbons looping down from the ceiling; he headed for the counter beneath them: pumpkin heads and horns, masks and orange rattles, witches' hats and crepe-paper napkins and aprons and tablecloths and streamers, and a row of tiny hunched black cats with erected tails. Rickaby stopped and nervously unbuttoned his topcoat. A button caught in the frayed loop of cloth where the coat had worn through, but he did not seem to notice untangling it with his left hand as his right stretched hesitantly, eagerly, timidly out to pick up a paper horn and then to put it back, to pick up a little orange frying pan with two rattling wooden knobs attached to it and then to put it back. With fumbling haste he fingered the big leering twenty-cent pumpkin heads with the grinning red and white teeth. He looked carefully and hurriedly at everything on the counter. All the time he kept glancing anxiously at price cards; he kept frowning. At last he went back to the little frying pan and picked it up, shook it softly. It made a sudden tinny clatter. He put it down. The dark-toothed smile of the girl behind the counter faded as she watched him and waited. Finally, with one of the small ten-cent pumpkins in his hand, he asked how much those little purple and yellow cheese-cloth costumes cost. The girl said twenty cents for the cloth ones, ten cents for the others made of crepe paper. Rickaby hesitated. He picked up one of the folded crepe-paper costumes, examined it, set it down again, and kept looking at the cloth ones hanging on the rack on the counter.

"I'll take this," he said then, handing the girl the pumpkin head. "And these." He picked up a couple of masks, two for a nickel, one a bright-green frog face, the other a glowing blue death's-head. His eyes had been wandering back to the cloth suits on the rack. Now he picked up one of the paper costumes and thrust it abruptly at the girl. "And this."

Fishing in his vest pocket, which drooped enough at the edge to show a soiled lining, he drew out a dollar bill, damp and limp from the heat of his body.

As he held out the money he glanced along the counter; then hastily he picked up one of the little orange frying-pan rattles. "This too," he said quickly.

He chewed his thin dark lips as he waited for his change and his package. When the girl gave him the bag

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bulging with the pumpkin head there was a corner of the paper costume sticking out. He scowled almost in alarm, tucked the corner in, and covered it carefully with the flap of the bag. Then he hurried to the front door, still furtively fingering the package.

Striding down the street, he wore the stern preoccupied expression of a businessman immersed in thoughts of big deals, gigantic combinations. He stopped at the corner, stared idly into the jewelry-store window, and noted by the clock there that it was eleven minutes to twelve. Turning, he saw his streetcar half a block away. He stood waiting at the curb; then climbed aboard.

Seven minutes later, in another part of town, he got off. On the corner there was a big red-brick house with an iron fence around it. He walked up the cross street, past white houses on deep evergreen-dotted lawns, past tan-brick bungalows with slanting red-slate roofs; he carried his package carelessly in the crook of his arm, his head high, a lofty thoughtfulness on his lean face beneath the down-turned hat. As he passed one large high brown-brick house set close to the sidewalk, he glanced amiably up at it, with a casual familiarity, as if he half-expected to see someone at the windows to whom he might nod. There was no one at the windows. He walked on.

Beyond the large brown house, almost hidden by it, there was a small frame bungalow; it looked shrunken and out of place between the big places on either side; looked embarrassed, as if it knew it did not really belong in this neighborhood. Rickaby turned into the sidewalk of this house. From the pocket of his thin brown topcoat his hand brought up the key ring with one key on it. He was sticking the key out toward the lock when the door opened.

"Hello, Anna."

"I thought you were never coming," she said. The noon whistles, cold-sounding and distant, blew as she spoke.

Rickaby kissed his wife on the cheek. She was willowy and fragile; her white skin was lusterless; thin blue veins showed on her eyelids; a coil of pale-yellow hair went tightly around her head; she wore an old black skirt and a white sweater that was too big for her.

"Did you get them?" she cried, reaching for the package.

"Wait! Is she here?" Rickaby looked hastily through the archway that led to the back part of the house.

"She's out at the side playing." Anna was already opening the bag. She smiled, her eyes crinkling, as she looked at the pumpkin head. Then: "Oh, is this the costume, Eddie? But it looks so small!"

He was hanging up his coat in the closet.

"It's folded up," he explained. "It'll fit her all right. It's marked for kids from three to five. What's the matter? Don't you like it?"

Anna had unfolded the crepe-paper costume and was looking at it. She said nothing.

"They had some others," Rickaby went on quickly, "but I liked this one best. Is dinner ready, Anna? I got to get back. It took me a long time at the dime store."

"It's all ready," said Anna. "You call Julie."

As she spoke she picked up the pumpkin head and the masks, the little frying pan and the costume, and put them all on the hat shelf in the closet.

"Jooooo-lie!" yelled Rickaby, his head out the front door.

A woman in a glistening black fur coat was walking across the front lawn toward the driveway. Rickaby bowed to her. The woman nodded. She had bright-red lips.

"I wish you could see her dressed up, Eddie," said Anna, shutting the closet door.

"Yeah. I wish I could too. Mrs. Martin just went by."

Anna hurried to the window.

"That's a new coat," she murmured, in a rather plaintive voice. "Eddie, we ought to charge them three dollars for our garage."

"Then they wouldn't rent it at all," said Rickaby. "Jooooo-lie!"

"It was nice of them to invite Julie to that party," said Anna. "I bet Mrs. Martin's going downtown now to get the ice cream."

"I don't know what to think," said Rickaby.

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know why they asked Julie to that party."

"Well, it was nice of them, Eddie!"

"Yeah, it was nice of them. I wish I could see her when she goes. You wouldn't want to give her just the pun'kin now?"

"No, Eddie. She'd get too excited to eat."

As he stepped to the door again he heard Mrs. Martin's car backing out of his driveway. He called: "Joolie!"

"I'm *here!*" said a child's voice in a tone of exasperated politeness. He looked behind the storm door and saw her standing there, a red-woolen midget with a peaked hood pointing up over the triangle of hair which slanted down to her frowning eyes. "Daddy! You keep callin' me when I'm here!" It was plain that she considered him a very stupid man.

"Ho-ho! That *is* a joke!" He turned to Anna and explained in loud and grave self-accusation: "Here I've been calling Julie and she was here all the time!"

Anna made a face like Julie's, half a frown, half a sniff.

"Did you bring me a mask?" demanded Julie, tugging at the zipper of her snowsuit.

Rickaby glanced at his wife, who shrugged her thin shoulders and nodded. She was standing with her arms folded, hugging herself as if she were cold; her long white fingers lay tightly clenched over the elbows of her white sweater. She smiled helplessly at Julie.

Rickaby went to the closet. Julie stopped wrestling with her waving red sleeves to watch him. He turned to her, holding something behind his back.

"Let's *see,* Daddy!"

He shoved the pumpkin head suddenly out at the child. Julie stared at it, began to smile, then frowned.

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He caught a flash of children dancing around inside

"I—want—a—mask!"

Rickaby looked apologetic. He thrust the pumpkin head forward hopefully; then, with another look at Anna, this time as if sheepishly begging her pardon, he stepped back to the closet and got the frog mask. At sight of it Julie whooped.

"Gimme it! *Gimme* it, Daddy!"

"She's so excited," murmured Anna.

"I wish I could see her when she gets dressed up," said Rickaby. "She'll be the best-looking kid at the party!"

Anna, smiling thoughtfully, seemed about to say something, but Julie cut in: "Take my snowsuit off, Daddy!" Anna went to the kitchen. Rickaby helped Julie get out of the snowsuit, and showed her how to hold the mask over her face. A couple of minutes later, while Julie was yelling, "Quack, quack, I'm a big frog," Anna called: "All right! Come on, everybody!" Rickaby and Julie followed the slippery strip of rag rug which led across the bare yellow floor of the dining room. It was sixteen minutes after twelve by the alarm clock on the kitchen window sill.

"My gosh! I got to hurry," said Rickaby. "It took me longer than I thought at that dime store!"

He ate the baked beans rapidly, and took only one cup of coffee. It was twenty-five after twelve when he rose.

"I better go," he said.

Anna scowled slightly as he kissed her.

"It's awful trying to get home and eat and everything in an hour," she said petulantly. "I wish you could get a new job, Eddie."

"You don't want to wish too hard," said Rickaby. "A guy got laid off this morning."

He kissed Julie on the forehead. "Goo'bye, honey. You have a good time at the party now, won't you?—You think she'll like that—that costume all right?" he asked suddenly, frowning at Anna.

"Sure."

"Do you like it?"

"I think it's real nice, Eddie. It looked sort of small——"

"Oh, I think it'll fit her all right," he said quickly. "If that's all . . . Here, Anna."

He took out of his pocket the seventy cents change he had got at the dime store and laid the coins in his wife's hand.

"Don't you need any?"

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"I've got my streetcar pass," he said. "Bye!"

He ran all the way to the corner and just caught the streetcar that passed any time between twenty-eight and twenty-four minutes to the hour.

*

The same streetcar, coming this time from the opposite direction, brought him back to the corner about five and a half hours later. He got off wearily, and stood for a second at the curb, waiting for a string of cars with flashing headlights to whiz by before he crossed. In the early darkness, now when no one could notice him, he no longer walked with shoulders back and head high. He walked as if he were very tired. He did not swagger or make believe he was a big businessman lost in thought. He did not glance with lofty familiarity at any of the big houses along the street. He walked slowly, the wind pressing his light topcoat flat against him, his battered hat bent down over his eyes. When he came to the large brick house next to his own, he stopped and peered into the bright yellow windows. He caught a flash of children dancing around inside, children in red and purple and green and black and golden costumes, with masks on their faces and grotesque hats on their heads. He saw one little girl with a high witch's hat from which two thick braids of orange swung wildly as she skipped past the windows. Rickaby smiled, stood on his tiptoes in the darkness on the leaf-strewn sidewalk, staring into the windows. Then suddenly the front door of the house slammed; someone came whistling down the steps. Rickaby hastily bent to tie a shoestring which did not need tying. The whistler, a burly man, strode hurriedly down the sidewalk toward him.

"Hello . . ." In the greeting there was that curious incomplete note that comes with a half-recognition in the darkness.

"Hello, Mr. Martin," said Rickaby. Straightening up, he walked on; he turned hastily to cut across his own lawn.

When he opened the door, Anna was sitting in the big chair looking at the midsummer number of a fashion magazine. The radio, which for the past few weeks had been fading out and then bursting wildly on, was now scratchily, softly humming.

"She's not home yet," announced Anna as he kissed her.

"No. I saw the kids in the window just now when I went past."

"Did you see Julie?"

She put the question so quickly and in such a strange voice that Rickaby stared at her a moment before answering.

"No. I couldn't find her. How did she look?"

Anna hesitated. Her eyes flew around the little living room, and she seemed to be swallowing.

"What's the matter, Anna?"

"The other kids all had cloth costumes," she said.

For an instant Rickaby looked hard at the hook on which he was hanging his topcoat. The coat closet was dark, but the hook caught a queer metalic reflection of light.

"Why, I saw those cloth suits at the dime store," he began. "I—they looked cheesy, Anna. They looked cheap."

Suddenly the radio burst out in a fierce crash of music. Quivering, vibrant noise filled the room; the air tingled with noise. Rickaby jumped to the radio, glaring at it; but before he could twirl the knob the music softened to a scratch again.

"These were handmade costumes," said Anna. "They were wonderful, Eddie." She stopped to swallow and blink. "Danny across the street had a little pirate suit with a felt hat and a big feather in it. Shirley had a clown suit out of silk——"

"Silk?" muttered Rickaby. "Silk?" The muscles at the side of his jaw tightened, and a little lump began to wiggle across his dark sunken cheek.

"It made me feel bad," Anna murmured, bowing her head over her midsummer fashion magazine. "Maybe I shouldn't want so much for her. But when I saw those other kids——"

"This neighborhood!" burst out Rickaby. "They're all a lot of snobs with their silk suits for kids! Ha! Kids with silk suits!"

A tear fell—tap!—from Anna's eyes to the flat black-and-white page of the magazine.

"I'll go get her!" yelled Rickaby. "I'll tell old man Martin! I'll tell them all what the hell——!"

"No!" cried Anna. "No, Eddie!"

"They won't insult my kid with their silk suits!"

"Eddie! It isn't *their* fault! It was nice of them to invite Julie!"

The tears stood in big brim-

She pranced across the room, swinging the bag

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ming drops on Anna's eyelids. Rickaby started toward the coat closet.

"What would they think if you came after her like that?" murmured Anna reproachfully.

"I wouldn't care what they thought," said Rickaby in a low voice as he swung around and seated himself on a stool with cheeks in palms, and glared at the worn spot on the rug.

"Eddie . . ."

He looked up.

"It made me feel bad, Eddie. She's cuter than any of them."

"Yeah! And she's just as smart as any of them! Hell!"

"Eddie . . . Eddie, don't look that way!"

"Oh, hell," he groaned. "She oughta have a silk costume. She's got it coming, that little honey! But I can't help it, Anna! I can't help it! They had those cloth suits at the dime store, and I wanted to get one of them, but they cost twenty cents. I saved a dime. A dime! God, and the rest of those kids have silk suits!"

He cried out at her frantically. Her eyes were very round and dark and on her clasped hands the bones showed bluish and smooth beneath the skin.

"Eddie . . ." She spoke in a low, sweet, sad voice, as one sometimes speaks to a crying child; and before she went on she waited a moment, as if to let her silence soothe him. "Eddie, I know you can't help it. I know. I'm sorry I felt that way, Eddie."

"Aaaah! It's the only way you can feel!"

Just then there was a scraping and bumping on the front steps. Rickaby sat on the stool glaring at the rug while Anna hurried to the door. He didn't even glance up as Julie bounced proudly into the living room. The radio became a trifle louder when the door slammed.

"Well!" cried Anna. "Look who's here, Daddy! A little girl home from a party! Did you have a good time, honey?"

Without answering, Julie stared at Rickaby. She pulled away as Anna was helping her off with her snowsuit, and with one red sleeve on her arm and the other dangling she swaggered importantly up to her father. She held the green frog mask up to her face. "Boooo!" she screamed, and giggled delightedly. Rickaby did not look up.

"Booo!" cried Julie at Anna.

"Oooh!" Anna backed away, her hands to her face. "Here's an old frog going to get me. Ooh! Help me, Daddy!"

Julie chuckled.

"It ain't a frog—it's me," she announced, giving Anna a contemptuous but indulgent grin, as if after all the mistake had been natural. Then she drew a little cellophane bag of orange and black gumdrops from her pocket.

"Oh, candy!" exclaimed Anna. "No, no, don't eat it now, dear! Come here. I'll help you take your snowsuit off. Did you have a good time, honey?"

Julie stared at her mother, and began marching up and down the room in time with the radio. Her face was puckered up in an impudent smirk, her eyebrows raised, her lips pressed tight together. She swung the frog mask and the bag of candy wildly, her empty sleeve flapping.

"March, march!" she cried. "March, march, march!"

Anna looked anxiously at Rickaby. Then she pulled Julie to her and tugged at the snowsuit sleeves.

"What did you do, honey? Did you play games?"

Julie twisted her lips and arched her eyebrows.

"Did you have ice cream?"

"Yes——!"

"Cake?"

"Yes——!"

"Chocolate milk?"

Julie shook her head and squirmed out of Anna's grasp. Anna giggled and glanced again at Rickaby.

"But tell me what you had to eat, honey. What else?"

"On'y candy." She swung the bag of gumdrops and hit Anna in the forehead. Again Anna giggled. She lifted the child to her lap, rumpled Julie's hair playfully, and, seizing the snowsuit by the ankles, yanked it off.

"Mamma!" stormed Julie. "Be—careful—of—my—*costume!"*

She jumped off Anna's lap and fussily, indignantly, very carefully began to straighten the crumpled little crepe-paper costume across her chest. Rickaby looked up.

Julie stood in the middle of the room, frowning. Her little hands were patting the wrinkles in the paper costume. It was a yellow apron with orange dots; it went from her neck to her knees and tied at the back in a battered bow. She patted it and smoothed it, like a bird preening, and they could see her indignation gradually turning to concern, and then her concern to pride.

"There!" she said sternly. "Now you be careful, Mamma!" She fluffed up the skirt of the costume and pranced across the room swinging the bag of candy.

Rickaby looked at Anna. They looked at one another for the space of three breaths. Rickaby's eyes became gentle and a little ashamed. Over in the corner of the room, in front of the radio, Julie had all the orange and black gumdrops dumped out on the rug. When they glanced at her she was chewing juicily, her eyes closed, her eyebrows arched complacently, her head nodding from side to side to the tune of the music. In each hand, very daintily, she held a corner of the paper skirt.

Rickaby stood up, walked across the room to his daughter. He picked her up and snuggled his face into her little warm shoulder beside the neck. For a moment he stood there, holding Julie, swaying with her, rocking her a little, loving her. He was very careful not to disturb the folds of her paper costume.

Then Anna came across the room to them. She put her arms out.

"Be careful, Mamma!" warned Julie cautiously.

Anna smiled, very softly and a little pathetically. She stepped back.

"See?" murmured Rickaby to his wife. "She likes her costume! Don't you, honey, don't you?"

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Selling Scholarship Short

JOHN R. TUNIS

Competition among colleges is so great today that prospective students are being bribed, bought, and even kidnaped in order to build enrollments

It all boils down to this: There aren't enough clients to go round. The latest government statistics give the number of degree-granting universities in this country at about 1000, and the number of students enrolled as slightly over 1,000,000. That works out at an average of 1000 students per institution, which ought to be enough.

But it isn't, because some colleges and universities have more than their share. The state universities, the municipal colleges, and many privately controlled institutions, have enormous enrollments. New York University has 31,000; Columbia has 30,000; California 23,000; Ohio State 15,000; Illinois 14,000; and Minnesota 15,000. So, approximately seven or eight hundred smaller colleges scattered over the United States are student-poor. There just aren't enough clients to go around, and a wild scramble for students has been the result. President H. M. Gage of Coe College, Iowa, says, "The competition between colleges for students is ill-advised, suicidal, and in some respects disgraceful. It is without doubt the No. 1 problem in the intercollegiate field today."

State universities are practically supported by appropriations from their legislatures; but even with a university, a normal school, and an agricultural college in every state, there can never be more than about two hundred and fifty in the country. Then there are some thirty municipal colleges aided in much the same way by their respective cities. Many privately controlled universities are helped by endowment funds in sums ranging from Harvard's $129,000,000 down. Yet only sixty-four private colleges have endowments over $2,000,000.

The majority of educational institutions depend either entirely or to some extent upon moneys taken in from students to help balance their budget. Today, competition has become so intense that if a boy really wants a degree and isn't especially particular where it comes from, there's no reason for him to pay cash for it. Degrees can easily be obtained without charge. That's why you see lads from Connecticut and Massachusetts suddenly matriculating in Florida colleges, and boys from Oklahoma coming north to Ohio or Illinois to get an education.

If you really wish to understand the situation, however, you must visit our colleges in the spring or fall, talk as I did with boys about to enter these institutions, find out the reasons that led them to choose as they did. Discuss the problem with the salesmen who aided them in this choice, and with the educators who pay the salaries of these collegiate salesmen. Study the literature sent out by the colleges to prospective students; examine it closely.

The president of a small Middle Western college excused himself to me in this way: "I know I'm taking in boys I shouldn't; but it is necessary to bring up the enrollment. And so I keep on taking them and hoping it will be possible for us to adjust them as they go along."

Before me is a letter dated April 15, 1937, from a college in Ohio. The sales-appeal attitude of the letter is so typical that it is worth attention. It is signed by a lady who styles herself "Director of Personnel." She urges me to attend the Tree Day Exercises in May, with the Senior Play in the afternoon, and explains that "there will be plenty of time to visit the buildings, the campus and for conferences with the Director of Personnel, the Registrar and the Dean." She encloses a card entitling me (and my parents) to tickets for lunch and the Senior Class Play.

What are those various May Days, High School Days, Play Days, and Founders' Days to which I was so cordially invited last spring? One small Pennsylvania College invited 25,000 future clients to them in 1937. (By sending out post cards at that time I received several hundred such invitations, plus dozens of elegantly bound volumes, books, booklets, and documents on the joys of college life. Scholarship, teaching, or the training of the mind were scarcely mentioned.) They are simply come-ons for that sucker, the prospective undergraduate. They are the first step in the attempt to snare the client who can pay.

Most of these colleges which go out so brazenly for clients are located in the South and the Middle West, but nearly every state has one or two. Some are so small they are known only to their president and to God. On the other hand, others are colleges recognized throughout the country as institutions of high standards which seem to be tossing away those standards in a feverish pursuit of the customer. So keen is the competition for students nowadays that some American colleges have a far better sales force than teaching staff.

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Solicitation for students was originally done, and sometimes still is, by the faculty. Traveling deans were sent around to drum up trade, gifted professors were chosen to harangue the high schools throughout the state, while some colleges even turned their presidents loose on occasion if the prey warranted it, and the pickings looked especially good. The undergraduates were called on to sell the colleges to friends at home, and inducements were held out. Sometimes the pressure on the students was more direct. Holders of scholarships were asked to bring in prospects and furnish names for the college mailing lists. Occasionally a student was given a flat commission of $10 for every student corralled. Other institutions put the cash reward more indirectly. They gave him credit of a dollar on his tuition for each new applicant he brought in, and if the applicant finally matriculated, the credit was raised to $20.

The undergraduate, however, was unreliable. The alumni helped, but they too failed to produce in sufficient numbers, so professionals were hired. One of the most vicious factors in this frenzied competition for clients has been the traveling salesman of education. He is carried on the catalogue under various titles: "Field Agent," "Publicity Representative," "Director of Personnel," "Special Agent," "Field Secretary," and "Director of Admissions." A college in Iowa frankly admits that the field agent's duty is "to build a freshman class." There are colleges with several men and women working their territories. Thus Albion, a college in Michigan which "accepts the teaching of true scholarship as her most serious work," has six Official Visitors on the road. A smaller college in Kansas puts as many as twelve educational drummers in the field.

What is a good agent worth? That depends. The best ones are regularly attached to the institution; others have only part-time jobs, and work on commission. The field agent's commission varies from $10 to $50. Drake has four student solicitors and guarantees them $25 a week plus expenses. In recent years extreme competition among colleges for the clients led to an increase in the number of agents, with the result that high-school principals were forced to restrict the time these representatives could meet prospective undergraduates to a few periods in the day. This time being insufficient, high-pressure methods came into use.

Field agents began using the telephone and tracking the youthful clients to their homes. As the sales talk of Cornell College, Iowa, puts it: "Guidance for Cornellians begins when a personnel director calls at the home while the student is still undecided as to his choice of college." One field agent who visited a large city high school last May was the eighteenth recruiter to canvass the field, and practically everyone of college caliber had been signed up.

With competition increasing, activities of the field agents became—shall we say—more persistent. "X college offers you a $100 scholarship? All right, we'll give you $150." Like most persons who work on commissions, the field agent thinks of his commissions and is not above making misrepresentations. "Z College? I shouldn't advise you to go there. The student morale is very low indeed; their football team hasn't won a big game in eight years." "You think of going to Y? Don't do that. Their four best professors are away on leave of absence this year." Often promises of financial aid are made without any knowledge by the faculty or administrative officials, so that when the boy gets to college the promised scholarship does not materialize. It is beyond the financial resources of the institution to make good on the extravagant promises of the field agent.

A study of the recruiting problem in Ohio made recently by R. W. Ogan disclosed that in this state alone, 33 colleges spent more than $150,000 competing for students. This sum included salaries, expenses, and commissions to field agents, clerks, and assistants, expenses for printing, postage (at Otterbein College, a school with 350 students, the president reports that in one year 209,525 pieces of promotional literature were sent out), booklets, year books. The average ran to about $3000 per college, and came to more than $14 per student. In other words, it cost those Ohio colleges $14 to get each customer into the academic groves.

The field agent as a rule promises anything, even government student aid, over which, of course, he has no control. When he makes no direct promises, the colleges are often only too willing to stretch a point to get the right sort of client. "The problem of scholarships is becoming increasingly difficult," says Dr. W. D. Morehouse, the president of Drake. "Practically every college in our territory is giving them freely and on rules of its own making. It would seem that we have gone as far as it is wise to go and probably too far."

Colleges often get their own money back from the unwary undergraduate who does not know the racket. One well-known small college offers every inquiring student a scholarship of $100, and then bills him at the end of the term for extras which amount to as much as the scholarship. Another college more blatantly promises free tuition, and then sends in a term bill for laboratory fees, special instruction, courses, and extras which total up to the exact sum for tuition.

Not infrequently, even where the scholarship is legitimate, the colleges get their money's worth by insisting that the student contribute work of some sort regarding which nothing is said until after enrollment. This work may be playing on some athletic team or singing in the glee club during the Christmas trip, a voyage taken annually to advertise the institution. Occasionally, a student receiving a scholarship is required to live in a dormitory where he pays a rate which yields a profit to the college. Sometimes the college accepts "notes" in payment of tuition, knowing they will never be paid. The U. S. Office of Education, in a recent survey of 279 colleges, found only 27 that had not accepted "notes." The others had sums due ranging from $80,000 down; all un-

Photographs by International, Pictures Inc., Ewing Galloway, and Black Star

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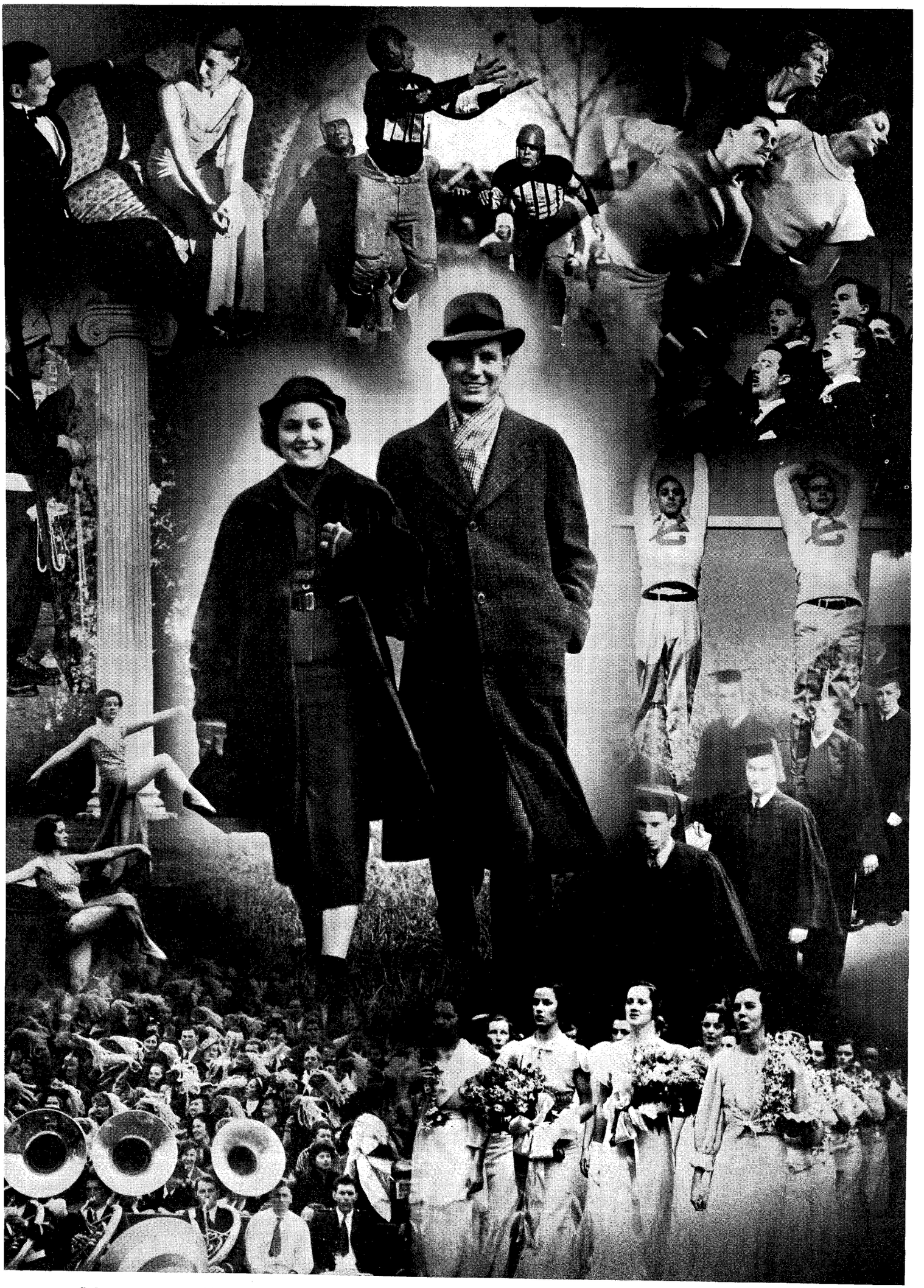

PHOTOMONTAGE BY REID STUDIO

Sales tracts, resembling illustrated booklets for a country club, proclaim that college life is not all study

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collectible. One small college had outstanding $81,924 in unpaid student obligations and $58,978 in student "notes." Of course these "notes" are simply bribes paid at the expense of the faculty, whose salaries are cut to the limit.

At an Indiana college last fall three freshmen who had already matriculated were actually kidnaped by field agents and transported to another institution of learning in a closed car. On the rival campus they were offered greater inducements and promptly signed up. Former President Charles J. Turck of Centre College, who headed a committee to investigate these abuses, believes "that the business world has few practices in unethical competition which cannot be duplicated among the American colleges."

If dormitory fodder is not to be obtained by legitimate methods, the colleges are prepared to use gangster methods. President J. Oliver Buswell, Jr., of Wheaton College, Illinois, sums up the situation this way: "Literally scores and hundreds of colleges, especially in the Middle West, founded years ago under Christian auspices, have remained small struggling institutions and have 'let down the bars' *because* they were small and needed students to fill their college halls." Some colleges go so far as to retain high-school principals to advise students to pick their institution; in others entrance requirements are either done away with or so lowered as to be meaningless. Occasionally, colleges award scholarships on the basis of excellence in one subject, although the candidate may have failed in all his other examinations! Not infrequently the scholarship degenerates into a handout by the authorities of free board, free board and room, or these plus tuition when the student is a popular high-school lad and likely to drag along friends and classmates.

Scholarships are often given for amazing reasons. At Decatur College in Illinois, all undergraduates taking Bible Study are given a rebate of $25 on their tuition. Secretary C. W. Dyer remarks: "A very unfortunate situation has arisen because of the rivalry among colleges in soliciting students. The latter wait for the highest bidder, making it necessary for us to offer financial inducements or aid to about 90 per cent of our students." In 1936, Drake University, with an enrollment of about 1500, gave away $21,000 in scholarships, including gifts for art, music, the drama, and extracurricular activities ($1360), as well as $1092 for the band. It costs as much money nowadays to get a good trombone player as it does a triple-threat halfback.

Boys with cash are the clients desired in this pursuit of dormitory fodder. Few authorities are as frank as President L. B. Hopkins of Wabash College, Indiana, who states in a report to his Board of Trustees after having reduced student aid by $4000, "I believe that if we take this step at this time we should also endeavor specifically to secure more paying students next fall." How are they to be obtained? Some states sell the names of all high-school seniors compiled by the Board of Education, each college paying $15 for the list. The money is paid to the clerks who make it up. A firm in Cleveland will send you for $50 the name of every high-school graduate in the United States each June. A New York organization goes them one better. This fast-working outfit guarantees you 50 or 500 students whenever you desire them. You send them a check at so much a student and they do the rest.

A glance at the literature sent out to prospective freshmen is illuminating. Besides the usual catalogues, most colleges dispense slick-looking volumes on glazed paper with expensive cuts and pictures, a significant commentary on education in the United States. The majority of these have been put together by advertising experts in New York or Chicago, men with a vast genius for snaring the customer but with little real feeling for education. Expensive layout specialists have depicted the college in terms to attract the clients, the same terms used to sell bathing suits or streamlined cars. These volumes must be seen to be believed. "College Life Is Not All Study," proclaims the generally representative sales tract of Ohio University. If the several hundred at hand reflect college life, then study is the smallest part of it. As President Kenneth I. Brown of Hiram College, an educator who seems to have kept his balance, remarks, "One may be pardoned for a mood of depression at the deception practiced in much of the literature of the American college."

First place for flooding the client with sales appeals, judging by my investigations, must go to Kenyon College, which forwards the *Hika,* the college magazine, half a dozen inspirational tracts on life at Gambier, and three or four welcoming form letters. Knox College favors you with the college *Student* and a couple of pictorial booklets; Drake sends a sixty-page illustrated newspaper and several elegant volumes. In all, the emphasis is entirely away from education, and the business of having a good time is stressed. Like Knox, Mills College in California turns out good people—a fact their sales treatise would lead one to doubt. It displays a country-club attitude, and a good-time atmosphere pervades its thirty pages of photographs depicting girls in bathing suits on the edge of a tiled swimming pool, a boy and girl emerging arm in arm from a lighted doorway, girls shooting bows and arrows, fencing, and otherwise enjoying themselves. The girl-boy attack is more pronounced in the Oberlin volume because this college is coeducational, and among the photographs which would do credit to the best of illustrated weeklies are those of dances, proms, fraternity-house parties, summer formals, bonfires, swing times, and boys serenading the girls' sororities.

Will someone please explain to a bewildered layman what all this has to do with education? No wonder President Hutchins of Chicago observes that the American colleges today offer fresh air, green grass, good food and exercise, exactly the same as the resort hotels.

Supported by literature of this sort, the field agent is far more likely to point out what a good time the student will have at his institution, than to stress its educational advantages, if any. A few colleges actually do employ men as counselors instead of high-pressure salesmen. The

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agent of Stephens College, Missouri, acts not so much to get students as to keep the wrong ones from entering. No hospital attempts to minister to all patients. If the colleges would select carefully those who fit into the purposes of the institution rather than signing up everyone who presents himself, the field agent could play a helpful part. When he tries to find out what the candidate wants, what he is fitted for, and advises him as to the kind of place he should enter, he is assisting not only the boy but also the college and higher education.

The student who might do well at Yale might not do well at Baylor, and vice versa. In the midst of the claims and shouting of hundreds of colleges and universities, the undergraduate-to-be, and his parents, need advice, guidance, and information more than ever. The field agent who furnishes this disinterested advice, who visits the boy's home and finds out whether he really is college material, would be invaluable. Recruiting for brains is one thing. Recruiting for the band or the football team or for the advertisement of the college is quite another. When the work of a college representative in the field is honest, when it is guidance and not exploitation, he has a useful function to perform. But the evidence is plain, beyond dispute—only too often has recruiting degenerated into attempts to fill the beds in the dormitories by any means, fair or foul.

Woodchuck in the Sun

FRED LAPE

I might have known he would resent intrusion.
Nothing so happy should be spied upon.
He had come out beneath my plum to bask
But morning sun had got the better of him.
He scampered up the plum tree's trunk and clawed
To catch the lowest branch, and missing it
Fell with a thump. Turning upon his back
He squirmed and wriggled like a dog in snow,
Then jumped to run and bite a burdock tip.
He tried the tree again and failed, and rolled
Again, and then lay quiet in the sun.
His dark eyes shone like globes of sunlit water.

I must have moved against the window pane.
Through his tight brain within the bullet skull
Warning of danger flashed. He scuttled home,
Rose on his haunches at the burrow's edge,
Front paws uplifted, tiny nostrils crinkling.
A moment he stared in at me and I
Stared out at him. I moved. Whistling he dove.

Unwilling I had sent him from the sun,
And nothing I could do would call him back.
The war of our two races had us beaten,
And left us each alone, I in my room
And he in his cold darkness underground.
It's strange the law of life should hinder two
Who love the sun from sharing in its light.

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Scribner's American Painters Series

NO. 8—"NEGRO CABIN AND PALMS" BY WINSLOW HOMER

In the century that has passed since Winslow Homer was born, the most typical features of what we call "American" painting have been formed. Its striving for simple and honest realism reaches a final peak in the art of this great American painter.

Winslow Homer's art, like the writing of Mark Twain, Markham, or Longfellow, not only derives from our native soil, but communicates itself immediately even to those without "arty" tastes. Part of this reaction is due to his simple subject matter, but much more can be traced to his unself-conscious sincerity. When he was only nineteen he said: "If a man wants to be an artist, he must never look at pictures,"—and throughout his long life he attempted to paint things exactly as they appeared to him, without the carefully thought out modifications of nature found in the work of other men. Whether he paints Yankee farmers, boys at play, the sturdy men and women of the English coast, or the fishermen of Maine, the emphasis is always upon directness and honesty. If frequently he rises to epic heights in his portrayals of man's struggles against the sea, it is because he was too much of a man not to be profoundly moved by what he saw.

Homer was born into an old Yankee family in Boston in 1836. His healthy outdoor childhood spent in Cambridge, then only a village, accounts for his love of nature, just as his Yankee ancestry explains his interest in the sea. His formal artistic training was negligible. He was apprenticed for two years to a commercial lithographer; for another two he did magazine illustration; he attended a few classes at the Academy of Design; and he took a few lessons from a French painter. Everything else was to come from practical experience.

Harper's Weekly sent him to the front during the Civil War, apparently to cover the "human interest" side of the struggle. Homer's attraction to the simpler things is already clear in his drawings of the routine side of army life, its camaraderie and rough jokes.

The "American Scene" began to appear in his work with a series of pictures showing the simple pleasures of such resorts as Long Branch, Gloucester, the White Mountains, and their charming men and women of the end of the last century. At the same time he stepped boldly into the domain of the farmer and his family, portraying them at work and at rest. These paintings, particularly in their beautiful and sympathetic interpretations of child life, are eloquent testimony of his warm humanity and love of nature.

In 1884, Homer abandoned city life and settled on a lonely spot along the Maine coast, Prout's Neck, where, with the exception of trips to the North woods or to Florida and the West Indies, he remained until his death in 1910. His main interest became the sea, and in his powerful interpretations of her moods we find a reflection of his self-imposed loneliness. Humanity as such began to disappear from his increasingly powerful oils and water colors. During the winter he frequently visited Florida, Nassau, or Bermuda, and it is in that semitropical environment that he executed the series of brilliant and vivid water colors for which he is justly famous.

Here he was so excited by the barbaric splendor of southern light and color that he forgot to paint "exactly as it appears," and let himself go. Sometimes, as in the "Negro Cabin and Palms," he saturates himself in atmospheric effects; at others, he reverts to his great love, the power and majesty of the sea, but always there is the recurrent note of honesty and power, the feeling that this man paints because he is physically and emotionally stirred.

"Scribner's American Painters Series" is edited and supervised by Bernard Myers
Picture, courtesy Brooklyn Museum, New York

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SCRIBNER'S EXAMINES *the energetic Missourian who has become the foremost mural painter in the country . . . his career, ideas, and influence on art*

Thomas Hart Benton

THOMAS CRAVEN

THOMAS HART BENTON is more than a painter: he is a social historian, anthropologist, cultural irritant, and vivid exponent of the American civilization.

At present he is living in Kansas City, but his field of operations extends from the outlying regions of Missouri to the most distant corners of the West. In Kansas City, he teaches painting at the Art Institute, opens his house to the young artists of the town, consorts with politicians, and argues publicly over the rights and duties of the artist in modern society. As an artist he works excessively, but after a debauch of painting, he rushes off to Detroit, Arkansas, or Hollywood to observe the industrial dissensions and absorbing antics of his countrymen. His observations eventually find their way into his paintings—and his paintings are not flattering to polite society.

Benton returned to Missouri in the spring of 1935, after a career of more than twenty years in New York where he had succeeded in making himself the most conspicuous and controversial of American artists. His return to his native state was the logical consequence of his determination to cast his lot with the common people of America with whom, as artist and adventurer, he had been intimately associated for many years.

He was born in 1889 in Neosho, a hill town on the fringe of the Ozarks in the southwestern corner of the state. Remote from routes of continental travel, Neosho, in the character of its inhabitants, was not unlike the environment of Huckleberry Finn. It was a community of raw individualists, wisecrackers from the backwoods, and Confederate veterans—toothless, decrepit old men who hobbled through the public square and talked valorously of their deeds in the war of the rebellion. The town leaders, in their occasional pretensions to culture, but not in their everyday lives, assumed the superior airs of Southern gentlemen, and there were a few fine ladies who followed the fashions of St. Louis and deprecated the vulgar folkways of their sons and husbands.

The boy was reared in the legal and political tradition of a famous family. His great-uncle, whose name he bears, was U. S. Senator for thirty years and Missouri's first and most eminent political performer. His father, Colonel M. E. Benton who had fought with Forrest in Tennessee and had migrated into Missouri to practice law, was U. S. District Attorney under Grover Cleveland, and a member of Congress for six terms. The Colonel, a congenital politician and a criminal pleader of mighty eloquence, made and squandered large sums of money. In his forties, he built a mansion on a hilltop in Neosho and married a Texas belle, a stately woman of great taste and charm, the Colonel's lady, and in after years, a favorite in the smart social life of Washington. The big house was the rendezvous of Democratic gormandizers: Champ Clark, Dockery, John Sharp Williams—a distant relative, and the greatest glutton of them all, William Jennings Bryan. It was the latter's custom, on visiting the Bentons, to snoop about the kitchen and harass Lucretia, the high-brown cook, by helping himself, as a preliminary feeding, to everything within reach.

The artist's father was a character. Squat and red-bearded, he was known in Washington as "the homeliest man in Congress," and he could outtalk, outlaugh, and outdrink any of his colleagues. Though pot-hardy and convivial, he could be stubborn and dictatorial, with now and then a lapse into a secretive melancholy not uncommon among pioneers. But he was little given to moping, had strong physical appetites and indulged them, and never passed a wakeful night until cancer choked him to death at the age of seventy-seven.

The Colonel tried to lure his first-born into the legal profession. In the most impressionable years of childhood he took his son with him on his political junkets. They traveled together up and down the state, lodging in backwoods hotels and hobnobbing with admiring rustics who called each other by their first names—men in wide black hats, blue-eyed women in sunbonnets, hillbillies, babies, and seedy pettifoggers. These expeditions, instead of turning the boy's attention to law and politics, created a desire for travel and adventure, and fixed in his memory the color and idiosyncrasies of his background.

Benton was a headstrong boy without taboos or hesitations, dark, sensual, and incessantly alert in mind and body. He had an inherited taste for low company, and his brawls twice landed him in the police court, but being the son of the political boss, he was not fined. But there

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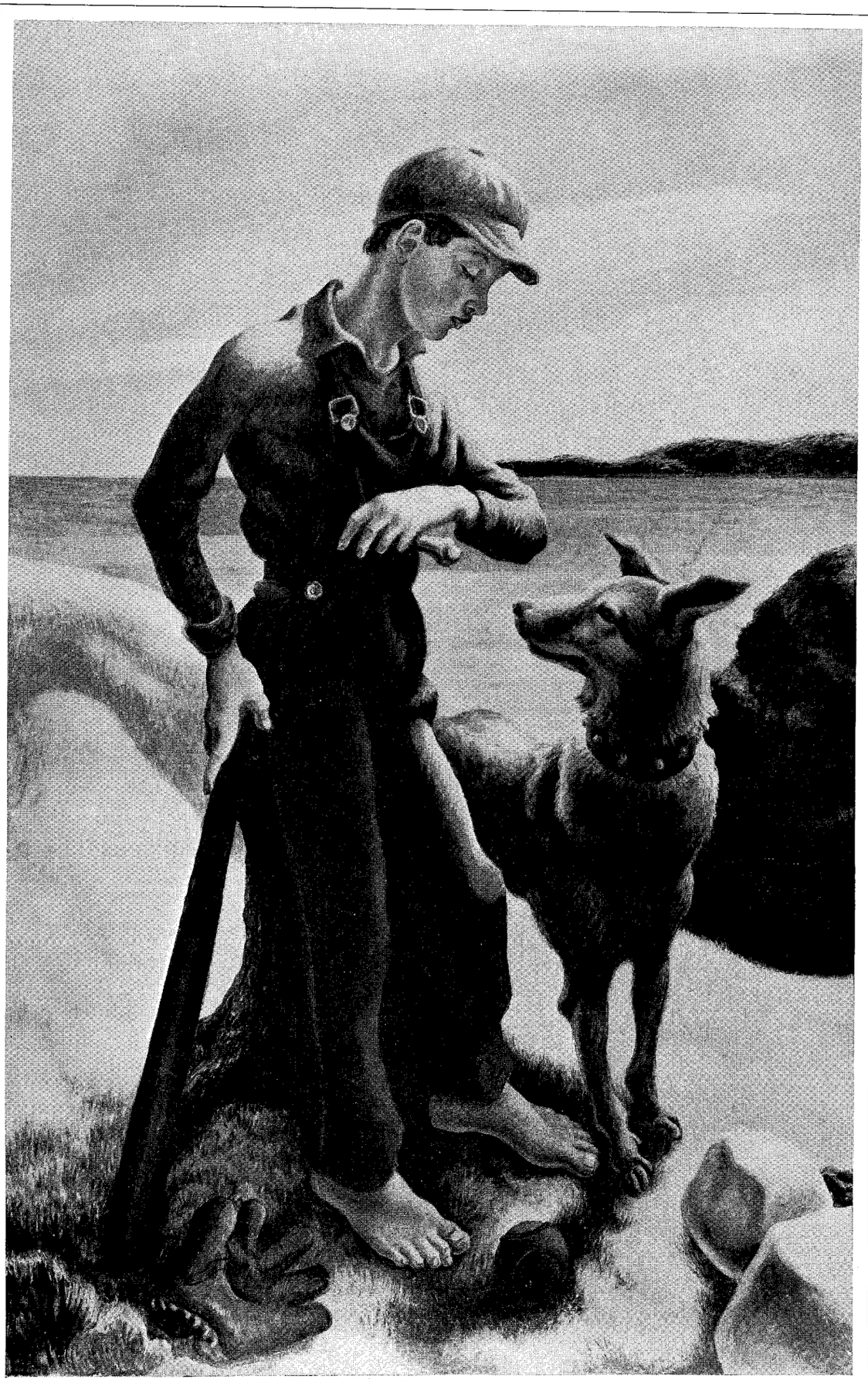

"BOY WITH A DOG" — THOMAS BENTON

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was another side to his character, the reflective side which began to assert itself in picture-making. His earliest efforts were drawings of Indians, not the flea-bitten, dopey bucks who wandered in from Oklahoma, but romantic scalpers out of Cooper. He had no thought of becoming an artist—he drew for the fun of it. His first mural, done in his seventh year, was a charcoal drawing of a long freight train climbing a hill. The hill, unfortunately, was the wall of the front staircase which, having been freshly hung with creamy white paper, was irresistible.

"The question of appropriateness, which my murals have invariably kicked up," he told me, "goes back to my very first attempt. The family howled like a pack of New York critics—or Missouri legislators."

In Washington, his imagination excited by heavy reading in the Congressional Library, he made large pen-and-ink drawings of Rhine legends, Beowulf, and the Titans of Greek mythology. Some of these fantastic conceptions have been affectionately preserved by his mother; they show an almost incredible proficiency for a boy of fourteen and are worthy to rank with the juvenile productions of the masters. Benton has always maintained that his facility is the reward of hard labor. He is not altogether right—he was born a draftsman.

During his sixteenth year, when he was a cartoonist attached to a newspaper in Joplin, Missouri, untrained and filled with adolescent notions of High Art, he voiced the necessity of going to one of the big cities where art was seriously administered. His mother supported him, but his father, whose conception of the artist was formed on the lickspittle portrait painters of Washington, raged and cursed—and he could cuss! A compromise was effected: the boy, to reduce his abounding animalism and his highfalutin dreams, was sent to a military school for a year, in Alton, Illinois, and in 1907 enrolled in the Art Institute of Chicago.

In Chicago, he distinguished himself at once by his skill in boxing and wrestling and by his incomparable audacity in paint. He had a high opinion of himself, dressed like a hoodlum esthete, and adopted the genius pose. In those days, under the poisonous influence of Whistler, Wilde, and Beardsley, every serious young worker in the arts was infected with the genius contagion, and Benton, for all his coarseness and his backwoods buffoonery, was excruciatingly serious. He withdrew from the vulgar herd of docile cast-copiers and illustrators, worked alone far into the night, and in a year's time was acknowledged to be the most promising water-colorist in the history of the Institute.

At the age of nineteen, he set out for Paris. Uprooted from the frontier tradition of the Middle West, from typically American realities, and transported suddenly into the international Bohemianism of the Latin Quarter, Benton had the battle of his life. He regards his years in Paris as practically wasted, and the usual story, he confesses, of all who congregated there before the Great War: "a girl friend to take care of you and run you, a studio, some work, a lot of talk and an escape into a world of pretense and theory." Below medium height, with long black hair, dark flashing eyes, a broad nose, and sensual lips, he was called "le petit Balzac." During the first three months he was notoriously drunk most of the time, fighting in the cafés and quarreling with girls.

"I wallowed in every cockeyed ism that came along," he admits, "and it took me ten years to get all that modernist dirt out of my system. And my genius notions were dispelled in a hurry. The Quarter was overrun with geniuses—one supergenius and two fledglings with money from home to print a manifesto, and a new school was born. I was no good anywhere. In the company of such hardened internationalists as George Grosz, Wyndham Lewis, Epstein, Rivera, and that Stein woman, I was merely a roughneck with a talent for fighting, perhaps, but not for painting, as it was cultivated in Paris."

The brash Missourian lost his assurance and drifted into despondency. His confidence, however, was restored by a friend, MacDonald Wright, who prescribed the Louvre and the Renaissance giants, and Benton went to work with something of his old-time energy. He painted diligently, but always with reference to the old Italians, laying the technical foundations for his subsequent work and for his vast historical knowledge of the expansion of painting. At the end of four years, exhausted and disillusioned, he returned to America.

Benton's life in New York from 1912 to 1918 was a prolonged struggle to find himself. He had to make his own way now, and after the romantic, irresponsible atmosphere of Paris, he was ill-equipped to fight New York. He begged, borrowed, sponged, and stole; he tried everything—ceramics, book illustration, teaching in night schools, and directing an art gallery in the slums. He designed settings for the Fox Film Company at the old studio in Fort Lee, New Jersey, and painted display portraits of Theda Bara, Clara Kimball Young, and other stars today unremembered.

He hung around the gymnasiums and prize rings and slowly regained his athletic youthfulness, but it never occurred to him, so persistent was the French hang-over, to use the human stuff of his New York experiences in his painting. He began to exhibit and to sell a few things, but his art was all symbols and abstractions—something between the classical past and the cubes of modernism—hacked together by brute strength and fierce resolution. In this trying interval, he made thousands of drawings of the human figure—and his worst enemies conceded his draftsmanship.

The mobilization of American forces marked the turning point in his career. An enlisted sailor, he was sent to Norfolk, where, to escape the coal pile and routine

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The picture on the opposite page represents Benton's mastery of genre painting, in contrast to the accentuated figures of his murals. It is a portrait of the artist's son, and it is also a new form of folk art, an art related in popular appeal and decorative effect to early American prints, but in swift, sure draftsmanship the work of a man trained in the classical tradition. This is the most recent of his paintings and has never before been reproduced.

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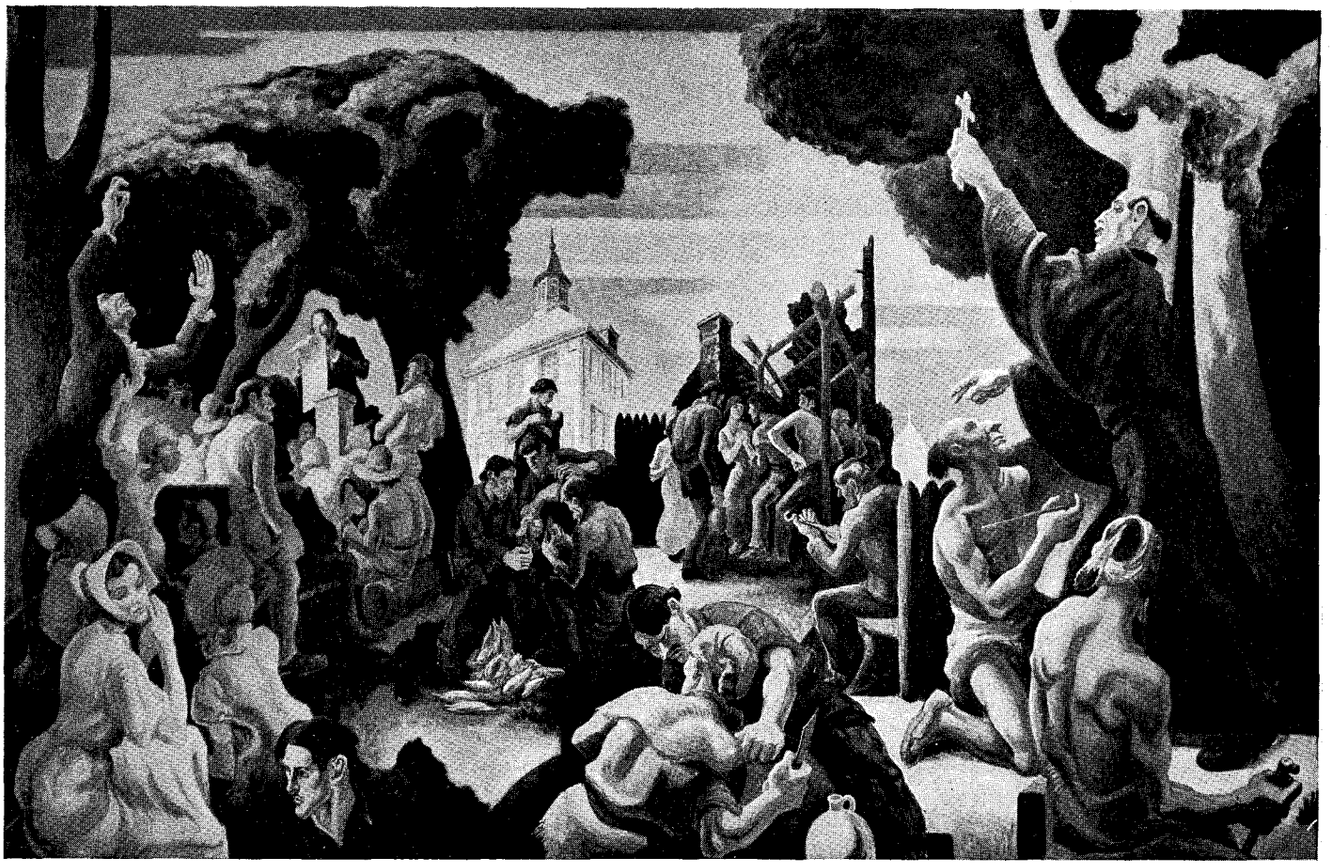

Frontier Life—a panel from the "History of Indiana" mural

drudgery, he boasted that he was a pugilist. He was taken at his word, allotted training quarters, and listed as a Saturday-night attraction. For a time he carried off his boast and was on his way to the district championship when a boy of eighteen, with superior ring psychology, gave him a terrible beating. Duly humbled, he gave it out that he was only an artist and was put to work as an architectural draftsman.

"This," Benton declares, "was the most important event in my development as an artist. I was forced to observe the objective character of things—buildings, airplanes, dredges, and ships—things so interesting in themselves that I forgot my esthetic drivelings and morbid self-concerns. I left once for all my little world of art for art's sake and entered into a world which, though always around me, I had not seen. That was the world of America. Furthermore, I was thrown among boys with whom I discovered bonds of sympathy, boys from the hinterlands of the South, and I got along with them. They were interested in what was going on, not in their own egos. I felt perfectly natural and at ease for the first time since the old days in Missouri."

On his release from the Navy, Benton returned to New York to hold his first significant exhibition—a group of paintings inspired by his experiences at the Southern naval base—and thenceforth rose swiftly into popular fame. Cocky and in resplendent physical condition, he was extraordinarily productive and much too combative, winning passionate admirers and equally vehement opponents. He read widely in American history and psychology, erected elaborate defenses of his subject-pictures, then in disrepute among the purists, and smacked the pallid abstractionists hip and thigh, particularly Stieglitz and his sycophants, whom the upstart Missourian branded "an intellectually diseased lot, victims of sickly rationalizations, psychic inversions, and God-awful self-cultivations." They retaliated in kind, but there was no longer any doubt that he was on his way to the leadership of a new school of American painting.

His economic burdens relieved by the sale of his pictures and his post as instructor in the Art Students League, Benton went off to Martha's Vineyard in the summers to swim and to formulate his programs on behalf of American art. He began by delineating the fishermen, stern-visaged Islanders who impressed him as "having the nobility of medieval saints," and then launched into a stupendous undertaking. Contemptuous of still-life and the precious aspects of painting, he planned a comprehensive pictorial history of the United States in sixty-four panels, a project engaging his best energies for seven years. Sixteen panels, of mural size, were completed and exhibited, winning the suffrage of many young architects with nothing to lose, and Benton was often referred to as a mural painter with no walls to decorate.

In 1922, he married an Italian girl, a gorgeous

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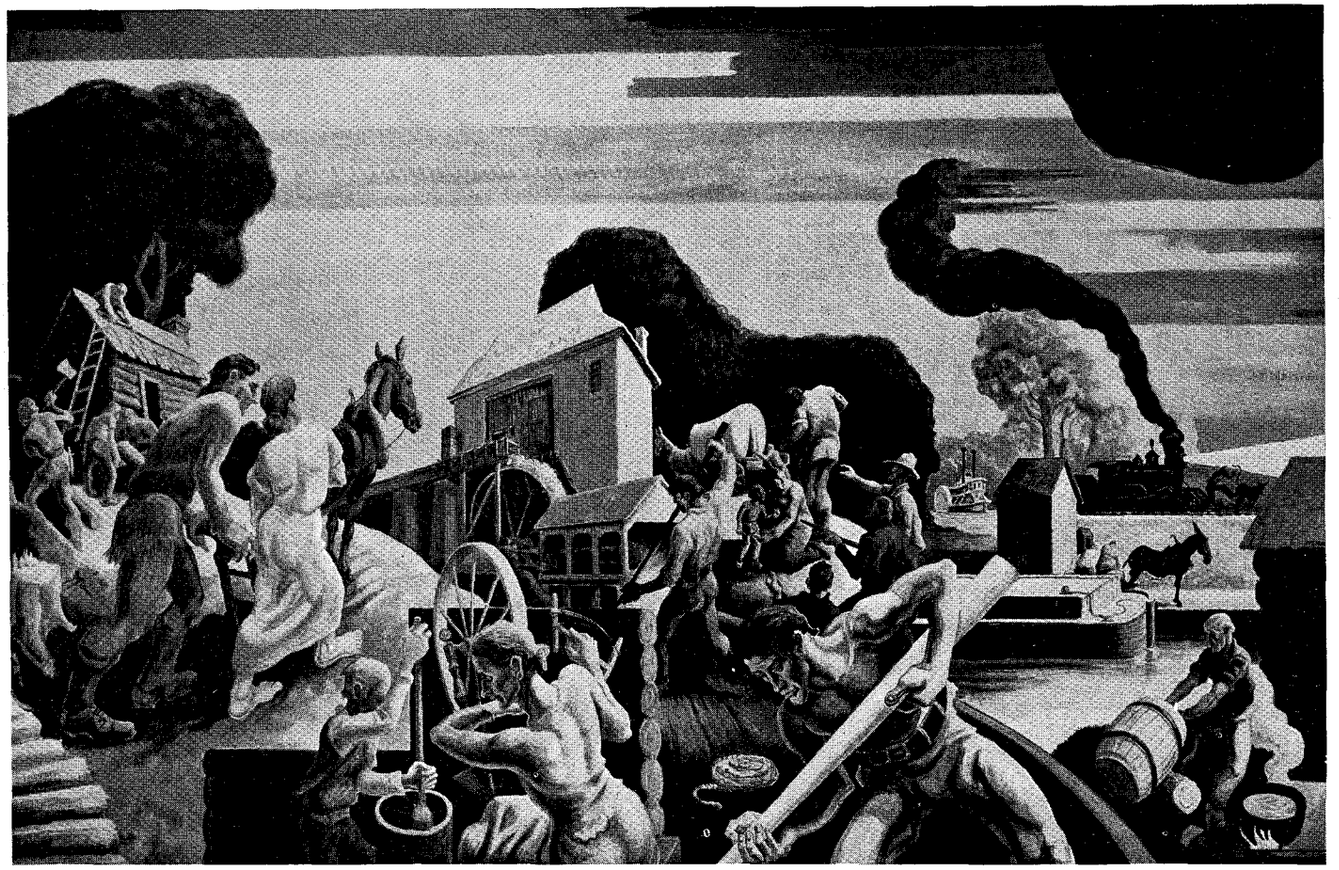

Home Industry—a panel from Benton's "History of Indiana" mural

madonna of the Lombard school, and one of the few women of my acquaintance who understand painting. The wife designed hats, posed as a fashion model, and was clever at selling pictures. They have lived together with more than ordinary felicity—to the surprise, and disappointment, of those familiar with Benton's quaint notions of propriety.

In 1924, he hurried to Missouri to join his father, who was slowly dying of cancer in a little hotel. His father was hardly more than a picturesque memory, so many years had they been separated, but day by day, as he sat at the old man's bedside, the strangeness disappeared, replaced by admiration and then by a deeper affection than he had enjoyed in the early, happier times before art had come between them. The Colonel's cronies hobbled in, bringing their pension papers by force of habit, and the old man greeted them tenderly, and, in a voice that was little better than a whisper, told them rollicking stories to the last. The painter understood these men now and their place in changing America. Then and there he resolved to revisit the background of his people; to paint the color and courage of the old and connect the old with the glittering rapidity of the new.

During the next ten years he made annual excursions into the interior of America; from the mines, steel mills, and industrial centers of Pennsylvania and Ohio to the plantations of the Deep South; from the mountains of Carolina to the cow country of the Far West; down the Mississippi to New Orleans and thence across Texas, and many times through Arkansas and Missouri. Like Huck Finn, he had no prejudices against anybody—except, of course, people of refinement. "Having no beliefs," he explains, "on what was good for man, no moral convictions, and no squeamishness, I was able to enter emotionally into much that was closed to social investigators with their uplift psychologies. I was out for material; I didn't care how people lived or what they thought; I took them as they came and got along with them somehow." The net result of these expeditions was a veritable mountain of Americana, volume upon volume of notes, sketches, and finished drawings.

In possession of so much raw material, Benton itched for walls upon which to spread himself, and in 1931, thanks to the wisdom of Director Alvin Johnson, he was commissioned to interpret *Contemporary America* on the walls of the New School for Social Research, in New York. Working as if his life depended on it, he finished the job in nine months, and received not a penny for his labors. But the returns in publicity were fabulous and invaluable, and if he was not famous according to the whims of the anemic intellectuals, he was the most notorious of living painters. The critics condemned him for his "tabloid art," his "cheap nationalism," and his "modernist effrontery"; the conservatives cried out that he had degraded America; the purists attacked his vulgar subject matter, and the radicals said that he had no

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Section of Mural No. 3, The Arts of the City, one of a group of murals executed by Benton entitled "The Arts of Life in America" for the Whitney Museum

real political conscience—but the public was delighted.

The following year the stewardesses of the Whitney Museum employed him to embellish the walls of their library, paying him $3000 for the job. He ruined the library as a cozy corner for cocktails and self-communion, but achieved a masterpiece. Again the horrified critics laid him out, but the louder they yelled, the higher his reputation mounted. His third mural, painted in 1933 at a net profit of $5000, was the sole exhibit of the State of Indiana at the Chicago Fair. This historical panorama, 250 feet long and 15 feet high, is one of the landmarks of modern paintings. In draftsmanship, organizing power, and dramatic force, it is far beyond the capacities of any other living artist.

Benton was now the most formidable member of his profession and was esteemed as such by the best European judges, a fact which rendered him even more obnoxious to the New York esthetes and Marxists whom he was continually baiting. He was tired of New York, with its cults and shams and narrow intellectualism; he was hopeful of the West and Southwest where he had observed a new cultural consciousness and a thriving interest in the expressive arts. When the Missouri Legislature voted him $16,000 for a mural and the Kansas City Art Institute named him director of painting, he returned in triumph to his native state.

Missouri received him with open arms—with palaver, ballyhoo, and prideful ceremony, but with manifest ignorance of his art. He was welcomed as a celebrity, half-hobo and half-highbrow, the scion of a distinguished family, whose life had been rich in escapades and provocative irregularities. Benton, an inveterate worker, set up shop in the State Capitol, and proceeded with his commission. He painted under public inspection; the doors were wide open, and people flocked in to watch him perform, speechless before his swift, sure strokes and his exhibitions of virtuosity—for he is quite capable of showing off in the midst of his most serious work. But they saw only the showman strutting his facility. They were blind to the import of his demonstrations, inexcusably indifferent to his immense preparatory efforts—the months of quiet thinking and planning, the first-hand investigations, the sketches and clay models of his characters; in short, to the significance of his originality and to his basic philosophy of mural decoration upon which his substantial reputation rests.

At the end of a year, the murals were officially presented to the state, and Missouri surpassed itself in rustic vituperation. Benton, a tough-skinned fellow and no stranger to abuse, expected opposition, but was not prepared for so mean, vindictive, and unintelligent an onslaught. He was charged with the crimes of "deliberate insult and painting a lie," of holding a great state up to nation-wide ridicule as a commonwealth of canine habits and indecencies. Instead of the usual stuffed-shirt statesmen and imaginary heroics, he had painted Frankie and Johnny, Huck Finn and Nigger Jim, the James Boys in action, and the unloveliness of Kansas City with Boss Pendergast, the stockyards, and a parvenu culture.

I am pretty well acquainted with Missouri: my father was born there; Jesse James raided my grandfather's

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farm in Clay County; and since childhood, I have followed the vagaries of the state with no less interest than amusement. It has a deserved reputation for individuality and picturesque behavior; and the unpredictable manners of its Ozark hillbillies, politicians, and slow-speaking mossbacks are proverbial. But notwithstanding the originality of its general folkways, Missouri harbors a hidebound, middle-class practicality which, weighing heavily against nonconformity of thought, tends to dominate expressed opinion. This practicality accepts the useful and commonplace sentimentalities of life, but is intolerant of flights of the spirit. It does not arrest entertaining spurts of personality, for Missourians, like other people, often act with total disregard of professed social attitudes; nor does it suppress the bawdiest and most ruffian behavior—but it is not good for the sensibilities or conducive to intellectual discrimination. This insistence on conformity of attitude operates most viciously against the creative spirit, against that mental elasticity so necessary to the development of original thought.

Standing out against this mediocrity of average mental performance, the murals in the State Capitol of Missouri may well become one of the shrines of American cultural achievement. The issues precipitated by the murals are not only of the first importance to art but to all fields where clear thinking is indispensable. Benton, a thoroughgoing Missourian in many respects, refused to be bound by conventions or acceptable patterns of thinking. He proved himself capable of making accurate and incisive distinctions in a world running rapidly to large-scale confusions of ideas.

Commissioned to paint a social history of his state, he took the position that such a history should deal with the actualities of behavior, not with professed ideals. In consequence, he represented Missouri as a place where unconventionality flourishes and originality is not to be despised. He has evolved a new technique for the exploration of that much-debated land, the Middle West, showing that beneath the dullness of intellectual respectability, there runs a flow of human blood which sometimes creates situations as dramatic, and perhaps as poetic, as those in the plays of Shakespeare; that the reality of the country lies in what it does, not in what it pretends to believe. And he has proved that his state is not so prosaic as the social climbers would like to make it.

Benton's painting is a complex instrument, at once coarse and sensitive, blatant and subtle. Concerned with the simple behavior of common people, it is, in popular appeal, a folk art, but fundamentally an intellectual performance—a folk art incorporated with a structural mechanism derived from the Renaissance. In his drawings he is a reporter; in his paintings, a planner, a cal-

Jesse James—a lithograph from Benton's murals in the Missouri State Capitol

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culating architect. His finished works are painted directly from clay models, a procedure which accounts for the pronounced sculptural quality of his work, its high relief, and the precision of the picture planes. His figures are embodied in vivid light and shade, the colors running from the softest combinations of oversweetened chromos to the most violent of complementary clashes. His surfaces, at first glance, appear disturbing and distorted, but at bottom his figures are brought together with impeccable logic. He is a master designer—the best perhaps in the whole range of contemporary painting—an artist who can resolve and harmonize diverse and seemingly impossible contradictions of subject matter. His depth of thinking is not to be disputed; all that his art requires is greater depth of feeling.

But with due respect for his technical pre-eminence, I believe that Benton's fame is more likely to endure because of his attitude toward the esthetic value of subject matter. His contention is that art, as original expression, is produced by the assault of new life-experiences on inherited technical habits. Naturally, he repudiates as merely attenuated processes the bulk of modern painting which has come out of France in the last thirty years.

He is an artist of incalculable energy, driving himself constantly, and when engrossed in a big job, working from twelve to fifteen hours a day. The actual painting time expended on the Indiana mural was sixty-two days. But this figure conveys no idea of the exacting preliminary labors. First, for a term of several months, he practically lived in the Indiana State Library, reading and collecting historical notes; this was followed by two months of traveling during which he made accurate drawings of people, buildings, animals, machinery, and landscape. One subject alone, the dark machinations of the Ku Klux Klan, cost him three weeks of investigation. From his assembled data he constructed a clay model of the whole scheme, and from that, sketches in color and scale cartoons. With the help of students the huge panels were coated with gesso and the cartoons squared up, or transferred by scale enlargements to the background. And finally came the mighty single-handed labor —the painting of the mural as it is seen today.

Benton's activities within the last year include: the Missouri mural, a matter of some 45,000 square feet involving several hundred figures, most of them portraits, and all sorts of environmental properties; the composition of an autobiography of 100,000 words; a series of published articles on politics and philosophy; a dozen lectures; thirty-five drawings made while exploring the Mississippi flood country; twenty-five magazine illustrations of the automobile strikes in Michigan; seven lithographs; and the designs for the five paintings on which, at the moment, he is working.

While occupied with the Missouri mural, he managed to hold his job at the Art Institute by executing the decorations in the presence of his pupils. His orgies of work and his wanderings make havoc of his home life, but when absorbed in art, the matrimonial yoke sits lightly upon him. There are, let it be said, interludes of loafing, domestic responsibility, and relaxing play, and for such his wife is grateful. His annual income, computed on the basis of one mural every third year, runs from twelve to fifteen thousand dollars. He receives high prices for his wall paintings; his easel pictures bring from $2500 to $5000.

In defense of his latest mural, Benton journeyed from town to town, meeting all comers and answering all questions, technical, insulting, and childish. He gave no quarter to his detractors and refused to budge an inch in his stand as creative artist against rustic bigotry and high-toned conformity of thought. The general attitude of the opposition may be illustrated in his tilt with a gentlemanly heckler who, after relating the illustrious deeds of the painter's antecedents, asked the usual question: "You come from a state of high ideals and heroic achievements. How can you make us so ignoble when you are proud of Missouri?"

"You got me wrong," Benton answered. "I am not proud of Missouri, I am only interested. I have no pride in anything but my paintings."

Those closest to Benton think of him as quiet, contemplative, even-tempered, embarrassingly frank, and intensely conscientious. With pioneer reserve, he is afraid, or ashamed, of his innermost feelings, and will resort to any absurdity rather than reveal his more delicate emotions. He is genuinely sensitive to the poetry of the humbler aspects of the West, a quality which, in spite of himself, crops out in many of his drawings, testifying to his reflections on the whole sad struggle for existence. Should he succeed in injecting this poetry into his staggeringly complicated murals, no superlatives would be too extravagant for his attainments.

Benton is now living in Kansas City. During his residence there he has lost one of his most cherished illusions: he no longer believes that "the cultivated people of the Middle West are less intellectually provincial than those of New York, or more hospitable to an art based upon the realities of native behavior." "They lisp the same tiresome esthetic jargon," he complains, "and I find the same 'educated' ladies and the same damn bores whom I tried to escape in New York. On the other hand, the plain people are friendly and O.K."

He imagines that he will remain in Missouri, but I am inclined to doubt it. A man of his character is not likely to fit comfortably in the upper brackets of society —and authority. As long as he is bigger than his carpers and the local houn' dogs of culture—that is to say, as long as he keeps in the public eye and the Eastern press —Missouri will find a home for him, but if he begins to slip, it will be another story. If those who have supported Benton, and appreciated him as the most invigorating force in American art, wish to hold him, they must keep him busy—when unoccupied he is the devil's disciple. For whatever Benton may be, he is a worker, and while working he usually hums an old hillbilly tune called *Prisoner for Life*.

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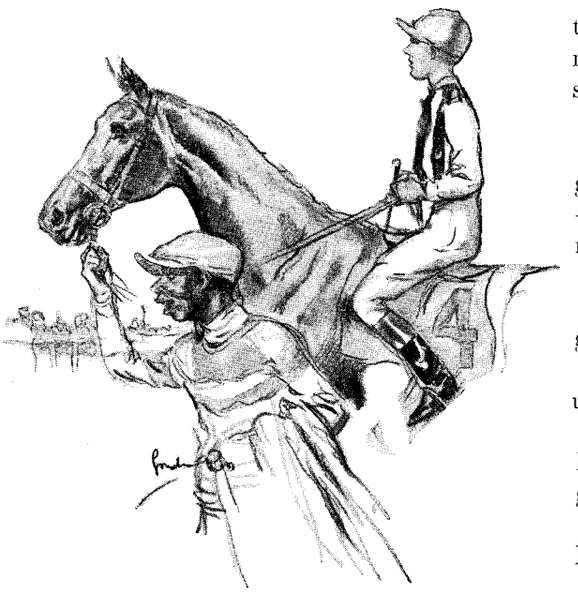
How Fine It Ought To Be

EDWARD NORTH ROBINSON

DRAWINGS BY GORDON ROSS

EVERYTHING had been all right until my brother Lefty, who is Mr. Van Horn's trainer, met Mabel. She worked at the Town Inn and before that was a showgirl. After Lefty took up with her, things got different. He didn't seem like my brother Lefty any more. Every night he got to going into town and not coming back to the stables until way late. Then, the next morning, at the workouts he would be crabby and talk rotten to Anselm and the rest of the boys and even to me.



He got to betting a lot, too. Afternoons, even when Mr. Van Horn's horses were running, he and Mabel would always be up in the grandstand with big bettors like Kapnick, and Sayre, and Jackie Hirsch.

Then one morning Lefty said to me after I came off the track with The Duke, "Kid, how'd you like to race The Duke Saturday?"

I didn't know what to say. I thought at first maybe he had been drinking like he did lately. "Why, you really mean it, Lefty?"

"Sure, Kid. You gotta have your first race sometime. You ain't afraid. You can hold him, can'tcha?"

"I'm not afraid," I said.

"You don't think he'd be too much for you in a race, do you, Kid?"

I saw he was really thinking about letting me ride. And all of a sudden I knew how much I wanted to because I got afraid he might not mean it. "Honest, Lefty, The Duke likes me, and I can win with him. Honest I can, Lefty. Let me ride him."

"Well," he said, "we'll see about it."

The next day when Lefty came out to the track from town, he brought a letter. He said to me, looking at the letter, "Kid, I got some bad news here from the old man. Get in the car. I want to tell you about it."

So I got in his new car. It was almost the first time I'd had a ride in it, but I was so worried about what he said, I didn't think much about what a fine car it was.

Lefty drove around back of the barns and stopped the car. "In this letter from the old man," he said, tapping his pocket where he'd put the letter, "it tells about how the old man needs some money mighty bad. . . . How long since you left home, Kid?"

"Last summer."

"Well, things ain't been so good with the old man. No, sir—they're pretty bad. The old man's going to lose the farm."

"Lose the farm!"

"Yes," Lefty said, "the bank's going to take it away next week."

"But I thought it belonged to us—to Father," I said.

"Naw—you don't understand, Kid. The bank has it mortgaged."

"Can't we do something, Lefty . . . ?"

"Yes," he said, "there's something we can do. Something you can do . . ." Then he told me how Saturday the race The Duke was going to be in was going to be a two-horse race. He didn't mean there was only going to be two horses in the race. What he meant was that only two of the horses were real good. One was The Duke, who would be the favorite; the other was Jimmy Dandy. He went on talking how if The Duke should win he would not bring in much. But if Jimmy Dandy won, why he would pay about 6 to 1. Then Lefty told how he could get maybe a thousand dollars and if he'd bet it on Jimmy Dandy and Jimmy Dandy won, then he'd have the five thousand dollars to give to Father so they wouldn't take away the farm.

When I saw what Lefty wanted me to do, I felt sick inside. But he kept telling me how awful it would be if Father lost the farm and how he and Mother wouldn't have any place to go and kept saying you wouldn't want them thrown out on the street, would you?

After a while, I said I would do it.

So although there had been nothing in the whole world I had looked forward to more than my first ride in a real race, now that Saturday had come and I was up on The Duke with Anselm leading him out on the track, the thing I was about to do was so awful that instead of everything being wonderful, I was almost sick, I felt so bad.

Unless you really love race horses, maybe you don't understand how fine it ought to be when you get your riding silks for your first race, and you ride out onto the

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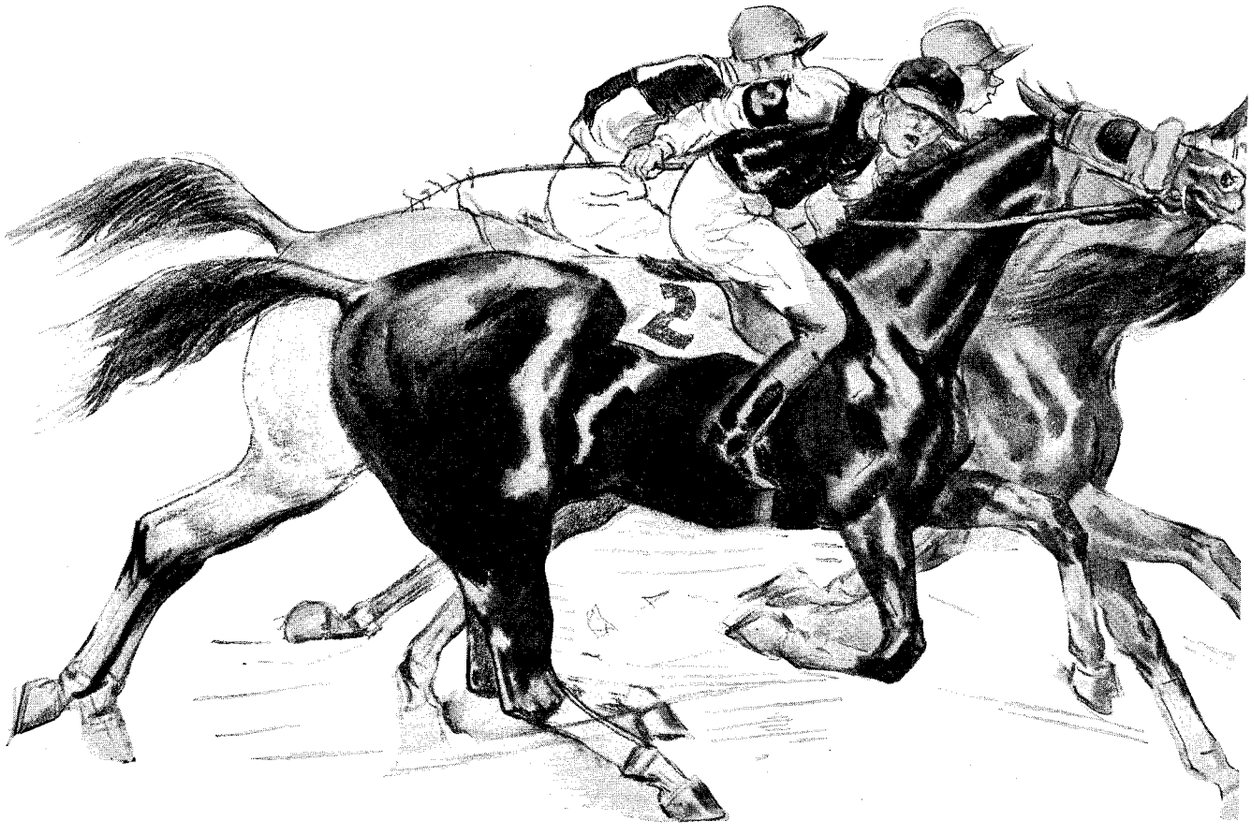

track with the bugle blowing, and all the people are rushing to the front of the grandstand, and the trainers and swipes are clustered by the infield walk and the owners are sitting with their swell friends in the grandstand, and everybody is looking to see the horses coming out for the race.

It should have been especially wonderful on such a fine day as this, up in New England in October, when the maple leaves all turn into colors bright as jockey silks, and the grass in the infield is golden, and all the flags on the top of the grandstand wave a little in the breeze, and far away in the afternoon haze you can see the buildings of the city like toy buildings, while beyond the stables, in among the bright maples and the evergreens, there is a blue lake, and the air is so clean and bracing you just want to gulp mouthfuls of it, it is so good.

The thing I was going to do was all the worse because I guess never in the whole world was there a horse more anxious to win than The Duke. All the way from the paddock to the track Anselm had all he could do to hold him down to earth. Once he got on the track and Anselm let go of his bridle, The Duke broke from the end of the line and I couldn't stop him until we were right up heading the parade alongside the red-coated marshal.

This was an awfully important race for The Duke because it would be the first time he ran a mile. The talk around was that The Duke wouldn't do so well although his workouts were awful fast. The talk was that he was just a sprinter and good in morning workouts but wouldn't do nothing in a real race. But it was just talk, because Anselm said right out he was no morning glory.

Coming back in the stretch, I saw that the mules had already pulled the barrier out on the track and the starting crew were waiting in a little group ready to line the horses up and I knew that nothing would happen now to stop the race.

When we came up by the tote board I looked at it and saw, like Lefty had said, The Duke was the heavy favorite at even money, while Jimmy Dandy was next at better than 4—1. The rest were all long shots.

But I didn't care about the odds. I never cared about betting. Some of you who only know about the tracks from going out and betting and reading the papers may think it sounds awful funny to hear about a jockey who doesn't care much about money. But it is true all the same, and I want to say that I personally know a lot of owners and trainers and even niggers who don't care anything about money or betting.

I was that way, too. It was because I was so crazy about horses. Turfmen who have been around the tracks for a long time can really understand without saying any more than that about the way I feel. It's hard to say just why you get to like horses so much. It's something that comes over you when you go out in the early morning and the night dew has made the track all black and soft and the air is clean and fine and sharp. And when one of the swipes leads the horse you are taking out to exercise past the track restaurant, you can smell coffee and bacon, and the railbirds are leaning on the rail with their stop watches, and the track workers are talking and laughing. Then you get onto the track and after a turn or two slow, you climb up on the horse's neck and cluck in his ear, and the horse opens up a mad gallop, so fast that the white posts are all blurred and the wind stings your

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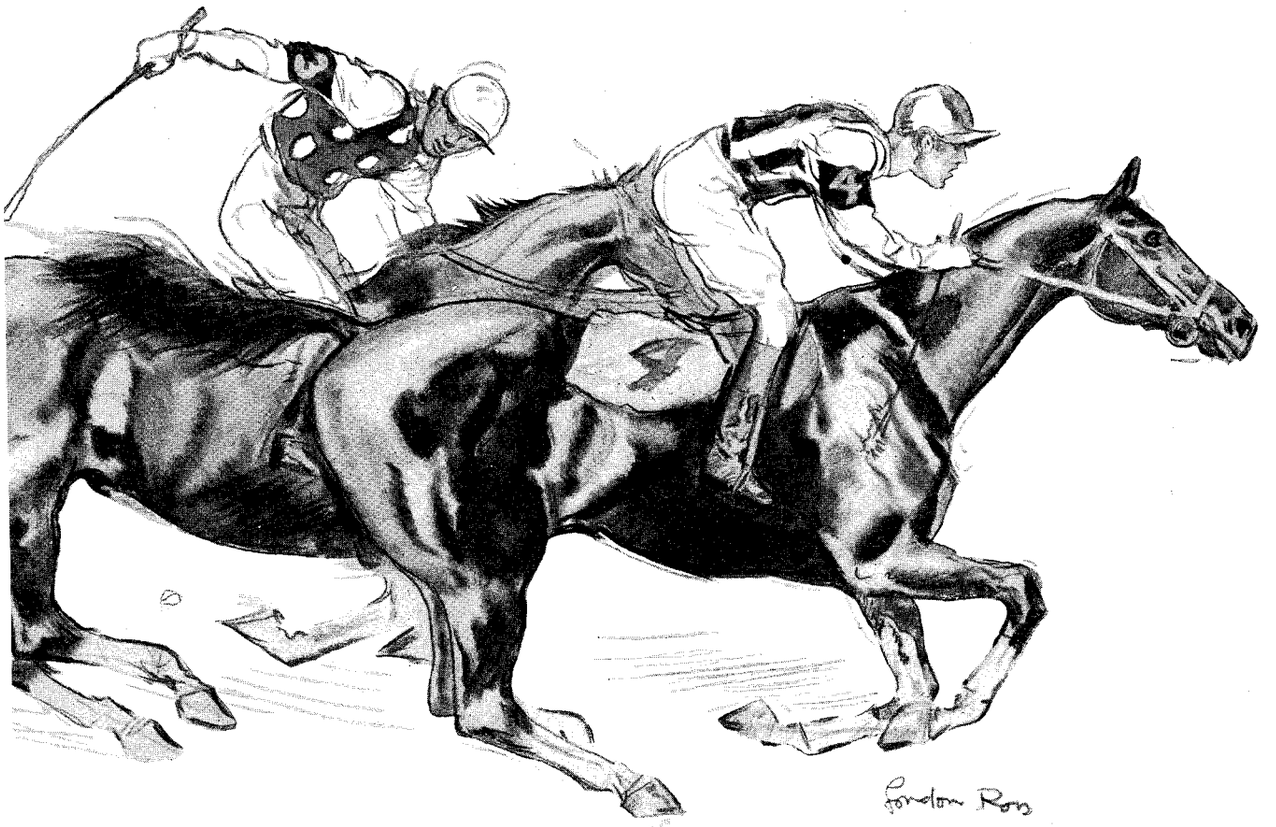

face and you can feel the tremendous power and speed of the horse's running, why then you just feel like singing and shouting because you know there's nothing finer in the whole world.

I kept thinking about how I was going to make The Duke lose when he wanted to win so much. If I had only known I would feel like this, I don't think I'd have told Lefty I would do it.

As we approached the barrier and the starting crew came toward us to get the horses lined up, I knew that with The Duke in the outside berth all I'd have to do would be get him tangled up in the turn and Jimmy Dandy would win all right.

Just as the starters got us all lined up, The Duke broke through he was so excited and anxious to run. When they got The Duke back in line, we all had to wait on Candy Maid who had backed out of her stall and refused to come in. She got awful stubborn and they had to put a twister on her to get her in. They no more than got her in than The Duke bolted, spoiling everything. Usually The Duke is well behaved, but somehow or other he knew everything was not just right and he was nervous. Anyway, he got so excited they finally took him outside the barrier.

Hardly was The Duke moved when the bell went off. Just as it did, The Duke half swung around to shake off the starter holding him, and when the others broke away, he was standing still—and headed in the wrong direction.

Right then when I heard the crowd's shout, I knew The Duke himself had lost the race. Lefty would have the money to send to my father.

Quickly The Duke wheeled around and started off after the field. It didn't seem to matter to him that he was so far back. We went into the turn all alone, a good six lengths behind the field. The Duke hit his stride. We went tearing around the first turn hugging the rail.

When we came into the backstretch, we were still trailing, all alone, far back. We was so far back it seemed there was no chance of catching the field, let alone win. But The Duke didn't think of quitting. He closed the wide space a little, all the time fighting for his head. Because it was hopeless, and because I knew how bad he wanted to win, and because he was trying so awful to catch the field, I let him go.

When a horse won't quit, even if it seems hopeless for him to win, why you just have to admire him. That's the way I felt about The Duke. So I stretched out alongside his neck and let him go. Because we were so far back, it's like we were all alone on the track for an afternoon workout.

We trailed all down the stretch. But from the blur the posts of the infield made, the way The Duke was driving, and the way we was gaining, I knew we were going like hell-fire.

When we got into the turn, The Duke had caught up with the last horse.

I kept down behind his neck for protection against the clots of dirt from the horses' feet. When I got a look at the field I could see it was bunched pretty much, except for a bay, which I knew was Jimmy Dandy, running four lengths in the lead.

Big stinging clots of turf were striking The Duke in the face, but he wouldn't let up. He couldn't seem to understand he could be beaten.

A warmness came over me, and suddenly I knew I

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wanted him to win—more than I wanted Lefty to get the money to send home. And I knew that my father, who loves horses more than anything in the world, would rather lose the farm than have money that was won doing such an awful thing as pull The Duke when he was trying so awful hard to win.

It was in the turn I began to urge The Duke. He'd been sprinting at top speed all the way, but now he felt how I wanted him to run. And he stretched out, trying to go faster and faster. I knew then I was doing right in urging him to run, no matter what I said to Lefty.

It is awfully tough to pass in the turn because you've got to go out around when you pass. But one by one, in all that mad pounding The Duke passed the field.

And he kept trying for more speed. It got wonderful to feel the wind sharp in my face, and the tremendous power of his running. When we came around the stretch, I thought I had never felt a horse run before. All hellfire was inside him.

We'd passed all but Jimmy Dandy, four lengths ahead. The Duke had been going so hard that I was afraid he'd fold up. But he was still fighting for more speed.

At the last furlong pole the boy on Jimmy Dandy looked back quick and took to his whip. I heard a roar from the grandstand like thunder. I could feel The Duke's exhaustion, and it seemed like he'd run his race. I stretched along his neck and shouted in his ears.

Suddenly, in a last desperate drive, The Duke was up to Jimmy Dandy.

The judges' stand rushed past and the race was over.

In his last drive The Duke had been coming so fast that we were deep in the turn before I could slow him down and turn him back. The finish was so close that I didn't know who won. Nobody would know until the picture came down. But The Duke was sure. Coming back toward the grandstand he was all fire and proudness. He pranced as if he'd won the Derby on his own, and headed straight for the winner's circle.

When we got to the judges' stand the picture was shot down to them on the wire from the photographer's booth on the top of the grandstand. A second later number 9, The Duke's number, flashed on the tote board, and a great cry went up from the crowd because The Duke, who was the favorite, ran so nobly to win.

I slid off The Duke, took the saddle from Anselm who was smiling all over his face, and weighed out.

On my way to the jockey house, Mr. Van Horn himself met me by the clubhouse entrance and shook hands with me and said, "Boy, you did a fine job." But I told him it wasn't me, it was The Duke. I felt so fine then with Mr. Van Horn saying that in front of all the people, I was sure there was nothing finer in the world than being able to ride a gallant horse to win at a big track.

But when I came out of the jockey house—there was Lefty. "Come on," he said, "I want to talk to you."

I followed him out past the racing secretary's office, through the main gate, and over to the parking section where the owners and trainers left their cars. We got into Lefty's new car and he started it up and we went off around the track toward the stables.

"Lefty," I said, "I got to tell you about the race."

"That's right, but keep it to yourself until I ask you." His voice had a tight sound to it. He was looking straight out at the road. The muscles in his face were all stiff, except one which kept twitching.

I began to get afraid. I looked across the track and I could see the horses approaching the barrier for the next race. Already the people were beginning to come to the front of the grandstand, after betting, to see the start. High up on the very top of the grandstand, I could see the announcer's booth. I knew that Horace Mead was there memorizing the horses and jockeys' colors for the race coming up. Instead of thinking about Lefty and what I would say, I kept thinking about Horace like you do sometimes when you get feeling something bad is going to happen and you don't want to think about it.

Horace could see all the track and everything that happened during a race. I got to thinking if you were up there how strange it was to hear him with his glasses focussed on the race talking quietly into the microphone and a split second later hearing his voice booming out the same words over the crowd down below. I tried to stop thinking about Horace, but I couldn't.

The car came around the corner of the stable restaurant and nearly ran into a bunch of swipes making quarter-book with Porterhouse Kosta. They jumped. Lefty swerved the car and kept on around the barns and out to where the road ended in a sand pit.

"Get out!" he said not sounding like Lefty at all, but mean.

I got out, and then he did. He got out with a bridle in his hand. "Well—go ahead! Talk!" he said.

Right then I got awfully afraid. I tried not to look at the bridle Lefty held. I looked far off beyond him where I could see the top of the grandstand and the sun all red just going down slowly behind it. And way over here came the sound of Horace's voice kind of jumbled like a radio at night playing in another barn somewhere.

"Come on, what happened?" Lefty said.

I could hear the loudspeaker going on and the crowd's roar, and then I remembered The Duke running.

"Honest, Lefty, I couldn't do it. He was so far back and he kept running all the time through the turn and harder and harder in the backstretch, fighting for his head with all the dirt slicing him in the face, and not quitting. I just couldn't, Lefty. I tried but it would have been so rotten—and to give the money to Father, to Father who'd never touch dirty money. Honest I couldn't, Lefty."

"Then he didn't just run away with you?"

"No, he——"

"Why you dirty little double-crosser. You damn stinking double-crossing rat!" he shouted.

I tried to look at him but all I could see was the bridle—sweeping upward—flashing—swinging round his head. . . .

The funny thing was—all at once I didn't care.

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EUGENE HUTCHINSON

Careers, Limited

MARGARET COLLINS

When the modern young woman tries to combine motherhood and a full-time business career her own children suffer and society as a whole is harmed

We twentieth-century realists have convinced ourselves that if a woman is sufficiently clever, she can simultaneously bring up a family and have a full-time career outside the home. Little better than the snug domesticity exuded by the earlier *Kinder, Kirche, Küche* style of thought, this current piece of romanticism is doing twofold damage. Its challenge is ruining the children of those women who are demonstrating their versatility. Its implications of inferior ability are poisoning the satisfaction of those who stay at home.

Hundreds of young women today feel that their education and training have prepared them to be something better than "only a wife and mother." I used to feel that way. My salary raised the family income from the $2000 to the $4000 class. I was able to continue my work until a short time before my first baby was born. Six weeks after the baby's arrival I was back at my job. Many of my friends were doing the same thing, and we were all equally proud of our modernity and of the jaunty way in which we were going on with our careers, never allowing maternity to interfere.

In the meantime what was happening to our children? A few were in nursery school. The majority were entrusted to servants. Like many other professional women, I assumed that any good houseworker who was "crazy about children" was therefore qualified to look after them. At the same time I superciliously derided my old-fashioned grandmother for her conviction that a mother's love was the only necessary guide in raising children. That the two points of view are essentially the same never occurred to me.

I considered myself a thoughtful and informed mother. Was I not very much concerned about a sane form of sex education for my child? Was I not fully aware of the importance of developing his social conscience through group activities, and of the dangers of inferiority, suppression, jealousy? To keep me in touch with my son's development, I counted on week ends and an hour each afternoon before he went to bed. The maid could attend to the uneventful daily routine in which meals, nap, and outdoor play had all been neatly scheduled, while I myself would be ready to settle those problems requiring special handling.

I had no intention of allowing my child to become a

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The intelligent and responsible mother is superior to the ideal nursery school

weak, incompetent adult. I failed to realize, however, that adult weakness does not usually lie in acute maladjustments, but in irresponsibility, illogicality, emotional instability. Such weaknesses cause unhappy marriages, make incompetent parents, drag at the skirts of enlightenment, defeating now by their lethargy, now by their bawling or tight-lipped prejudice, the efforts of each generation toward improvement. I was, moreover, unaware that emotional stability, independence, logical thinking are developed only through a long, slow accumulation of situations successfully met. The child whose habitual attitude is "*You* do it," "What do *you* think?" will not automatically become responsible when he has a job and a family. He may unexpectedly seek to shed his responsibilities by leaving his family or escaping into some form of nervous illness. He may, on the other hand, improve under the compulsion of necessity. But he will never fully compensate for the enervating effects of his earlier years.

Separated from my child during most of his waking hours, I formed my ideas on child training from reading. Being unaware of other less obvious and more numerous problems which occur every day, I laid disproportionate emphasis on the probable causes and proper treatment of temper tantrums and thumbsucking, of lying and stealing. My impression of child development was of long periods of healthy, "normal" behavior, occasionally interrupted by crises which involved major problems. Forgetting a writer's necessary abstraction of his materials, and innocent of the complex experiences on which his generalizations were based, I glibly accepted his labels. I thought of the child's "sense of security" and "social consciousness" as simple units, achieved once for all, rather than as processes alternately developing and regressing through hundreds of apparently trivial incidents.

Precisely because of these two errors of my inexperience, I dismissed as *uneventful* the daily life of my preschool child. I was confident that I saw the child often enough to recognize any maladjustments which might appear. This belief allowed me to leave him in the maid's care with the comfortable assurance that I was successfully combining maternity and my career. But while I was alertly watching the surface of my child's behavior for those acute difficulties which would demand my assistance, the child's daily responses were unobtrusively determining his very personality.

That personality, it eventually became plain to my unwilling eyes, was not a desirable one. The child was not a "problem child" in the obvious sense. His weakness was of the negative sort. He was dilatory over his meals and often ate very little; he lacked initiative in his play and could not concentrate on any activity for more than a short time; he very quickly became sulky or outraged when things were not to his liking. Some mothers do not seem disturbed by such characteristics in their children. But to me they spelled danger for my son's future, and failure for me as his mother. I gave up my job, deter-

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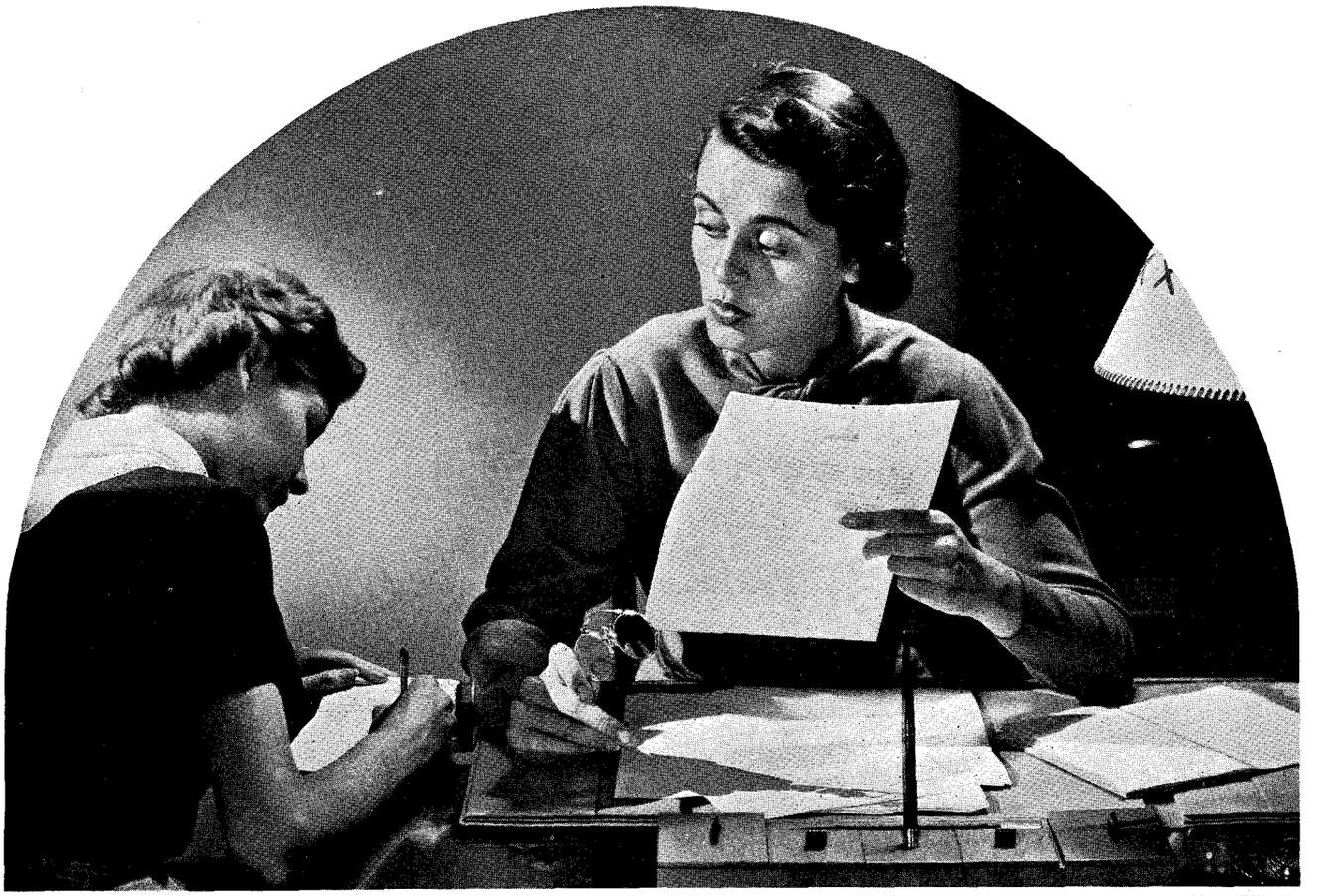

EUGENE HUTCHINSON

The more educated a young woman is, the more she looks down on motherhood as a job

mined to help him develop more fully and to give my second baby a better chance from birth.

II

No one needed to convince me of the great effect which environment has on personality. The sociologists and the psychologists had already done that. I knew, too, that during the important preschool years the influence of the home on the child is so complete as almost to exclude any other. *Environment* is practically synonymous with *home. Environment,* however, like social consciousness, had become merely another label, with associations of broken homes and childhood insecurity or of impoverished neighborhods, malnutrition, and adolescent lawlessness.

Because I had assumed that my own child's environment was good, I had never analyzed it. I had thought with satisfaction of his well-balanced diet, of his bright, well-ventilated room, of his attractive home in a respectable neighborhood. But I had overlooked the single most important factor in any preschool child's environment—the individual who is responsible for his daily care. On the personality and intelligence of that adult depends the relationship which the child develops with the world around him. Through that relationship the impress of the physical environment on the child may be modified. Meager surroundings may be forced to yield him certain benefits; luxurious surroundings may be allowed to spoil and soften him.

The *sine qua non* of any child's supervisor is the recognition of the importance of everyday behavior in the formation of the child's personality. A situation is rarely significant in itself, but becomes so through daily repetition. Unless this fact is realized and kept always in mind in dealing with a child, natural inertia will win every time. The easiest way will be chosen, with the ever-useful rationalization that "it won't matter this time." The common result of this popular course is children who are imperious and hot-tempered or quietly stubborn and malicious; children who are accustomed to being clothed, washed, and fed by an adult because it is "so much quicker" that way; children who have developed independence without responsibility and initiative without persistence because the adult was too lazy to hold them to any standard of performance.

Affection and sympathy have for long been considered attributes of the capable mother or nursemaid. The successful director of children must also combine mental qualities only too rarely associated with child care. She must be objective and analytical as well as highly resourceful and imaginative. Persistently unpleasant behavior on the part of the child calls not so much for a mouthful of exasperated words and moral sentiments as for perception of subtle cause-and-effect relationship and a critical inspection of the methods being used to alter such behavior. By directing the child's energies into productive play rather than aimless or destructive play, the

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adult should be able to stimulate the child's imagination and to encourage the development of concentration. The sequence of events related to the letter in the mailbox or to the milk bottle on the porch is "social science" for the four-year-old. His recreation in block play of railroad and post office, of barn and pasture is more vital and creative dissertation than is the usual performance at the academic level.

III

While I was holding a job, I thought I wanted the best for my child. I was willing to pay for anything the pediatrician recommended. But in respect to the most important factor of my child's environment I was cheating him. I had had a $5000 education. I could have given him myself as his teacher during those significant early years. I gave him, instead, a good cook who had never reached high school. Whatever doubts one may have of the development which occurs during the average college career, one may be certain that the young woman who has had the education which will make her successful in research, business, or teaching will be more successful in the guidance of her children than will be the person whom she employs to take her place.

Only in rare cases does the cook or nursemaid expect to remain with one family long enough for a baby to grow into an adult. She looks on her job as a temporary one. Her attitude toward the child as a personality in the making is therefore one of fundamental indifference. She may be good-humored and patient, but she usually lacks almost completely the information and the imagination to direct and stimulate the child's efforts to understand the world around him. She may think he is "cute" or she may think he is a "brat," but she cares nothing about the person he will be a year hence or even a month hence. The present moment is her only care. Only the knowledge and training of a child psychologist or educator would give her a vital interest in the behavior of a child with whom she has no personal relationship. Yet if she had that knowledge and that training, one could not buy her services for from $5 to $15 a week. Even if one were prepared to pay her $2000 a year, she would not be inclined to give her entire attention to one or two children not her own. She would have ambitions toward clinical work or a school where she could study and direct numbers of children.

A nursery school as a substitute for the mother is a possibility only in certain metropolitan localities. Even if the school provides daily medical inspection for the children, the danger of contagion from the group is greatly increased. Many diseases are more serious at this age than at any other. Constantly recurring colds may lead to ear and chest complications. For these reasons many pediatricians disapprove of nursery schools. The ideal nursery school, if accessible, is far superior to the nursemaid. The intelligent and responsible mother is equally superior to the ideal nursery school. Nursery schools attempt to keep the number of children per teacher low enough to insure individual attention to each child. Even the best schools, however, are unable to supply that degree of individual attention which an intelligent and informed mother can give.

IV

I found it impossible to evade the conclusion that the more able a woman thinks she is, the heavier is her responsibility to supervise her own children. For her to plead superior brainpower as the reason for discarding that responsibility in favor of a career is a contradiction of terms. Such talents as she has will not be wasted. They are more likely to fall short of the demands of the job. Children are not a field of study in which definitive work can be done; they are not a new technique which can be mastered. No one can make a perfect job of child management, but anyone can make an unnecessarily poor job by assuming that little intelligence is required. Intelligent child care is not a product of the motherly instinct which many professional women prefer to think that they lack. It is a product of the intellectual curiosity which searches into the causes of things, of the study which profits from the recorded history of man, of the creative energy which finds new ways.

For centuries women were allowed little opportunity to develop intellectual curiosity, had little access to the materials for study. As a result, for generations their children, on reaching supposed maturity, met emergencies with courage and generosity and resisted improvement with stubborn bigotry and prejudice. The making of both attitudes has been largely in the hands of women. To women the credit or debit. They worked very hard at making their children good and very little at making them intelligent. They were more concerned that a child accept the conventions of his day than that he seek to improve them. The product of this training was a citizen righteous and ignorant, well-intentioned and sentimental.

Since the turn of the century, higher education for women has increased tremendously, and with it have come new vistas of opportunity. Society might legitimately have expected superior children to come from the homes of the new women. Unfortunately, that expectation has not been realized.

The more educated a young woman is, the more she looks down on motherhood as a job. During the prosperous twenties her newly awakened ambition was for personal success. Little of her attention could be devoted to children. Since the depression, the college graduate is often ambitious to work toward an improved social order. Talking enthusiastically of her "responsibility to society," she ignores her primary obligation to care for her children, and enters some political or sociological field. There she pictures herself struggling heroically against the forces of ignorance and self-interest. Gradually she recognizes human limitations as a basic difficulty in every social problem. She begins to realize the perpetual inadequacies of conventional education in the face of changing conditions. Can she not then be (*continued on page* 69)

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SCRIBNER'S PRESENTS *each month a short story by a new and talented writer, with illustrations by an equally talented artist—biographical note on page 52*

Dance at Highland Park

JAMES COPP

DANCE-BAND DRAWINGS BY J. W. GOLINKIN

I was thinking about Frit as I drove along that street, thinking of what he said to me at the rehearsal. "We're okay, Bud," he said. "We'll be famous one of these days—just wait and see!" Frit was the leader, and whatever he said, of course, was very important. If Mac had said it, or even the Hindu, I wouldn't have paid much attention. But Frit was God to me. Any orchestra leader was God to me.

The streets were very dark, and it was hilly, and there were trees and bushes that hid the house numbers. But I just kept driving along, looking for the Highland Park Dance Hall, and thinking how fine it was to be in an orchestra. Then I started thinking about tonight, and wondering how many of my friends would come to our opening. And I thought of so many things all at once that I very nearly drove right by the Highland Park Dance Hall. It was on the second floor of a gloomy building, down at the end of a gloomy street. But the lights were on, and I could see Frit and Mac standing near one of the windows.

"Well, Bud," Frit said, when I got up there, "what do you think of the place?"

"It's marvelous," I said, "but I'm getting jittery already!"

The dance floor was larger than I expected, and over at the far side of the room was a little orchestra platform, with a baby grand piano on it. And then there were chairs all around, and gingham curtains on the windows.

"That looks like a wonderful piano," I said.

"You bet," said Frit. He pointed at a big net of balloons that was suspended from the ceiling. "We're going to let 'em down at midnight," he said.

"Well, whose idea was that?" I said.

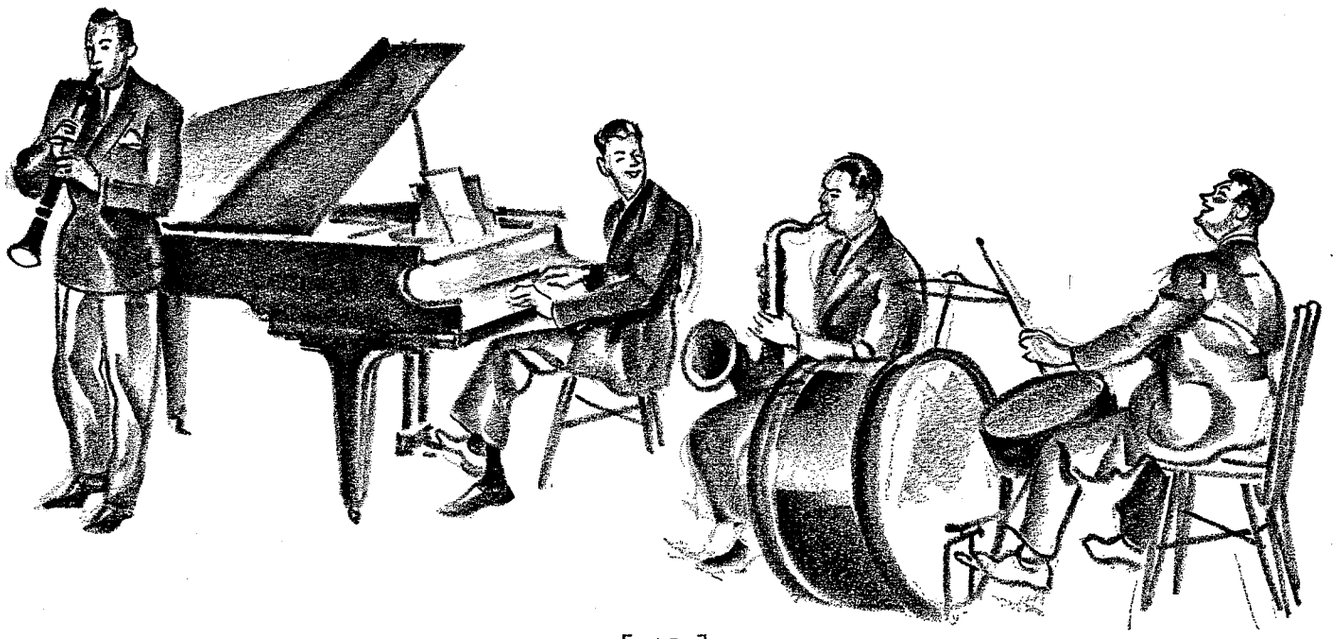
Frit laughed. "Oh, I thought it would be nice."

Mac and the Hindu were over by the piano.

I walked over, sat down, and played a few scales. There was a funny feeling in my stomach.

"Well, fellers," said Frit. He came onto the orchestra platform with us. "What say we practice a few numbers and get it over with? The crowd won't start coming in for at least an hour yet."

We practiced until almost eight o'clock. Then we stopped, and the room was suddenly quiet. Frit was putting his clarinet in its rack and the other fellows were



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sorting out music. I was beginning to get nervous now, really nervous.

"Well," said Frit, "that was pretty fine, wasn't it?"

He dusted off the clarinet with his handkerchief, stretched out his arms and yawned, and walked over to me. "You're okay, Bud," he said, "damned okay. You're a regular old trouper already!"

I thanked him, and then thanked him again for letting me play in his orchestra. He was looking at me, and I couldn't think of anything more to say. So I stretched out my arms a bit and yawned a bit, the way he did, and went over to the window.

"Lookin' for food?" Frit said. "Well, boy, you're going to get it; see? Gert brought along some grub, and we're going to eat before we start—customers or no customers!" He stepped over to the swinging door that led into a sort of pantry room, and shoved it open a crack, then winked at me. "That is, if Gert knows what's good for her!"

There was a big racket in the pantry room, and I heard a woman say, "Hell," and then a little louder. "Okay, hold your horses, Frit!"

I went back to the piano. "Do you think we've got time to eat before the people start arriving?" I said. "It's almost eight."

The other two fellows had finished sorting their music, and were sitting on the edge of the platform waiting for the food. One of them was Mac. He played the saxophone, but should have been a drummer. He was fat, and laughed at anything. Joe played the drums and was a Hindu—at any rate, that's what they told me when we were introduced.

The girl was still banging around in the pantry room, and saying "Hell" at regular intervals. Frit came over to me. I imagine I was a little pale. He was, too, but he was grinning. He put his hand on my shoulder and shook me a little. "You're okay, feller," he said. "You're the best piano player I've had in a long time!"

I said thanks, and put my hand on his arm and shook him a little. "I sure appreciate this," I said. Then, feeling a bit awkward, I let my hand fall, and he let his hand fall, and we sat down on the piano bench together.

"Well," he said, "this isn't a very elaborate place for us to have our grand opening in; but I'm telling you, Bud, if we do even half-good, by the end of the month we'll be a twelve-piece band, and play in the Miramar Hotel! It's a cinch. You wait and see, boy. We've got the goods!"

"You mean we might play at the Miramar?" I said. "The Miramar Hotel?"

"You bet! We're okay—don't worry about that. Just hear what they say tonight!"

Then the woman named Gert came in through the swinging door carrying a plate of sandwiches. She smiled at me. "You like ham sandwiches, kid?" she said.

I said yes, and very soon we were all sitting on the orchestra platform with our sandwiches and coffee, having a marvelous time.

At about quarter past eight Frit said, "Well, better clean up the mess. They'll be starting to breeze in any minute now."

So Gert picked up the plates and cups and carried them away into the pantry room. Frit and the other two started talking about sheets of music, and I sat down at the piano and ran over a few bars of the *Rhapsody in Blue*. My fingers weren't so stiff now, and I played right along without feeling embarrassed. It was going to be a good evening, and I thought about the Miramar. Then Frit said it was about time for the people to start coming in, and we should have a drink or two. So Frit and Mac and the Hindu all went out into the pantry room with Gert, and I just went on playing the *Rhapsody in Blue*.

"Better have a quick one," said Frit to me, sticking his head out the door.

"No, thanks very much," I said, and went over to the window and looked out.

Some time after half past eight the others rejoined me on the platform. They had been drinking a lot, but didn't seem tight.

"Well, they ought to be coming along now," said Mac. He laughed.

"Yeah," said the Hindu. He laughed.

"Yeah," said Frit. He didn't laugh. "What's the matter with 'em?" He looked at his watch. "That's the trouble with people—always late."

"What time do you think they'll start arriving?" I said.

Fifteen minutes later I was thinking about the Miramar Hotel and asking the same question over again. And then fifteen minutes after that. Even Mac was solemn now. I thought about my friends, and wondered where they were. And I recalled all the things I told them about the orchestra, and the Highland Park Dance Hall, and Frit and the others. Frit kept glancing at his watch, and scowling, and muttering to himself. The room seemed emptier than before. There were three or four straight-back chairs, and nothing else, except the gingham curtains on the windows. The breeze rustled them, and the balloons at the top of the ceiling stirred about in their net. Gert was sitting on the edge of the orchestra platform, dangling her feet over the side. She had on a vivid red evening gown, and her blonde hair was in tight curls all over her head. After a while she got up and went out onto the middle of the dance floor. Frit kept glancing at his watch.

"Ladies and gents," said Gert. She put her hand flat against her breast and stood there, trying to look like

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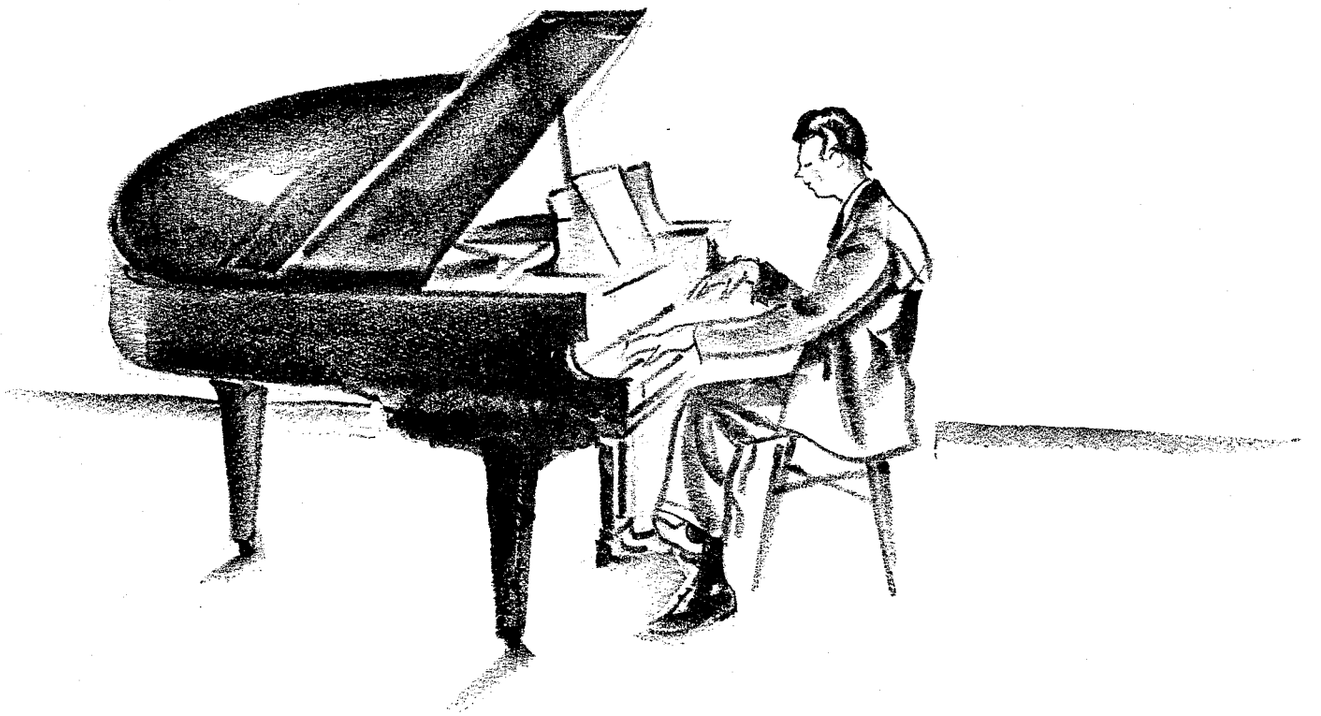

Napoleon. "Ladies and gents," she said, "until the guests arrive . . .," she looked over at the doorway, and made a face at it, ". . . until the guests arrive, I'm going to do a little entertaining myself!" She began tap-dancing out there in the middle of the floor.

"I wish they'd come," said Frit.

Mac giggled and beat on the drum. Then I played *The Stars and Stripes Forever* on the piano, and the others grabbed up saxophones and clarinets and joined in, as well as they could. Gert was laughing. She broke into an adagio dance, all by herself, and then Frit went out and they danced an adagio dance together, and I played the *Rhapsody in Blue*. Mac was singing and clapping his hands, and the Hindu got up, playing Mac's saxophone, and did an Irish jig on the platform. We were all hollering. But just as we seemed to be reaching an uproarious climax, there was a noise outside. We could hear it over our own noise. There was an automobile driving up in front. We stopped dead still. I jumped down from the orchestra platform and ran over to the window, and Gert went into the pantry room. It was very dark below, and there was a tree in the way, but I could see a boy and girl stepping out of the car.

"Hey!" I shouted to Frit. I hurried back to the piano and started playing page twenty of the *Rhapsody in Blue,* thinking about the Miramar Hotel.

Mac and the Hindu were getting settled in their chairs, and Frit was straightening his tie. Gert came rushing out of the pantry room. She carried a little till full of change.

She met the boy and girl at the entrance. They were young, about fifteen, and were very fresh in their evening clothes. The girl wore a corsage of gardenias.

"Are you having a dance here?" said the boy, glancing about the desolate room.

"Sure thing, kid!" said Gert. "Come on in and make yourselves at home! Here, I'll take your coats."

We were all grinning to ourselves, and trying not to. At least, I was. I struck up a grand chord on the piano. Frit leaned over to me.

"Better hold off until we all start, kid," he said. His voice trembled a little. "Makes a better impression, I think; see?" He looked over at the boy and girl.

Gert came swishing back again. She winked as she passed us, and then disappeared into the pantry room with the coats and the money. The boy and girl were walking over to the opposite side of the ballroom, where there were two straight-back chairs. The floor creaked as they walked on it. Then they sat down, facing each other, and started talking. After a minute or two Frit picked up his clarinet.

"Well, fellers," he said, in a low voice, "we'd better start. There'll be more coming in now. How's about it?"

We began playing. The room was suddenly alive. The curtains in the windows rustled, and the balloons surged back and forth in their net. Whenever we came to a part I knew fairly well, I glanced over at the boy and girl. They were sitting there in the straight-back chairs, facing each other, talking. And once in a great while they glanced over at us, and immediately went on with their talking. After seven or eight different choruses, Frit gave us the sign, we played a few bars of *That's All There Is, There Isn't Any More,* and the first dance group on our opening night was completed.

"That was nifty," said Frit, "right in the groove!"

Then we all listened to see if we could hear any more cars driving up. But the only sound was the jabber of the boy and girl as they sat there, facing each other. As we got up and started to go into the pantry room, the boy got up also, and he came over to Frit.

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His face was rosy, but there was no smile on it. His eyebrows were high. "I beg your pardon," he said haughtily, "but can you tell me when the dancing begins here?"

Frit stared at him a moment. "Well!" said Frit, "I guess that depends entirely upon you and the young lady!"

He turned, and strode into the pantry room.

"Well," said Frit to Gert, "did you hear what that fresh boob out there just asked? He wants to know when the dancing begins, by jiminy!"

Gert was mixing some drinks. "Hell," she said.

"Heck," I said.

"Oh, me," said the Hindu, "might as well have another drink."

"Yaaah!" said Mac. He practically rolled around on the floor with laughter. "Might as well have another drink!"

Frit sat down on the corner of the table. "Where's that crowd we were going to have here tonight?"

"I called at least twenty of my friends, and they all promised to be here," I said.

"Let's drink to our friends," said Gert, raising her glass, "our two little friends."

I went into the ballroom again and into the little side room where there was a telephone. I turned on the light and went over to the phone, and dialed a number.

"Hello," I said, "is that you, Earle?"

"I'm fixing some roller skates for my kid brother," said Earle.

"Look here," I said, "you told me you were coming to our opening night, Earle, and now you aren't here! We have a good band, and the Highland Park Dance Hall isn't so bad. In fact, it's darned nice, and we're all having a swell time. I think you might have told me you were going to be busy tonight—instead of promising you'd come when you couldn't!"

There was a pause.

"Well, goodbye," said Earle.

I walked over to the window again. The street was dark. Frit and Mac and the Hindu were coming out of the other room. We all went onto the orchestra platform. The boy and girl were sitting across the room in the straight-back chairs, talking. They looked over at us, and went right on talking. We started in on the second dance group. After a while the boy and girl arose, and began to dance. They pivoted and dipped and swirled and hopped and pranced. Every now and then they looked up at us, and then danced more vigorously than ever. After about five minutes they returned to their chairs. When they stopped, we stopped. We went around into the pantry room.

And we stayed there for some time, wishing for the sound of an automobile out in front. I leaned back against the wall, trying to think, and the others were sitting all over the place, holding glasses of whiskey and looking glum. Over on a shelf were the dirty cups and plates from our little supper. There were a few pieces of bread, too, and some cake.

Then Frit shrugged his shoulders and said what we had been expecting him to say for a long while. "Well, fellers," said Frit, "we can't stay here all night—hell!—playing for one couple! It's way after ten o'clock!"

"Let's call it all off and tell them to go home," said the Hindu.

"All right, we'll do that."

"I'll do it," I said, forgetting about the Miramar Hotel.

I went out through the swinging door and over to the boy and girl. They stopped their chattering and looked up at me. The boy's eyebrows were higher than before.

"How about some music?" he said. "Isn't it about time for some?"

"See here," I said, "I'm sorry, but we're closing up now."

"Closing up!" said the girl.

"Closing up!" said the boy.

Frit and the others had come in, and we were standing about the boy and girl in a semicircle.

"Yes, we're closing up right away," said Frit.

"But you can't close up," said the boy. His eyebrows were normal again. "My mother and father brought us to the dance, and they are going to call for us again at one."

"One of us can take you home," said the Hindu.

"No," said the boy, "my mother and father are at a lecture somewhere, and if we aren't here when they come back, they will be worried!"

"Well," I said, "they won't be very worried, will they?"

"Yes," said the girl.

We all looked at each other, and folded our arms.

"Can't you please let us take you home anyway?" said Gert.

"No," said the boy.

"Can't you see the spot we're in?" said Frit.

"Yes, and can't you see the spot *we*'re in?" said the girl. "It's really more serious than it sounds. We didn't want to come to *this* dance anyway—they just dumped

Scribner's Presents

JAMES COPP, whose first published story, "Dance at Highland Park," appears on these pages, is twenty-three years old and a graduate of Leland Stanford University, where he was editor of *The Chaparral,* 1935–36. Last year he took a course in writing at Harvard under Robert Hillyer. Mr. Copp plays the piano and did pianologues one summer on a regular Columbia network program. This summer he played in an orchestra and went to Scotland.

To our request for some biographical data he replied: "Right now I'm on my way to Europe but I live in Los Angeles and wish I were there right now because there are twenty-six people standing in line waiting for this desk. They carry clubs, and the ship is rocking, so I'm not happy."

He stopped in at this office when he returned to New York and said he was driving out to California, allowing two days to get there. Besides his other accomplishments he said he is good at making faces—and especially proud of his "vacuum cleaner" face which he does only on holidays. He plans to continue his writing courses at Harvard this year.

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us here! Please don't close up now," said the girl.

"Can't you see the tough spot we're in?" said Frit.

"Yes," said the girl.

"Then won't you please go home?"

"No," said the boy.

We were walking over to the orchestra platform, a little bewildered, when Gert suddenly grabbed Frit's arm. "Ye gods!" she said, "I just thought of something!"

"What?" We gathered around.

"Frit, you hired this place over the phone, didn't you? Well, none of us ever saw the place before, did we?" said Gert. "Did we?"

Frit looked at her. "Why—that's impossible," he said. "None of us ever saw the place before tonight, and I just hired it over the phone. But it must be the right dance hall!"

I thought of the hard time I had finding my way, and the streets I backed in and out of, and the buildings here and the buildings there without any lights in them. "I had a terrible time finding the place," I said, "and the only reason I came up here was because I saw some lights!"

Gert started across the dance floor toward the stairway, and we followed. The boy and girl looked up at us, and then went right on talking.

"We had a hard time too," said Frit. "By golly, there wasn't any number on the building, or any sign! This may not even be the Highland Park Dance Hall!"

We were going downstairs, one on top of the other. Mac was giggling.

"This is silly," said Mac.

Gert laughed. "I'll bet all our guests are at a different place, wondering what the devil is wrong!" she said.

We rushed out the door, and faced about, and stared at the building. Presently, Mac stopped giggling; the rest of us stopped breathing. We just stood there, silent. There was a little weather-beaten sign over the doorway. "Highland Park Dance Hall," it said. We slowly climbed the stairs.

"I told you it was silly," said Mac.

Gert went back into the pantry room again and we mounted the orchestra platform and began playing. We played furiously.

And we played and played and played. And no one ever came to our opening night but that boy and girl. At twelve o'clock, according to his plan, Frit released the balloons from the ceiling, and they came floating nonchalantly down and scattered all over the floor. As I remember, the boy and girl looked up a moment, and then went right on talking. Finally, at one o'clock sharp, there was a terrific honking outside, and a car rattled up. The boy and girl arose, Gert gave them their wraps, the boy gave Gert a tip, and they walked out, quietly. We packed our belongings, put on our overcoats, switched off the lights.

We went out quietly too.

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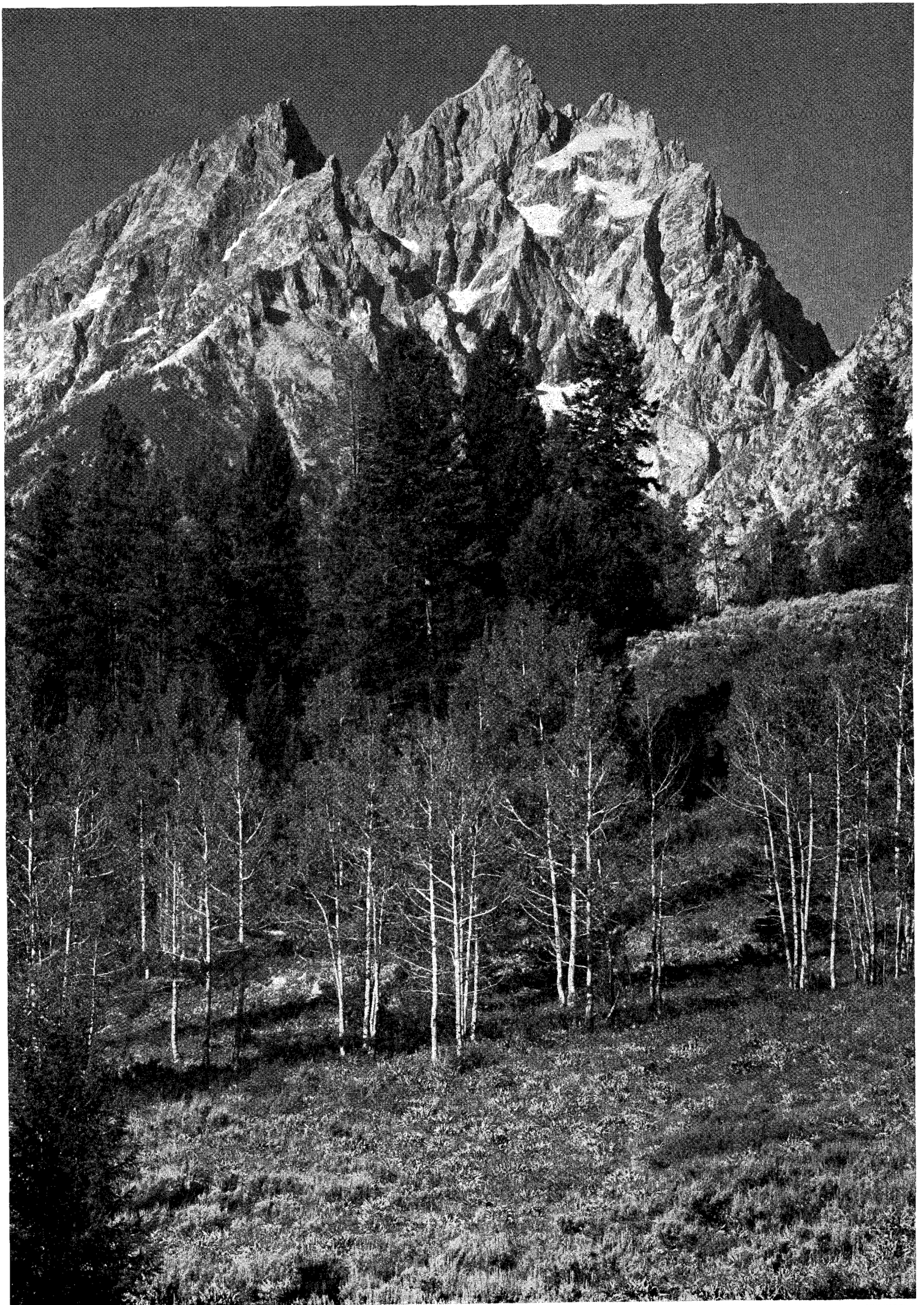

JOHN KABEL

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Life in the United States

BRIEF ARTICLES OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

☆

Our Jail

STRUTHERS BURT

BEFORE we got a roof on our jail a couple of the more enterprising prisoners cut their way out and disappeared. The trouble was that the initial appropriation only took us up to the square; beyond that we had to be content for a while with beaverboard and sheet tin, and if a man had a good stout jackknife he could whittle his way to freedom. Up to the square everything was fine; solid concrete blocks, and a steel door with bars on it, and two windows equally protected. The cleverest prisoner couldn't get out except through the roof, and to do that was considered, naturally, bad form.

Most prisoners didn't want to get out, anyway. The jail was comfortable. The food was good. It was brought in from the Humming Bird Café around the corner. And the society was pleasant. The Sheriff and his deputy came around a good deal and smoked and chatted with you, and if you happened to be a resident of the valley, they weren't standoffish a bit. Of course, if you were a stranger they looked you over for a while, and, as a stranger, you had an initial prejudice to overcome. With all the wide world to commit a crime in, it was considered thoughtless and selfish to pick out the valley. But even our most exotic criminals settled down as a rule eventually.

For one thing, the jail was on an interesting street with a fine view of the mountains. Not the main street, but the liveliest of the side streets, so all day you could stand at the door, your hands holding the bars—a comfortable position—or at one of the windows, and watch what there was of the world go by. And certainly everything was done for you.

In the old days before our jail had adequate heating facilities, we used to take the prisoners to the hotel on particularly severe winter nights and put them to bed with deputy sheriffs sleeping crosswise over their feet, and once when we had a couple of strangers who were lonely for their wives, we sent across the mountains for the latter, and to the local hardware store for extra beds, and, by means of blankets, rigged up a sort of married quarters. Seven or eight years ago we had a Mexican in all summer who liked the jail so well, and fitted so snugly into his environment, that he took to growing geraniums in tin cans along the window sills. By August he had a really beautiful display. I used to see him every time I went to town, looking out between his plants, smoking a cigarette, or else with a watering pot in his hand.

He was a poetic-looking Mexican, slim and dark and with a little mustache. He was in for stabbing his wife, but as he hadn't killed her, and as she recovered and wouldn't bring charges against him, we didn't know exactly what to do. It was so clearly up to the lady. And so all summer the Mexican stayed there, and nobody knew his name. He was just called "The Mexican."

Occasionally, however, we got a prisoner who wasn't so tractable.

"Big John" Amybury wasn't tractable at all. He hadn't been born tractable and he didn't grow up tractable, but as for myself I liked "Big John" a lot. Several times he worked for me, and he was a first-class cowhand, and a mighty rider of horses, and a man of loyalty if you treated him right. If you didn't treat him right, it was just too bad. A huge young man, about six feet two in his stocking feet and weighing around two hundred pounds without an ounce of fat, and with immense broad shoulders and a slim, rider's waist. But even I must admit that when John was annoyed he was what you might call forcible. One of his more intimate friends remarked to me that John, when drunk, was "the best man to be a stranger to he had ever met."

John got in jail for shooting the fiancé of the girl he was in love with. The fiancé was an attractive young cattleman from a neighboring state, and John, hearing he was in town, went over to the hotel early one morning and shot the fiancé in the shoulder while he was shaving. It must have been a surprise to the fiancé, for he had never seen John before, but he got well, and he and John became good friends. The fiancé said he understood John's attitude perfectly. John was in love, and he was disappointed, and jealous. But despite this sporting attitude, we had to put John in jail. John stayed two months—this was late in the autumn—and then one night cut his way out through the roof. His flight was as epic as the flight of John Colter from the Blackfeet when, naked, his feet filled with cactus needles, he walked eleven days through the wilds of Montana.

Winter had come, and every night the thermometer fell to around forty below, and the snow was six feet or so on the level, and twenty or more in the drifts, and John walked straight across the Continental Divide. The great, shaggy, forested Divide, ten thousand feet high and in winter as quiet and cruel and shining as the fall of an ax. Everybody thought John was dead, but at the end of a week he staggered into a little town a hundred miles away and said he was tired and hungry and ready to go back.

John is dead now. Two years ago

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he was killed bulldogging in a rodeo, and I for one say "God rest his soul." He was a finer gentleman than most of his enemies, and I hate, anyway, to see broad shoulders and slim hips and big, good-natured smiles go down.

But, in connection with our jail, there are several other traditions not so gallant. Some are exceedingly grim.

Five years ago, on a July night, one of the two hardware stores in our town—a town of only some three hundred inhabitants—was robbed. Four rifles, four revolvers, and an inordinate amount of ammunition were stolen. That was sinister. The exact amount of weapons; the liberal supply of cartridges. The town waited. Presently down from the mountains came a stranger and, on the promise of immunity, talked to the Sheriff. The stranger was a Far Westerner, and he said that he had fallen in with three men whose names he did not know, and that they were camped a few miles away, and that in their company he had robbed the store, and that now they intended to rob the bank, but that he was no criminal, and was fed up, and only wanted to get away. He was taken back to the camp, but his companions by this time had fled, and as he knew nothing more, and was badly scared and obviously fairly innocent, he was told to head out of the valley, and fast. All he knew was that the three men he had fallen in with were called "Shorty" and "The Kid" and "Blackie."

For two weeks nothing happened, and then, four hundred miles north, a bank was robbed, and the chase was on. And a curious and dreadful chase it was. The town which sheltered the robbed bank stands at the foot of a broad and beautiful valley, and on either side of the valley are high and snowcapped mountains. But these mountains are not especially rugged, and to the west, if you cross them, using almost any of the canyons, there is a huge and wild country made for escape. Straight up the country and into the canyons went the chase. Far Westerners are as good trackers as bloodhounds and far more dangerous, but as the chase proceeded, the pursuers were at first puzzled. Again and again the quarry would go up a canyon, and then make a wide circle and come back to the floor of the valley, stopping always at the edge of the really wild country. It was as if you were chasing antelope, which turn back at the edge of timber. Long before, of course, the bank robbers' abandoned car had been found.

And so after a while the posse of Far Westerners did not bother to search the canyons. They knew what was happening. They simply watched the floor of the valley, and one by one the bank robbers—"Shorty" and "The Kid" and "Blackie"—came down and were killed. The mountains had beaten them; the mountains they could so easily have crossed. And they were killed because even in the valley their nerve was gone. Each, in his turn, starving, ragged, runny-nosed, worn-out, from behind a rock or log, fired first on the posse. The posse did not know who the men were; the posse knew only this, that they were city gangsters and tenderfeet. A fact that was proven a year later.

Even nowadays the urban gunman doesn't do especially well in the Far West. The technique is different, the loneliness still gigantic. The Westerner, moreover, although slow to wrath, still adheres to the old-fashioned American custom, when aroused, of going out to get his man and staying with it. Sometimes this habit of mind alarms the innocent. A couple of years ago my foreman and a young cowpuncher and myself alarmed the innocent exceedingly.

The young cowpuncher, coming back in a car up the long forested road to the ranch, had seen a sight alarming and astonishing. Running down the road, leaping like a deer, a tall young man had passed him, a white bundle over his shoulder. Psst! Like that—bounding off into the night. The young cowpuncher, unable to turn his car, naturally, put on full speed, reached the ranch, awakened the foreman and myself, and down the road we went, armed to the teeth. Four miles away, on the road to the post office, we came upon a parked car. Suspicious, of course! No lights, and three men sitting in the car, their faces clear in the moonlight. They had on dark, neat suits and they wore spectacles, and they didn't look much like robbers, but nowadays you never can tell. So we circled the car, and took its number, all our rifles and revolvers glinting, and then we drove to the post office and awakened the Deputy Sheriff stationed there, and got him armed, and out.

We waylaid the car and followed it to a tourist camp and drew up beside it ominously while the Deputy Sheriff went to the office to find out who the bespectacled young men were. And I'll say this for them. I've never seen three young men get out of a car more quickly, or into a cabin more adroitly; and I've never seen three young men bolt a door more securely or pull down the blinds of their windows more abruptly.

The Deputy Sheriff came back; it seems that we—the foreman, and the young cowpuncher, and myself—had temporarily forgotten the ancient and honorable Far Western game of "badger hunting," in which, if you remember, you induce an innocent friend, or friends, to wait in the loneliest spot you can find while you, and others, beat up nonexistent badgers who are supposed to run into the flour sacks your friend, or friends, hold open. Our robbers were young civil engineers, engaged on a near-by project, who had resurrected this ancient sport for the benefit of a new arrival.

Among its many distinctions our jail has one, I think, that is unique. It is often difficult to get a guilty man into jail, but so far as I know, it is seldom difficult to get an innocent man out.

In the suspicious days immediately succeeding our entry into the War, one of my best friends was not only editor of our local weekly but also Mayor of the town. For several years it had been the pleasure of the Town Council, led by the Mayor, to appoint as Town Marshal the town's oldest inhabitant; a tiny fierce man whom we will call "Pap" Timmons, a former Sherman "bummer" and Indian fighter. "Pap" made up for his eighty odd years and his miniature size by the fieriness of his disposition and his huge official star, although the limits of his profanity were the words "Mighty! Mighty!"

There came a time, however, when even "Pap's" fierce courage deserted him.

In the midsummer of that year there drifted into town two huge, Swedish-appearing young men who proceeded to drink with the attention to detail that seems to characterize the Scandinavian nations. Everyone thought them lumberjacks from the tie-camp ninety miles away until one of them awakened the Mayor at eleven o'clock one night to inform him that he—the informer—was a Government Agent who for weeks had been trailing the other Swede, a notorious spy. The informer was seri-

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ous, meticulous, and lucid, if alcoholic.

Just what a notorious spy would be doing in a remote section of the Rocky Mountains was a little difficult to understand, but our valley, like every other part of the country, was nervous at the moment, so the Mayor decided that the safest—also the most comfortable—thing to do was to lock the notorious spy up for the night. The notorious spy was for the time being unconscious under a table at the nearest "Rancher's Rest," a position from which, with the aid of several citizens, he was convoyed off to jail.

At dawn the next morning the Mayor was awakened by "The Government Agent."

"Well?" he asked crossly.

"The Government Agent" was uneasy. He twisted his hat in his hands.

"Dod't feller—" he said, "—Dod't man you lock oop, he's no spy. Dod'ts my best friend. Ve often play yokes on each odder."

"Well, then," said the Mayor, even more crossly, "we'll let him out."

"The Government Agent's" eyes were remote.

"Dod'ts der trouble," he said. "He don't like to be lock oop."

Somewhere within the next half-hour "The Government Agent" disappeared and was never seen again. Meanwhile, the Mayor had notified the Town Marshal—"Pap" Timmons—to release the prisoner. In a little while "Pap" was back with the extra key to the jail.

"No sirree!" he said. "I'll not release that fellow! Go look for yourself."

The Mayor went.

Shaking the iron bars of the jail door so that they threatened to come out by their roots, making the quiet mountain morning hideous with his roars, was a blond human gorilla who threatened to kill the first half-dozen men he came across when he was liberated.

The Mayor sent for the Sheriff. The Sheriff was equally at a loss.

"I think we'll have to shoot him," he concluded. "And I don't like to do that."

The little conclave, now increased to six or seven, walked downtown to think things over. Fortunately they ran into the local butcher, a man of tact and imagination. "I'll fix him," he said. Leading the procession back to the jail, he pointed a threatening finger at the prisoner.

"Shut up!" he said. "What do you think you're doing? Do you think our jail is a flophouse? How did you get in? Don't you know that it's a penitentiary offense to break into a jail? Twenty years is what you'll get."

The Mayor became merciful.

"Oh, no!" he said. "Listen! It's his first offense—at least, he says it is. Anyway, we'll take his word for it. I'll tell you what we'll do—if he promises to get out of town and never come back, we'll release him."

The butcher was dubious.

"Well—all right," he said. "You're the Mayor. But he looks to me like one of the most goldarned habitual breakers-into-jails I've ever seen. However, if you say so—we'll release him."

I think our jail represented, and still represents, although we have become more modern, something very valuable and typical in the American nature, although that something, of course, mishandled, runs into the hideous sentimentality and defeating of justice, in serious cases, whereby the victim is forgotten and the criminal is lionized. But in spacious countries, and healthy ones, the American is a tolerant and kindly and amused person unless too much run ragged . . . insouciant is a good word for him . . . and that, it seems to me, is, by and large, the typical American. A description usually neglected and scorned by those who live where there is a cruel crowding or in those all-too-numerous black pools of rural depravity. But when we talk of the latter we are talking mainly of environment, not essential character. The world has become a deadly world—as deadly as a coral snake. Nowadays it seems to be the fashion to shoot prisoners; or to beat them; or, if they are harmless citizens, at the very least to frighten and insult them—about the surest way I know to make a hero of a rat and prolong whatever trouble you may happen to be in. At all events, the Far West has never liked to imprison a man if it can be helped. And I don't blame the Far West.

The most wistful place possible in which to be confined would be a Far West penitentiary and the most wistful spot in which to be hanged would be a grove of Far Western cottonwoods. The sky would be so high and blue, the distances so great, and the thought of misused freedom would be so actual.

Once upon a time a young cowpuncher who had worked for me turned gambler for a week and, during that week, stole five hundred dollars from an older man, also a friend of mine. The older man held the young cowpuncher up with a pipe, pointed in his pocket, and recovered his five hundred dollars and had the young cowpuncher arrested. That night with some difficulty he released him and gave him a valuable horse and saddle, and told him to leave the country. Just as the young cowpuncher was mounting, he asked him to turn his back.

"There!" he said, delivering a generous kick in that portion of the body most useful to cowpunchers, and other riders. "And now make your getaway, you S.O.B.! And you ought to be mighty thankful that I've been in the penitentiary myself, and know all about it."

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Tirade For Tourists

BERGEN EVANS

A reply to "The American Student Leaves the Reservation," in the August issue

Along with home movies, Tyrolese hats, mispronunciations, tweeds, and *lederhosen,* our tourists, returning from the biggest season that Europe has ever known, have brought some ideas. We hear them on every hand. They pulse from the windows of the Women's Clubs, prolong the High School assembly, and add a new terror to dining out. We are told that the French are grasping, that the English take life calmly, that the German people are behind Hitler, and that Mussolini has done wonders for Italy. European plumbing is antiquated, the Matterhorn is an inspiring sight (or would have been had there not been a fog that day), and war seems imminent.

But the most remarkable conception brought back from Europe is that American tourists are disgusting people, vulgar and blatant barbarians who, in the words of one reporter of the scene, trample the treasures of art "under the awkward feet of ill-bred ignorance." That's a strong indictment of several hundred thousand of our fellow citizens, but it is a common one. The indicter, of course, always implies that he or she was an exception, but it is plain that a sorry set of hoodlums was loosed upon the cultured Europeans last summer.

No one has given more vigorous expression to this view than Miss Maud Palmer Thayer in her article "The American Student Leaves the Reservation," which appeared in the August Scribner's. Miss Thayer had been the "leader" of a group of American college students, and the experience had been "tragic." In her own words, the veil of hope had been torn from her eyes as her charges "broke all the canons of taste and refinement that meant so much to their hosts." They played catch with their passports, threw their hats into the air and caught them on their heads, lolled in chairs and emitted "shrill gales of mirth, raucous sounds hard to duplicate on the Continent."

Nor was that all. A girl stole a ride on a bicycle, someone threw a beer bottle out of a train window, and one lad made no effort to cover "his nearly naked body" when his landlady (a "white-haired hostess . . . who spoke beautiful English") entered his room. Some of the hussies, disregarding the cultured fascist conception of women as inferior beings whose sole purpose is to breed fascists, smoked cigarettes publicly *in Rome!*—while a "gravely pacing sentry" laughed in scorn and Miss Thayer writhed inwardly.

The "leader," though cultured, was shown no deference whatever. She was "left to climb uncounted flights of stairs" because the young devils had done something to the elevator "so that it failed to descend without expert mechanical treatment." (No European hotel elevator will go in any direction or for long without expert mechanical treatment.) And another "leader" had to stand all night in the corridor of a train while a youthful charge slept on the compartment bench.

Miss Thayer has aptly worded a general grievance. And her complaint is given greater universality by being mingled with deep pity for the urbane Europeans who were loitering happily in their art galleries until disturbed by the "barbarians." "What *must* they think of us?" she asks, metaphorically wringing her hands, and from a thousand club meetings and from ten thousand teacups her words are echoed: "What *must* they think of us?"

Well, in the first place, it doesn't matter greatly, and in the second perhaps the situation isn't as dark as it seems. I am a product of Culture myself (having had six years in an English public school as a boy, and Oxford later on). I have spent eleven years in Europe. I have served as a professional courier, conducting hundreds of these "Red Indians" (and their "leaders") about the place. I have taught these same savages in our universities for eight years, and I wish to rise in their defense.

I am willing to admit all specific charges. It would be an inexperienced courier who could not add worse ones. One season, I remember, it was not a beer bottle but a courier who was thrown out of the train window, and another (Oh, happy recollection!) saw a particularly tiresome and cultured "leader" tied securely to a pillar in the station at Milan as the train pulled out. Every now and then we had to bail some ebullient youth out of jail, and if smoking in public was the worst breach of decorum that Miss Thayer observed in her young ladies, she must have had more than the "veil of hope" before her eyes.

Nonetheless, I maintain that the American college student touring in Europe compares favorably with his counterpart in any other nationality. And I have gazed upon the German *Touristen* and the English *Tripper*—things gruesome to recall! The American is certainly more alert, attractive, and good-humored. His sins are due to his excessive vitality—in itself a virtue—and the peculiar circumstances of his life at the time. He is frank, refusing to pretend to be impressed when he is not. He is sharp to detect hokum and quick to announce the detection. He is not greatly impressed by professional courtesy. He prefers honesty to suavity and comfort to antiquity. Furthermore, he sees and learns a great deal more than he is credited with, a great deal more, I suspect, than some "leaders" do.

We Americans are too prone to self-criticism and not prone enough to criticize others. Few of the innocents who return with certain "ideas" in their heads have any conception of the machinery that put them there. Every country in Europe, with one or two exceptions, has an efficient and highly organized bureau of propaganda, a part of whose duties it is to see that visiting foreigners are properly impressed.

Before we condemn our own countrymen too soundly, we ought to divest ourselves of the illusion that the average

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European is cultured. We certainly don't have any of that feeling when we see him in our slums or when he calls at the back door with the fish. But in his own land he is thought to be inexpressibly different. There are cultured Europeans, of course, just as there are cultured Americans, though I suspect that we have the advantage of them in numbers. But the average European cares no more for art than the average American, probably less because he does not have people telling him all the time that he should. Certainly one can count three Americans to every European in any of the major galleries during the season, and the ratio is about even at other times.

As for Europeans being shocked at the morality of our young people abroad —well, it's a painful subject, but I am afraid that a comparison or two must be made there as well. The "gravely pacing sentry," who laughed in scorn at the sight of American girls smoking in public, lives in a country in which brothels are under government control, with a fixed price of thirty cents a visit and a special rate of fifteen cents for the fascists, the carbonari, and gravely pacing sentries.

The nationality of the "white-haired hostess . . . who spoke beautiful English" is not mentioned. The relative clause makes it unlikely that she was English, but if she were, the sight of a "nearly naked" boy ought not to have led her to deny all civilization to the United States. A moment's reflection should have reminded her of that remarkable collection of prostitutes between Leicester Square and Piccadilly. Perhaps she came from France, where women staff the public latrines. Or from Germany, where nudity is the rage and the *Wandervögel* gain strength through erotic joy. Or from Sweden where the only people who ever blush at the muscular female who comes along with the bath are the "barbarous" Americans.

I do not for one moment mean to condemn these customs or institutions. The Europeans are entitled to whatever culture, in the larger sense of the word, they choose. But I insist that those of them who laugh at our customs and ways are simply being provincial. And those of us who echo their laughter are simply being, in Swinburne's phrase, puffy-muffy.

Even in plain vulgarity we do not always lead the world. An American tourist with a cultural inferiority complex might be comforted if, for instance, he were to visit the house in Bunhill Fields in which Milton spent his declining years and in which *Paradise Lost, Paradise Regained,* and *Samson Agonistes* were written. For he would find that it was used as an ad-

vertisement (or was when last I saw it) —with a large red-and-white sign before it—for "Milton," an antiseptic wash for false teeth!

As for rowdyism, it is regrettable that the conquerors of Ethiopia and the heroes of Guernica should be exposed to it, but there are extenuating circumstances. Glamorous posters, hypnotic lecturers, and the mendacious boasts of those who have already been abroad, all these lure our youngsters from their comfortable summer homes and pack them like sardines into second-class railway compartments. Their hair may not be white and their English may not be beautiful, but in body and spirit they are "swift, pliant and merry" and need diversion. It is no wonder that, when they do get a little liberty, they run upstairs, hooting at elevators (one of the more serious charges brought against them), and sprawl and wrestle and loll. The astonishing thing is that they sit still as much as they do.

It is alleged that such boors as our tourists cannot possibly "bring anything back with them," that they are incapable of absorbing any of the "culture" which flows like milk and honey through every European slum and hamlet. That, too, is nonsense. Of course they cannot remember all of the pictures they saw or all the facts parroted by the cathedral guides. Art is for most people a catalyst, not a food, and all above a microscopic minimum is harmlessly eliminated by a healthy system. Very few people are equipped to understand all that a really great gallery has to offer. And if you are not equipped, it is a merit not to pretend to be.

I have talked with many returned tourists and on the whole I have been astonished, considering the conditions under which they had traveled, at the amount of information they had picked up. It was not all about pictures or statues, either. Even the sleepiest tourist cannot fail eventually to notice the masses of soldiers everywhere and to meditate upon the blessing of being free from universal military service. Many have come away from the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace wondering just what all of that show is trying to hide. The nervousness and alarm which attend any mention of Mussolini in Italy or Hitler in Germany do not wholly escape them. The shrinking of the people before uniformed authority sets them pondering. And the sight of women toiling like beasts in the field or of pale hotel employees cringing for tips moves them to reflection.

American tourists and their dollars are desperately needed in Europe. They are one of the very few things, apparently, for which a war will be postponed. American good will is sought even more eagerly. So that the visitors are everywhere treated with courtesy and pumped full of propaganda. But those who are not too busy listening to the guide or too ardently gushing where a gush will show "good taste" have time to look about and conjecture. And that, of course, Europe does not want; it would much rather that they stuck to the cathedrals.

Some of the boys and girls get a little rough now and then, it is true. But I wonder if even that is not more of an asset than a liability to us. Physical violence seems to be about all that some of those cultured countries respect in their international relations, and it may be a good thing to let them perceive that we have an excellent supply of it.

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don herold examines:

An Echo Lake Foursome

golf

I started golf 25 years too late. But I am not going to take "no" for an answer now. I am going to master this healthful game if it breaks my health.

When I took up golf last year at our little Echo Lake family golf club, I rushed right out with the intention of being a topnotcher in three weeks. Result, I had one of the most depressing summers of my life.

I started out to do the same thing again this summer, but concluded one day that I had better not let the pleasure of golf make me miserable forever. Thus I came to my three-point five-year golf plan. I decided:

(1) To give myself five years to become just a plain, mediocre, barely passable, unspectacular, mine-run, fair-to-middlin' golfer. After all, there's no hurry about this golf business. I got along without it for over forty years, and I don't have to get perfect at it overnight. Golf was made for me, not me for golf—let golf understand that.

(2) Not to play with anybody over 12 years old until I break 90. This might be a hard program to arrange at any golf club except Echo Lake. But at Echo Lake, whole families play golf from the age of four up. A foursome is apt to consist of a father, a mother with a baby in a carriage, two children aged six and nine, a dog, a cat, and a bicycle or a pony cart. I like this. I think Echo Lake is the best golf club in America. And I've learned I can play with Ruthie Bailey and Ebbie Le Masters, for instance (both under 10), with a minimum of chagrin and with some retention of self-esteem. I don't like to play with adults as lousy as I am because they disgust me; such golf from an adult makes me sick, just to look at it.

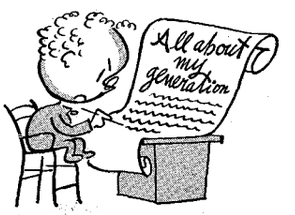
(3) To go out for each game with more of the attitude of a fisherman and less of the attitude of a golfer. I mean, I go out to see how many good shots I can catch, and not to see how low a score I can make. The fact is, I'm just as apt to get as many good strokes as a good golfer in nine holes. Often I've made 36 nice shots and 30 terrible shots in a nine-hole round. A good golfer can get around in 36 good shots, but it takes a lot of my good shots just to get back on the course from adjacent cow pastures, graveyards, and swamps.

I don't want to be a marvelous golfer. That would be embarrassing, because one of the first things my pro told me was that all good golfers are the merely physical type. They get up there with a limited, one-track mind and hit the ball beautifully. I get up there with 50 ideas in my head . . . 20 things to do . . . 20 things not to do . . . and 10 questions in my mind as to whether or not the whole business isn't a little bit silly, and the result is, I'm more apt than not to produce a piddling, little fuddle of a drive, 16 feet down the fairway.

It's a great consolation to me to think that all good golfers are purely physical and that one of the reasons my golf is putrid is that I'm so utterly, utterly mental. If I ever get good at golf, I'll have to revise my philosophy on this point.

polo shirts

America, the land of the 34-cent polo shirt! I'd like to choke the man who democratized the polo shirt and put it on the masses. It hit Hollywood first (where even the ice man wants to look like a picture director) and one of the chief reasons I moved away from Los Angeles was to escape the 34-cent polo shirt. But now it's in New York and all points intervening. It gives us the effect of a town full of men running around in short-sleeved undershirts, with collars open down to hairy chests. Vile yellows, tasseled baby blues, cheap maroons, they're on taxi drivers, errand boys, loafers, bums . . . by the million. I'd like to see Roosevelt or somebody put polo shirts back on polo players where they came from and force the rest of America's male humanity back to neckties and long sleeves (if not double-breasted coats) . . . either that, or give each of these fellows a polo pony to go with his shirt—which would be more the Roosevelt way of settling the situation.



generations

While I was greatly interested in a piece written by Gene Shuford in the August SCRIBNER'S about his college generation, I felt that he wrote it 500 years too soon. He wrote it approximately five minutes after it happened, which isn't giving the dust much time to settle.

In fact, I'm inclined to resent it whenever anybody goes slicing life or history into neat slices like delicatessen bologna. I don't think life segments that neatly.

And I think that all generalizations about generations and such are apt to be the bunk. I'm not sure of belonging to *any* generation, and I've never seen anything unusually peculiar about the "younger generation" about which there has always been so much talk. Sometimes I act pretty young myself, and there were times in my teens and twenties when I acted eighty. There were neckers and petters and drinkers in my younger-generation days, just as there are now. And we had heard of sex; in fact, we threshed sex out pretty thor-

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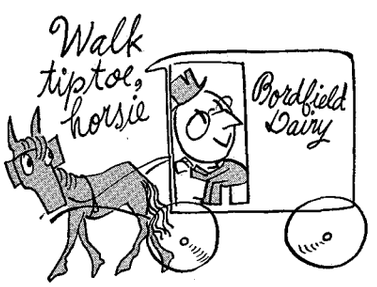
oughly in our day. Mr. Shuford talks a little as if recent generations had discovered sex. How does he think he got here?

So impassioned am I on this subject, that I'll even assert that a million years from now scientists will probably classify us all as Cro-Magnon or Neanderthal men. We think that chromium cocktail bars and orthodontia have marked us as civilized, but some far-future pick-and-shovel professor will probably just lump us all with the apes.

Mr. Shuford goes slicing young people of the past twenty or thirty years into a lot of slices. He ties them up in different packages every five or ten years.

I suppose I belong to the so-called War generation, even if I did have flat feet. I was thinking we were a civilized world, and then came the War, and Mussolini and Hitler and the depression. And now I'm a disillusioned old cynic in my forties. But I imagine that my own father, and his and his, started off thinking it was a more or less perfected world, and got that idea jolted out of them by something or other at about the age of twenty. You can't get too swelled up about your unique adventures. They're as old as the race itself. I imagine that we've just about been and lived one generation since and including Adam.



herold dairy

I think I'll be a milk magnate. I've just been thinking how easy it would be to start a big dairy business.

In the first place, milkmen are terribly careless with their horses and wagons. They leave them standing in the street at 3 A.M. while they go through six-story apartment buildings. It ought to be a cinch to steal 500 milk wagons and horses, while milkmen aren't looking.

That leaves nothing to worry about except my source of supply.

But, farmers, too, are extremely careless with cows, and leave them out in a pasture all day. With the assistance of several tough cattle rustlers from Hollywood, it oughtn't to take long to accumulate a herd of 2000 good milk cows.

I can think of no other business which is to be had so easily—practically for the asking.

And it's such a noble business, fundamentally . . . providing nice, wholesome milk for little children.

midgets

Doctor Oscar Riddle, an authority on genetics associated with the Carnegie Institute, made a speech a few weeks ago on the possibilities of forced growth through administration of hormones extracted from the pituitary gland. If this process works when applied to man, it may increase the stature of small people to a remarkable degree—in other words, alas, do away with midgets.

I think that would be a terrible thing.

I like midgets.

Some of my best friends are midgets.

I've often thought that it would be a much nicer world if there were a lot more midgets in it, a kindlier, jollier world. A midget invariably spreads good will. I don't know just what it is that Doctor Riddle sees in us normal-sized people that makes him think we are so much.

I think, surely, that it would be a cute world if we were *all* midgets. Think of the cute little houses and railroad trains and automobiles and bicycles and dinner dishes we could have if we were all midgets.

I think Doctor Riddle is barking up the wrong tree when he talks of making some of us bigger. He ought to be figuring some way to whittle the big ones down.

Or maybe he ought to figure some way to make midgets of everybody in just one or two nations. This might bring universal peace immediately. What if all Germans and Italians, for example, were midgets all of a sudden? They wouldn't start any trouble, and certainly nobody would jump on them. Everybody loves midgets too well to fight them.

Yes sir, what this world needs is a lot of midget powder judiciously sprinkled in the right spots.

picketing

As I've said before, I love labor and I believe in collective bargaining, but there's something about picketing that riles me. Why should they tell *me* their troubles?

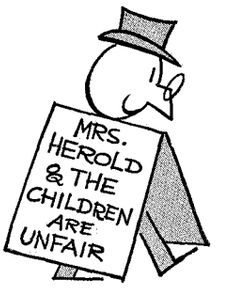
When Mrs. Herold and the children run over me, I don't walk up and down the street in front of our house with a big card reading "Mrs. Herold and The Children Are Unfair!"

(Mrs. Herold and the children let me pull cracks like this because they realize it's a down-payment on a fur coat.)

I always feel, when I see pickets, that labor is blabbing on its boss, not that maybe he doesn't deserve it. But, still, it seems crybaby to me, and I should think that labor ought to confine itself to collective bargaining and omit the collective tattletale-ing.

And if a store clerk has a right to prance back and forth with insulting cards in front of a store because the boss wants to give him $4 a day when he asks $5, I believe the boss ought to have the right to go out and parade in front of his clerk's residence with a card: "John Smith is unfair; he won't work for me for $4 a day." And the card might add in some cases: "He's a clock-watcher, in the first place, and isn't worth more than $3.50."

Businesses aren't much fun any more, anyway, and what I wonder is, why more employers don't just say, "You can have it," to their employees. That would, in most cases, be about the dirtiest trick that capital could pull on labor . . . make capitalists out of it.



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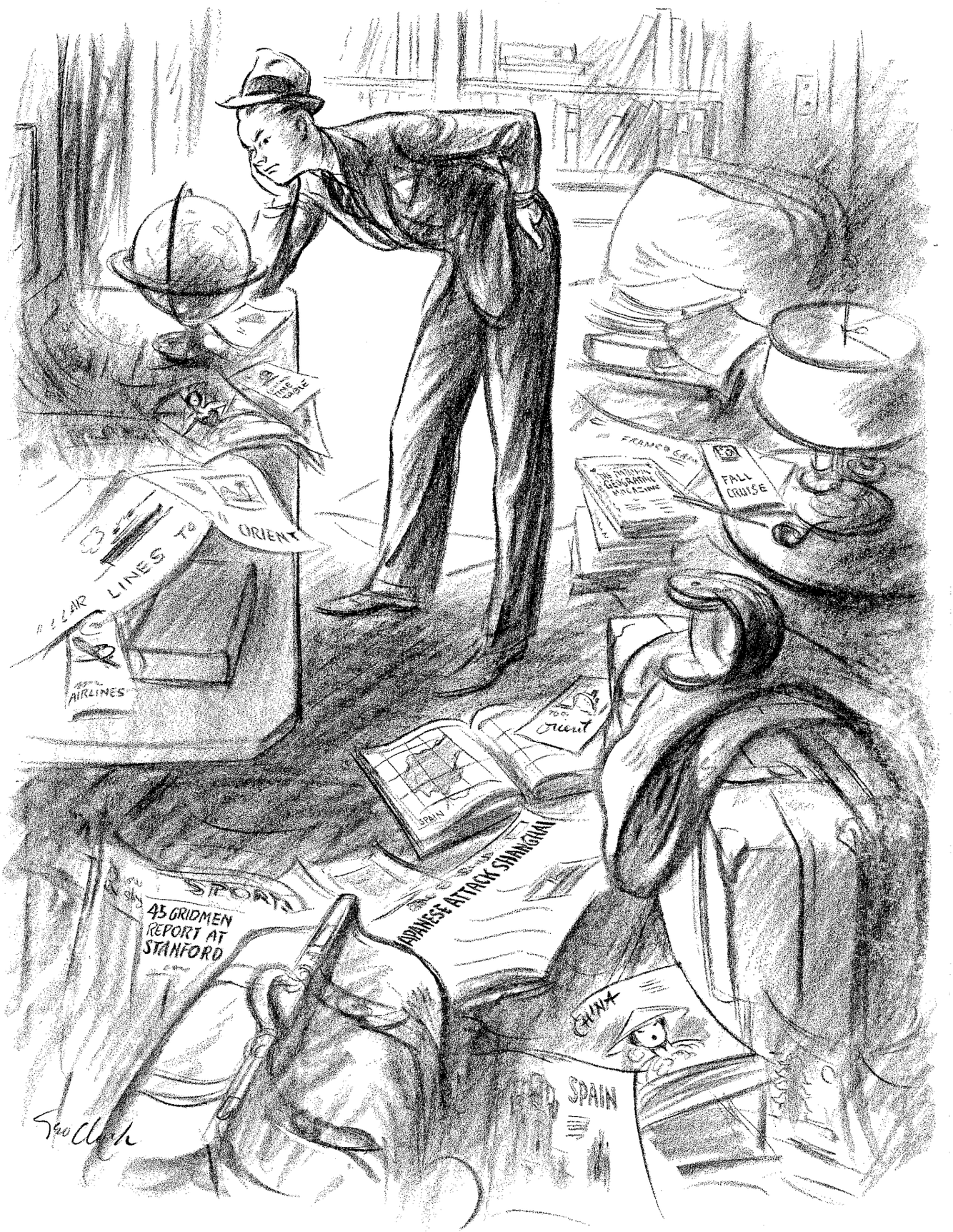

Portrait of an American sophomore attempting to decide whether to join up with General Franco, enlist in the Chinese army, or return to Princeton

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Screen and Radio

GILBERT SELDES

As far as radio is concerned, I am losing my amateur standing, after writing this report, by joining the staff of the Columbia Broadcasting System. Although my chief interest will be television, I shall be connected with broadcasting, and it would not be proper for me to criticize specific programs. As a gesture of farewell, I think I can ask for one thing—which I may, afterwards, regret—and that is for more sustained criticism of radio, for giving radio critics their heads, for making criticism of radio what the critics themselves would like it to be, a function on the level of the criticism of books or plays or music or the movies.

Something has been done in this field: the broadcasts of Shakespeare by both major networks were reviewed; dramatic critics discussed Archibald MacLeish's *Fall of the City* when it was produced by the workshop of CBS; and new music is listened to, and criticized, by the music critics of the metropolitan dailies. Yet note that these enterprises, which are among the important ones of broadcasting, are generally reviewed by critics in other fields (although the radio critics also do their share) whereas the staple commodities of broadcasting, including sponsored programs, get little criticism. The reviewers are limited in space and while they may say that one program clicked and another was badly handled, they do not analyze and discuss the works in detail.

Radio reviewing is not taken more seriously because on the surface there seems hardly any need for it. The moment a program is over, the audience is supposed to forget it (and usually does). It is not like a moving picture which the reviewer can recommend to his readers, or against which he may warn them. There is a second point: sponsors of the great commercial programs are also advertisers in the newspapers and they may resent unfavorable criticism of their offerings. Between these two deterrents, radio reviewing has a hard time.

If it should be argued that the networks provide little which merits criticism, the answer is, first, that this isn't true and, second, that if it were true, the truth should be rammed home every day. Commercial sponsors are sensitive folk, endeavoring not only to attract listeners to a program, but buyers to a commodity; the first person they congratulate at the close of a successful broadcast is the gentleman who has pronounced a benediction on their product. A constant, sensible criticism of programs would irritate a lot of people at the beginning, but would create more effective radio programs in the end, and would, thereby, add to the immediate returns of the sponsors. And praise for good programs might bring to them the number of listeners which would make them successful. I think that with the experience of the movies behind them, radio critics would not make the error of applying impossible and toplofty standards to air programs; they would need only to demand that programs do not fall below the level of the best ones. From that point on, progress would be easy.

The radio is one of the three great forces of persuasion. That the newspapers should not be steadily criticizing this new power seems to me an abdication of one of their prime duties.

*

Moving-picture criticism has grown steadily more intelligent, more independent, and more effective in recent years, but I think it still has a long way to go, especially in the newspapers. Criticism of pictures by regular observers who develop principles and standards (even if they start out with none) is paralleled not only by an enormous amount of uncritical publicity of the fan-magazine and gossip type, but by the syndicated casual opinions of a number of columnists. I make no comparison between their judgments and those of the critics who work locally. Quite possibly their taste is excellent—but it is still their *taste.* They are not critics who devote most of their time to seeing all sorts of pictures and thinking about the movies as a whole. Yet their influence on the success or failure of a picture may be far greater than that of the critics.

In small cities and large towns there is quite often no effective criticism at all, but a casual mention in a syndicated column or on the air may create a definite prejudice in favor of, or—very seldom—against a picture. For instance, Mr. Walter Winchell's opinion that Jean Harlow's last picture was also her best does not coincide with my opinion that it was in all probability her worst. Mr. Winchell is a very useful citizen when he deflates extravagant publicity; he is a useful citizen in many other respects; but he is quite obviously not acquainted with the development of the techniques of moving-picture production or he could not praise a picture which technically was below the level of about 1930. It is quite possible to like *Saratoga,* but any consideration of the primary principles of making moving pictures would show that it ranked below half a dozen others in which Jean Harlow appeared.

At the opposite extreme there is an amateur in moving-picture criticism (although one of the finest professionals in criticism as a whole), Mr. Edmund Wilson. Completely out of temper with moving-picture ballyhoo, Mr. Wilson delivered a blast against the whole industry which to him "seemed to harden into something immovably banal . . . obviousness, falsity, and vulgarity . . . actors . . . brought to Hollywood were handled with extreme stupidity and in-

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evitably . . . ruined. . . . It has actually got to a point that films like *Tarzan* and *Charlie Chan* are really the most satisfactory things one can go to. . . . The idea of establishing and exploiting the lowest common denominator of audiences has finally killed the movies. They are absolutely sterile and static." (*The New Republic,* of July 21st.)

Mr. Wilson wrote this after "long abstinence from the movies, the result of having seen nothing but bad films for a year." In that year there have been some notable productions. I am not entirely an enthusiast for prestige pictures, which are often not good movies; I think that the moving-picture approach to any human problem, any current social problem, is still feeble and faltering. Yet in the past year the movies made pictures of substantial interest, offensive to no discriminating taste, and have been more courageous than anyone would have dreamed they could be five years ago. They have a long way to go, but one hundred million dollars, or any large part of it, moves slowly. I have a great deal of sympathy for Mr. Wilson's indignation, but he is in business as a *critic* and he deludes his readers and actively retards the progress of the movies by failing to discriminate.

Mr. Wilson's point about *Tarzan* and *Charlie Chan* is a positive statement parallel to the tentative question I put in these pages last month: the question whether there is something inherent in the character of the moving picture which makes it impossible for the movies ever to handle great and serious themes successfully.

I am still exploring the problem, which I think is important because the ultimate character and condition of the movies will depend on the answer to it. And it is lucky for me that I was not as dogmatic as Mr. Wilson because, in the month that has passed, the two most significant moving pictures have both been on the serious side: *They Won't Forget* and *The Life of Emile Zola.*

*

For a considerable time the Warner Brothers have been the butt of many Hollywood jokes—perhaps this was Hollywood's way of paying them back for bringing sound to the movies. They lack the prestige and slickness of some of the other studios and their productions are not *chic.* That they should have engaged Reinhardt to do *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was considered funny or taken to be a propitiatory offering to art. The Warners brought a new interest and vitality into the movies when they launched the gangster cycle; but credit for that generally went to Darryl Zanuck, who was then with them.

The schedule of Warner productions for this year includes *Varsity Show* with Dick Powell and, at one time or another, something called *Miss Pacific Fleet* was announced. The Warners have done the usual number of tiresome musical shows. Nevertheless, they have associated their name with a superior type of moving picture, hard-hitting, melodramatic, and coming to grips, a little hesitantly sometimes, with actuality. If Mr. Zanuck showed them the way, they have not at any rate been afraid to follow it. They read the headlines and make pictures out of them, using one of New York's most unsavory rackets for *Marked Woman* and the Michigan vigilantes for *Black Legion.* It is not hard to be on the side of the angels when you are dealing with criminals, but the steady way in which Warner productions create indignation —a rare emotion to get from the movies —seems to indicate that there is a passion of some sort behind them. One felt it in *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang* and, in a picture of a totally different type, *The Story of Louis Pasteur.* Their current offerings are in fact parallels of these two notable productions.

They Won't Forget comes very near to being a great movie without ever being a particularly good one. The best thing about it is that it was made at all, that "Hollywood" took an uncompromising story of the railroading of an innocent man to his death, because the prejudices of a community were deliberately roused, and told that story without falsification, carrying it to a grim and disquieting conclusion. Ward Greene's *Death in the Deep South,* from which the movie was drawn, was inspired by the Leo Frank case, with overtones of Scottsboro and Sacco-Vanzetti; it neither demonstrated the innocence of the convicted man nor more than hinted at the actually guilty one; and with changes in minor details, the movie follows its outline. There are weaknesses; Mervyn LeRoy, the director, might have conveyed some sense of horror after the murder is known, giving us some equivalent for what he could not say, that the girl had been raped before she was killed. But in the essentials, in the building up of prejudice, the bulldozing of reluctant witnesses, in showing how warped were all the processes of justice, the picture is remorselessly honest.

It is only as a movie that it is unsatisfactory. The movement is heavy, the imagination usually feeble, the pace laggard. I have to say this because the movies have an independent existence, apart from the material upon which they draw. On the other hand, Mr. LeRoy has ably directed the players, most of them not at all famous; and Mr. Claude Rains turns in a capital performance.

In *Zola* William Dieterle has rounded out the job which dozens of directors have begun; he has taken a theme of profound significance—in this case the eternal passion for justice—and has made a good movie out of it. And in doing so he has knocked most of the clichés of production into a cocked hat. *Zola* moves, as a movie should, even when Paul Muni reads the long *"J'accuse"* or makes what must be the longest speech ever spoken from the screen. It moves through action, gesture, and speech, although the actual dialogue is comparatively a weak point. It has no love story whatever, no beautiful women, no stunts. It has an irresistible internal life of its own.

This picture is so magnificent that I found myself marveling at the reticence of its press agents; and I do not want to make any little criticisms to prove that I can keep my professional head even in the presence of a film based on the Dreyfus case. It is not about the picture, then, but about the general situation, that I make this point: that the Dreyfus case is presented with only a fifteen-second flash, in not easily deciphered handwriting, to indicate the fact that Dreyfus was a Jew!

*

For all that, the Warner Brothers have, with these two pictures, left almost all the other Hollywood producers standing with their mouths wide open; even Mr. Goldwyn's *Dead End* doesn't begin to compete with the Warner Films in strength, passion, and energy; and the thumping success of *Zola,* at least, will be an everlasting answer to those who insist that the public will not appreciate anything beyond the usual drivel. *The Informer* was inconclusive, because it wasn't a success of the first rank. By the time this note is printed, *Zola* will begin to appear all over the country; the hard-boiled exhibitors, I am told, are ordering it as fast as they can get to a telegraph office. The omens are propitious. And I hope that a few producers, and several critics of the movies, including myself, will be prepared to alter their views about the future of the pictures.

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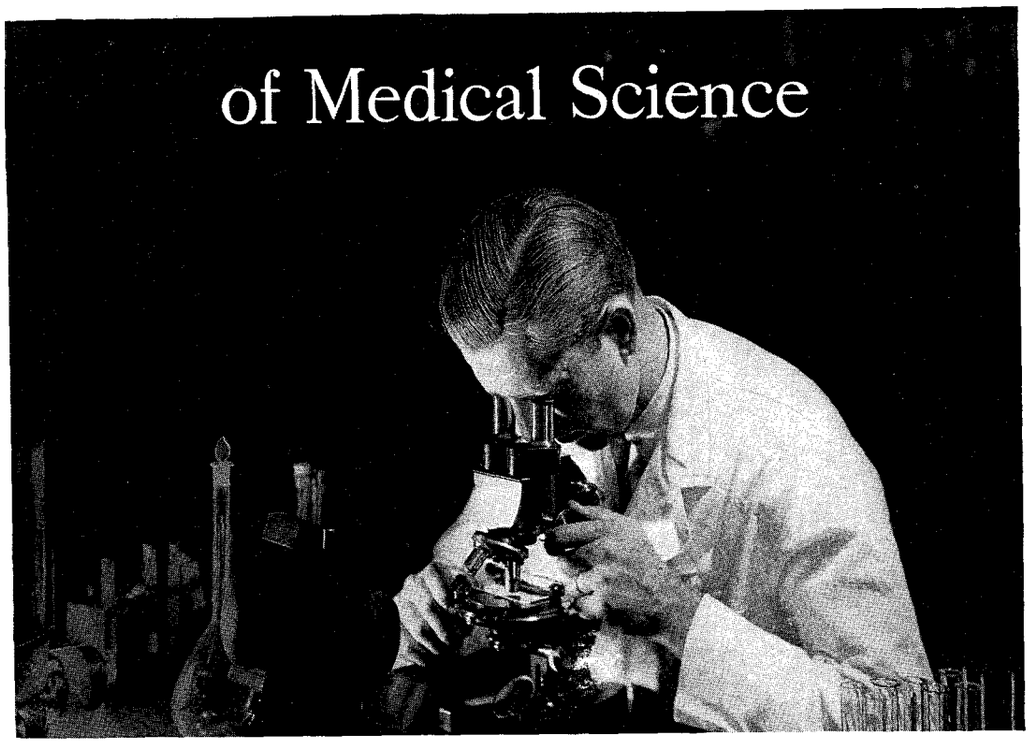
"G-MEN"

of Medical Science



MORE lives have been saved by the "G-Men" of medical science than were destroyed by Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, and all the other would-be world conquerors put together. Perhaps you, yourself, are alive and well because Pasteur discovered the nature of germs; Jenner, the vaccine for smallpox; Wright, the preventive for typhoid; von Behring, the means for ending diphtheria.

The determination of these heroes is proverbial. For example, Ehrlich made 605 unsuccessful experiments before he discovered "606"—now used in the treatment of early syphilis.

Many outstanding "G-Men" of medicine have received recognition for their great victories. Many more, unknown and unsung, are giving their lives to exploring, probing, unearthing the secret causes of disease. You hope, with everybody else, that these scientists will discover how to prevent or cure cancer; how to stop the destructive waves of influenza; how to check the early onset of heart disease.

Scientists are already producing effective serums to combat several common types of pneumonia. They have made great strides in the fight against tuberculosis. They now treat successfully certain types of blood infection formerly regarded as deadly.

The "G-Men" have shown us how to control diabetes with insulin, and pernicious anemia with liver extract. Today they are perfecting methods to ward off or lessen the severity of whooping cough, scarlet fever, asthma, hay fever, and other diseases which have baffled doctors throughout the centuries.

Largely because of their work, the average length of life of children born in the United States this year is expected to be at least 61 years, although the children born in 1900 could hope for about 49 years and those born a century ago, considerably less.

Thanks to the "G-Men" of medical science, you live in an age when more has been done to protect human life from disease than ever before, and you dwell in a community which may profit from their tireless research. You can prove your gratitude by warmly cooperating with health officials, physicians, civic organizations and hospitals that bring these great discoveries to you and your neighbors.

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Please send me, free, "Health Heroes" booklets which I have checked:

☐ "Louis Pasteur" ☐ "Edward Jenner"
☐ "Robert Koch" ☐ "Walter Reed"
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Theater

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Those applaudable tributes to the arts of acting and matrimony, the Lunts, are shortly to offer themselves to the New York theater in an adaptation by S. N. Behrman of Hippolyte Jean Giraudoux's *Amphitryon 38.*

I saw the play during the summer in its tryout performance at the Biltmore Theater in Los Angeles and found much of its Gallic Shavianism highly amusing, but a great deal will have to be done about its direction and staging, both of which were decidedly faulty, if it hopes fully to cajole the more finical and critical Eastern audience. As it was revealed on the West Coast to an audience of which more anon, the amateur directorial hand of Mr. Bretaigne Windust emphasized unnecessarily the fact that the play amounts in sum to a little more than a succession of duologues which, albeit often piquant and witty in themselves, gradually seem repetitious and static as the present performance goes on.

The economical staging of the Theater Guild—one is reminded of the budget frugality which allowed only an eighteen-dollar crucifix for the last scene of *Days Without End* and compelled O'Neill to go out and have one large enough properly to suffuse the scene made at a personal expense of several hundred dollars—was here again disturbingly evident. The scrupulous saving of pennies lends the production a skimpy air and now and again gives to the stage a wholly unwarranted dramatic emptiness.

Where the howls and cheers of an off-stage multitude should heighten Jupiter's last-act allocution, there is only a parsimonious silence. Where Alkmena's boudoir—as spacious as Jack Dempsey's Restaurant—might appropriately be expected to have a serving attendance somewhat more ample than an Asbury Park hair-waving booth, it must content itself with a single desultory handmaiden. Where bugles and trumpets in the wings are occasionally as vitally necessary to the dramatic picture as are bugles to Beethoven's *Leonore 3* and trumpets to a Sousa march, there is a penurious hush. And as a consequence, the play, which is so slight in itself that it needs every ounce of theatrical batter that can be given it, sometimes droops and settles.

Lee Simonson's settings—which, whether they cost the Guild several thousands of dollars or a figurative nickel, are, as settings, admirable—are nevertheless much too expansive and imposing for so small and delicate a script. They have a top-heavy aspect, and in them the pleasant little Giraudoux farce-comedy is often lost and seems to be wandering forlornly about looking humorously for Norman Bel Geddes and Reinhardt, in order to tweak their noses. Also, the sets are too realistic, for all their beauty, and war with the fantastic essence of the stage fable.

It is, I appreciate, the custom of our producers to complain truculently when a reviewer expresses in print his opinion of a production when it is shown on the road and before it is brought into New York. But although I appreciate the custom, I have no sympathy with it. In the first place, it seems to me that the cities outside of New York have a legitimate reason to be insulted by any such attitude, as it implies that the complaining producers regard them with such lofty contempt that they feel free to give them productions that are crude and slipshod and in no way fit for presentation in New York.

This, incidentally, is doubtless one reason why the road has for years deserted the theater. In the second place, the attitude is doubly insulting to the out-of-town reviewers and altogether too subservient and complimentary to the New York reviewers. And in the third place, it stands in violent contradiction to the producers' constant yowling for constructive criticism.

After a play opens in New York, constructive criticism is about as valuable to it as locking the stable door after the cow has gone, or vaccinating a person after he has caught the smallpox. It may conceivably be of some indirect help to some other playwright or some other producer, but it is much too late to be of any benefit to the playwright or producer in immediate point. It can't help spilt milk any to point out that it should have remained in the bottle. But by reviewing a play and its production in advance of its metropolitan showing, the magnanimous critic may possibly, through the exercise of what the producers nonsensically dub destructive criticism, assist them in detecting its flaws and correcting them before the curtain goes up on the potentially richest box office in the world and on the toughest lot of reviewers this side of the lights at a Chicago police line-up. It is in that magnanimous capacity, I suggest to the Theater Guild and to the Lunts, that I herewith tender myself.

Behrman's job of adapting the fable of the god Jupiter who coveted the luscious person of the mortal Alkmena and who learned to his immortal disconcertment that human love is pretty well satisfied with itself, is a first-rate one. His smooth and gentle prose, filtered through a sensitive emotionalism, has taken a script which in the French original was just a bit chill and rigid and warmed it into a cosy humanness. He has also, in view of the periodic haltings implicit in the tale, wisely deleted the lengthy disquisitions on mortal love, etc., that interposed themselves in the original script like difficult steeplechase jumps, which even the talented Jouvet had trouble in taking.

Here and there he has done a little writing of his own which Giraudoux himself, that nimble fellow, must happily endorse. What he has not succeeded in doing, however—at least not in the version I viewed in the try-out period—is to induct the important scene wherein Alkmena unwittingly sends her husband Amphitryon into the arms of Leda with any slightest comportable degree of dramatic orchestration and grace. The epi-

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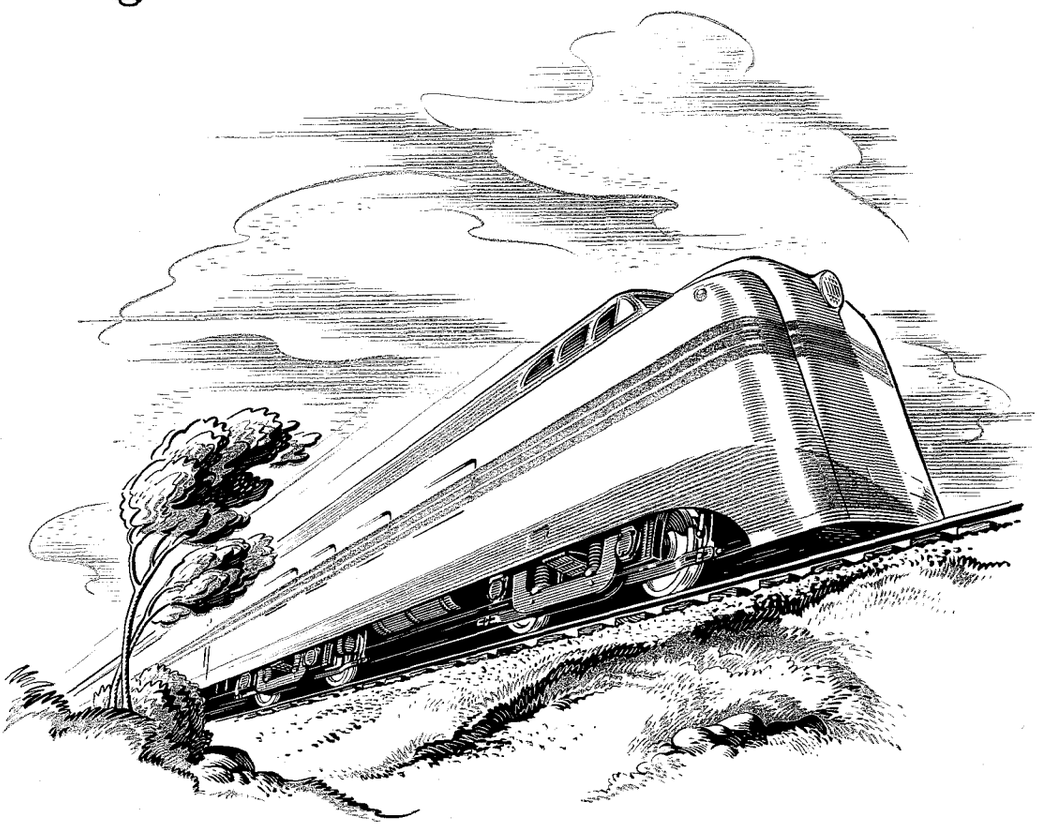
Winged feet for streamliners



THESE new, glistening streamline trains that are speeding over the rail highways of America, thrilling onlookers and delighting the traveling public, offer a supreme test of wheels. To carry a streamliner at speeds up to 90, 95 and 100 miles an hour, and do it day after day for as many as 16 hours out of every 24, wheels must be good.

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The next forward step was heat-treating. By heating and cooling steel in certain ways, strength, toughness and other qualities are markedly improved. After years of research and experiment Bethlehem applied this principle electrically and built shops at its Cambria plant, Johnstown, Pa., for the precision heat-treatment of car wheels.

In evolving trains of a new kind to roll at the highest rail speeds ever scheduled, builders of streamline trains faced many a brow-wrinkling problem. But no wheel problem. Early streamliners rolled from the shops on Bethlehem heat-treated wheels. Strong and tough-fibred, these wheels easily withstood the strenuous runs of upwards of 1000 miles every day. They did so conspicuously good a job that other roads, other builders, were quick to specify them for later streamline trains.

Of the 28 streamliners either under construction or in service today, 25 use Bethlehem wheels.

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sode, upon which all the subsequent process of the play hinges, is brought slap-bang into the play with the abruptness and lack of preparation of spontaneous combustion, and the result is a second-act curtain that falls flat.

The legend from which Giraudoux fabricated his exhibit has already served as the basis of numerous plays and stories, as he himself waggishly and apologetically notes by attaching the figure 38 to its title. French farce writers in particular, not to mention some of the gay Budapest boys, have delighted in indulging themselves in paraphrases of it, and the tale of the man who, craving another's wife, masquerades as her husband has come to be almost as familiar in one form or another to the stages of Europe as paraphrases of *Divorçons* and pecks of false curls on overly ripe actresses. But Giraudoux, now assisted by his American adaptor, has contrived to give it not only a certain veneer of novelty but has injected into it something of the flavor of a ping-pong match between Shaw and Sacha Guitry. If the present director, in its Coast manifestation, staged it more like a tug of war, or at best like a pitching contest with fifty-pound quoits, it is surely not the author's fault.

The performances of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne are excellent; neither has ever been better. Richard Whorf, as Mercury, is also capital. But before the play is conveyed into the New York theater it may be advisable to have someone have a heart-to-heart talk with Mr. Barry Thomson about his performance of the Amphitryon rôle. Very sour.

The theater in Los Angeles, which means Hollywood, is, like the giraffe, a very peculiar animal. It is mostly neck. That is to say, its only box-office pull lies in the movie people's curiosity, and that curiosity concerns itself not at all with drama but solely—as might be expected from movie people—with "name" actors and actresses. When a play, however good, shows itself out there without well-known stars in the cast, it plays to poor houses. But let one of the more celebrated theatrical stars appear, and the house is crowded. Thus, a Katharine Cornell will pack the theater. And thus, a Lunt and Fontanne will sell out the house for a week long in advance of the opening night.

What the movie colony wants to see is not drama, but—though it loftily smiles at any such attributed idea—how real actors and actresses act, and to learn from its superiors. And it is willing to lay out its money for the treat and the privilege. But such is its consummate vanity that it will not admit that it can learn anything and, as a consequence, when a Cornell or a Lunt and Fontanne appear in its midst it seeks to lay subtle unction to its absurd pride by pretending that the occasion is not a lesson but rather a tribute to itself. Thus, on the opening night of *Amphitryon 38*, with the street, theater, and lobby crowded not merely with movie folk but with most of the representatives of literature, drama, opera, and the theater visiting in Hollywood, and with the sidewalks approaching the Biltmore Theater choked for blocks, the loudest cheer reserved for the Lunt-Fontanne epiphany was in the greeting, upon his emergence from his automobile and his entrance into the lobby, of Mr. Joe E. Brown!

For twenty minutes the first curtain had to be held until the movie people's rapturous mutual pointing out of themselves in the auditorium subsided. And throughout the prologue to the play and for at least fifteen minutes during the first act, the dialogue and action were interrupted by the explosion of flashlights which accompanied the painstakingly delayed appearance of this or that movie actor or actress. At the conclusion of each act the film notables present inaugurated their dash up the aisles at the first tremor of the drop curtain, in apparent fear lest some rival screen star beat them to the crowd of fans and autograph seekers outside. And at the end of the play it took fifty policemen an hour to clear the lobby and sidewalks of the groups of movie people excitedly telling one another how beautiful they looked, how wonderful they were in their last pictures, and what doubtful screen material, for all their stage competence, Lunt and Fontanne were.

The movie person in the presence of the theater is a combination of child lost in and afraid of the dark and of locomotive whistle tooting loudly to conceal his self-misgivings and profess his brave indifference. For down at the bottom of nine out of every ten movie actors' hearts there is the painful and humiliating knowledge that, at best, they are only dramatic and histrionic manicurists and that the surgery of genuine dramatic acting, with its penetration into character and its human venesection, is as far beyond the scope of their mock mummery as the art of even a Connecticut summer theater is beyond that of a Sam Goldwyn. But though they appreciate the invidious fact, being human and with human beings' pride, they naturally and quite understandably exercise themselves to deny or at least to befog it, and so they minimize the theater as a prize fighter minimizes the wallops of a rival whom he fears and who, he knows, will knock him out cold if ever he dares enter into a match with him.

It is this disparagement, for all the surface politesse with which it embroiders itself, that permeates the audience in the Los Angeles and Hollywood area theater. It is this attitude that, while it gives loud applause and innumerable curtain calls to visiting dramatic actors and actresses, gives them much in the spirit of an ill-bred and rude youngster who knows it will get a spanking if it doesn't politely say "thank you" to a guest who has brought it a gift. Sitting back of me at the Lunt-Fontanne première were two movie actresses, one movie actor, a movie director, and a movie producer. They were lavish with their handclapping at the ends of acts and when the final curtain fell. But, under the handclapping, I could not help overhearing such animadversions as these:

"Fontanne may be O. K. as an actress, but, my God, what would the camera do with that face and figure?"

"The Lunts are all right, but the play stinks for pictures, so what the hell."

"Lunt isn't bad; in fact, he's pretty good; but I'd just like to see Freddie March in that rôle. Oh boy!"

"Say, what couldn't William Wyler do with this show if he set his mind to it!"

"It may be art, honey, but give me Bill Powell and Myrna Loy in something by Towne and Baker."

So far as the West Coast theater goes, there are no two audiences in the whole world so utterly dissimilar as those of Los Angeles and those of San Francisco. The latter, compared with the former, are the acme of cultivation, the Matterhorn of taste, the pearl of good manners. The Los Angeles-Hollywood dramatic theater, in respect to its customers, is simply Grauman's Chinese movie house with a stage where the screen should be. "How do you like it out here in Hollywood?" the manager asked me.

"The it," I allowed, "is fine."

THE SNOB APPEAL

2. Parties

The parties in private houses—during this Coronation season—are unique in our time, gay and romantic, with the fine old plate, the family livery, and the supper cooked in the house. And there is a peculiar satisfaction in waking up about noon and ringing up friends who hadn't been asked—then reading the long list in the *Times* Court page.—*Vogue.*

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Careers, Limited

(*continued from page* 48)

realistic enough to see that one of our most acute needs is for mothers capable of training children to become fit citizens and producers in this complex world? Might she not suspect that a potent influence for improvement in public education would be the mothers of school children? The better job a mother does with her child up to his sixth year, the less satisfied will she be with the public schools. Let the woman who wants a cause worthy of her mettle meet the challenge in that field. No one need wince at the prospect of innumerable mothers meddling in our schools, unless he is so naïve as to suppose that at present we have no meddling by local politicians and state lobbyists. Groups of mothers aware of the full implications of their jobs could make a major contribution to our national life.

V

PERSUADING the modern woman to a whole-hearted acceptance of the responsibilities of motherhood will not be easy. Even the sacrifice of her job is not the greatest difficulty. Has she not been constantly assured by everyone from her grandmother to the columnist in her morning paper that *mother* and *housewife* are synonymous terms?

The exponents of the "home can be your career" creed may attempt to lure her back with suggestions of the fascinating opportunities for individual expression in making cheese soufflé for dinner or new curtains for the living room, but no approach could be less effective. She dislikes the implication that while her husband's talents fit him to be a plant physiologist or an engineer, her own are so much like every other woman's that her job will differ from theirs only in the way she does it.

As a matter of fact, there is no reason, not even the financial one, why the functions of *mother* and *housewife* should not be permanently separated. The former job requires all one's skill; the latter does not. For the household chores commonly visualized as concomitants of child care, the modern woman may substitute a congenial and remunerative side line. For while the care of her children necessitates a return to her home, it need not entail the suppression of any special ability she may possess.

True, with the youngsters as her primary job, a woman will have few chances for undisturbed work. But if she can learn to use short sections of time as she finds them and to keep continuity of thought through frequent interruptions, she has an opportunity to develop a specialty which may be expanded into a full-time occupation later.

With the rapidly increasing interest in child management there is a market for practical articles on methods which have proved successful. One of my acquaintances, who describes attractively some of her own experiences with children, has the satisfaction of writing for publication and of helping to encourage more intelligence in the general approach to child training. If one's flare is for pencil or brush there is an equal opportunity in illustrations or in the useful realm of children's furnishings.

The field is not limited, of course, to things for and about children. Innumerable side lines suggest themselves. The requirements are: work sufficiently specialized to pay, in the time devoted to it, at least the wages of a general houseworker; work which can either be done entirely at home, or prepared or rehearsed at home and performed elsewhere in a moderate number of hours.

Until we develop a new pattern for the woman's place in the home, many able women will continue to scorn motherhood as a job. The efficiency of many others will be impaired by their dissatisfaction with an occupation supposedly fit only for those who can do nothing else. The modern mother is a woman of skill and knowledge, not of sentiment and intuition. Because her accomplishments extend beyond the circumference of homemaking activities, she is a distinct personality in the eyes of her family, not merely the background of their own experience. Her job as a mother leads her out into the community where with others she battles for community recreation, library facilities, public health, education. No longer does she helplessly accept the environment and withdraw her children from it into the pretension of isolated security within the four walls of her home. She is a responsible member of society, not the mistress of a domestic microcosm.

An ideology which insists on a career for a woman at the expense of her children is as foolish as one which insists that she be a complete homemaker at the expense of other interests. Must we always be torn between adolescent extremes? Can we not be sufficiently realistic and imaginative to reach a solution which satisfies both the legitimate demands of society and the desires of our own hearts?

Don't be a ½ Shaver
Men, there are two halves to every shave. The first is to get rid of your whiskers. The second is to take care of your skin. So don't be a ½ shaver. Finish up this way:
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Books

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

GENERALIZATIONS may be illusions, and the man who said the scientific method consists of "proceeding from the general to the more general" may have been more of an objective reporter than a cynic. Nevertheless, I want to risk a generalization based on my own scientific investigation of the books of the past month. The generalization is that literature, in the relatively free countries, is turning more and more to a defense or celebration of the human spirit to compensate for the fact that institutions, both political and industrial, are tending to deny that spirit.

For example, the fascist Franco does his best to blow Spain to bits, and the Spanish communists, following a tortuous "win-the-war" logic that might easily result in a vicious peace, turn and rend the Spanish anarcho-syndicalists and libertarians in a way that can only nominally be called democratic. But Elliot Paul, in *The Life and Death of a Spanish Town* (Random House, $2.50), writes a gentle, loving, sun-shot, and elegiac book about the peace-loving population of Santa Eulalia, a town on one of Spain's Balearic Islands that has unfortunately fallen into the murderous paws of Mussolini's marauding mobs. And while Mussolini, Hitler, and Franco exalt the Prussian spirit, Ludwig Bemelmans, a twinkling, *gemütlich* German who came to America from the Tirol in 1914 in the hope of shooting some Indians in Hoboken, twits his Teuton brothers by publishing his 1917–18 diary, *My War With the United States* (Viking, $2.50). This diary, the artless account of young Bemelmans' experience as a private in the United States Army, turns out to be praise for the unsoldierly qualities of American officers and for the live-and-let-live attitude of the American doughboy. (According to Bemelmans, it was only the swivel-chair patriots who "hated the Hun every morning before breakfast." And, also according to Bemelmans, a goosestepping army which makes a fetish of discipline to the exclusion of all else is apt to prove incapable of the resourcefulness that wins wars.) To continue the deadly contrast between constricting institutions and freedom-loving authors, there is the example of Michael Foster's novel, *American Dream* (Morrow, $3), in which the "good guys" of America have a hard time squaring the necessities of making a living with the Whitmanesque vision that is close to their hearts. (Michael Foster believes in the America of Caleb Catlum, which, if you remember Vincent McHugh's fantasy of last autumn, is continually threatened by the America of the "petty traders.") Finally, to clinch my generalization before it is completely riddled next month by a crop of hard-guy, tough-talk, no-sentiment-or-I'll-cut-your-heart-out novels, there is Clyde Brion Davis's *The Anointed* (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50). Mr. Davis's hero thinks he is a messiah, but he is not the sort of omnipotent madman who regards a population as something to be played with in the interests of satisfying personal megalomania. In fact, Mr. Davis's Harry ("Horseshoes") Patterson, seaman and dice artist, is a pretty good guy. Elliot Paul would enjoy his company; Ludwig Bemelmans would take pleasure in kidding him. And while Michael Foster is a little too serious to have much truck with people like Harry Patterson, Mr. Foster's own hero, the democratic John Thrall, would have given his life as a small-town Kansas lawyer to keep Mr. Davis's hero out of jail after one of his recurrent scrapes.

Elliot Paul's book is by far the best of those under discussion. Mr. Paul was once of the "lost generation" that was, in Gertrude Stein's heyday, completely nonpolitical. (Being nonpolitical himself, however, didn't keep Elliot Paul from writing the best political novel in American literature, *The Governor of Massachusetts.*) A natural-born "last Bohemian," Mr. Paul had gone from newspaper work to Paris, where he helped Eugene Jolas found the magazine *transition* as a monument to post-war incoherence and Freudian baby

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talk. The boys had rather solemn fun. ("Hey! hey!" one might say, "a heyday is a hay day, even when it is Gertrude Stein's.") When the exchange went against the Paris expatriates (a heyday is not necessarily a pay day), Mr. Paul, an intransigent, refused to follow Harold Stearns back to New York or Ernest Hemingway to Africa and the pursuit of the great kudu. Instead, he moved on to the Balearic Islands, to Santa Eulalia on Ibiza. I have never seen Ibiza, but I have been to Mexico and Bermuda, and Mr. Paul's Balearic seaside town reminds me of the best features of both. It is Bermuda without the ghostly suggestion of the Oxford accent; it is Mexico *sans* buzzards, Le Corbusier architecture, the Trotsky-Stalin squabble, and he-men from Texas. Or rather, it *was*, for Mr. Paul's Santa Eulalia is no more. The fascists have got it, and their kiss is of death.

Sea-washed, sun-smitten, Santa Eulalia was the incarnation of Mr. Paul's escapist dream. The social life there was naturally democratic, even in Alfonso's and Primo de Rivera's day; it reminded Mr. Paul of "life in America thirty years ago." (Shades of the Booth Tarkington serenade, the front-porch democracy of our fathers! Has Mr. Paul forgotten that the expatriates originally went to Paris to get away from repressed, Babbittical America, whose common, democratic life was supposed to be the enemy of excellence in the arts and in culture?) Mr. Paul loved the Ibicenco people, even a couple of the rich ones. There were few natural extremists in Santa Eulalia or on Ibiza; Mr. Paul estimates that a half-dozen were natural fascists, while in between were 3000 moderates. Life was geared to the local rhythms of nature, the slow lift of a tideless sea, the almost imperceptible drift of summer into autumn, and winter into spring. The Ibicencos worked while they worked (they were manful fishermen, heroic gardeners) and while they loafed they really invited their souls. The *siesta* was a daily institution, respected even by mad dogs and Englishmen. And the meals were Homeric. No one tried to save his waistline for the junior prom or his energy for the Yale game, yet the Ibicencos were, for the most part, strong, comely folk.

Mr. Paul has packed his book with sharp thumbnail portraits of his former friends. He remembers the girls. There was Catalina, who worked at Cosmi's café. She had slate-blue eyes and honey-colored hair, a pleasing voice, and "a complete ignorance of everything that

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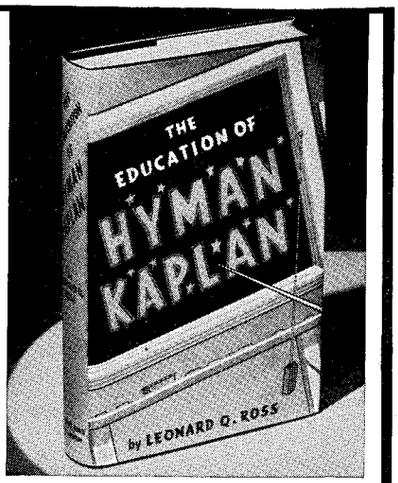

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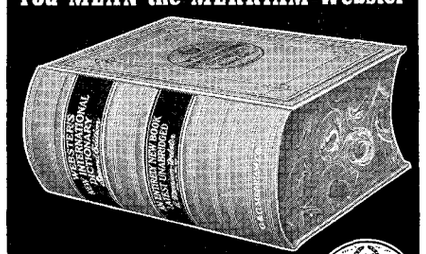

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a woman does not need to know." Because she was a blonde, Mr. Paul thinks she must have been a daughter of the Phoenicians, who once inhabited the island. The loveliest brunette was the daughter of Pere des Puig, a lonely farmer who played the accordion at town dances. The fishermen of Santa Eulalia were not merely fishermen; they were peers of William Beebe in their knowledge of the subaqueous world. Mr. Paul takes special pleasure in naming over their catches like beads on a rosary—the huge meros with red, open mouths and six jagged sets of teeth, the torpedo-shaped cirviolas, the sharp-billed bonitos, the large kranka crabs, the Balearic octopus (edible when eaten soft), the langosta, or local lobster.

Mr. Paul gets so lyrical about the fish and the girls and the flower beds of Santa Eulalia that at first you suspect him of seeing things ten times life size. But slowly his town takes possession of your senses, and you smell the brine and the flowers and the roasting coffee. And as you watch Guillermo, the blacksmith, as he cavalierly consents to finish up a job, you sympathize with Sindik, the carpenter, who earns much less than Guillermo and uses up ten times the energy. You laugh at José Ribas, the diving champion who fell into the open ditch when drunk, and you accept all things with the philosophical landowner, Don Ignacio Riquer, who refuses to exploit his tenants. And you hope against hope that Odila, daughter of one of the conspiratorial fascists, will somehow escape from her family's control and become the feminist and registered pharmacist that she wants so desperately to be.

Of course Odila did not escape; the civil war came, and the town's life, centuries old, was first interrupted, then destroyed. When news of the fascist rebellion reached Santa Eulalia a year ago from the mainland, the townsmen swore silently that they wouldn't permit political difficulties to ruin their community life. But slowly the war psychology took hold. The fascist coup was ended when the near-by loyalist mainland sent troops to wipe out the conspirators, and of course the traitors that were captured had to be summarily punished. One thing led to another; hates grew. The 3000 moderates slowly ceased to be moderate, and the dozen fascists and communists imposed their psychological patterns on the crowd. The end came when the Italians seized the island. By that time Mr. Paul had escaped on a warship and some of his old friends had put to sea on a schooner, the *Isabel Matutes*, bound for God knows where. The republicans and communists who stayed are probably in jail or dead, the victims of Mussolini's Cæsarism.

After reading *The Life and Death of a Spanish Town* you can sympathize with Spaniards who have, as an answer to Franco's illegal force, gone the whole way ideologically to Moscow; anything to beat the devil! You can sympathize even though as an American in a traditional two-party land you may not want to be compelled to go the same way yourself. Mr. Paul thinks the United States is reprehensible to remain neutral while loyalist Spain bleeds. He subscribes to the sentiment expressed in one of the poems of *And Spain Sings* (Vanguard, $1):

Franco, Franco
Pirate Franco
Sold your country
For a blank-o,
Damn you, Franco. . . .

Yet, as an American, I don't see how Mr. Paul has the right to ask our government, as a government, to intervene in any way on the side of any European faction, no matter how noble the cause. For discriminatory sanctions, if these are what Mr. Paul wants, are apt to mean war, and war means dictatorship even when waged to preserve democracy. And dictatorship means everything that Mr. Paul detests. It is no more pleasant to be totalitarianized by Woodrow Wilson, George Creel, and Newton D. Baker (or their successors in America) than it is to be totalitarianized by a fascist.

Mr. Foster's novel, *American Dream*, has something to tell us on this score. As a novel, *American Dream* has its deficiencies. It attempts to cover a whole century of United States history by means of the flash back, and it gets into some dubious romantic territory when Mr. Foster is writing about Yankee clippers and the Indian wars. The stuff on New England is pure stereotype; Mr. Foster evidently believes that practically all New Englanders are walking bundles of Freudian repressions. But when Mr. Foster is writing about a humane man in a prairie town he is first-rate. The story of how John Thrall was beaten and bulldozed because he defended conscientious objectors during the World War is as moving, in its way, as the recently told story of Senator George Norris's attempt to keep us out of the War (see this department in SCRIBNER'S for last month). Mr. Foster can't quite summarize in so many words just what

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the American Dream is. But he knows what it isn't. And so does Ludwig Bemelmans, who left Germany because he didn't like the German worship of authority. Mr. Bemelmans' *My War With the United States* is not a serious book. But it has a serious undercurrent. And its tenderness and rueful humor have a special point. Mr. Bemelmans spent most of the War looking after madmen in army sanitariums on this side of the ocean. He learned a lot. One of the things he learned is that militarism compounds madness. As for *The Anointed,* that hasn't anything to do with the American Dream. It is simply good fun. Stephen Vincent Benét describes it as a slightly cuckoo *Tom Sawyer*. The point about *Tom Sawyer* may be mistaken (after all, Tom Sawyer is pretty typical as a character, while Harry Patterson is completely atypical), but it is certainly true that *The Anointed* is cuckoo.

Book Notes

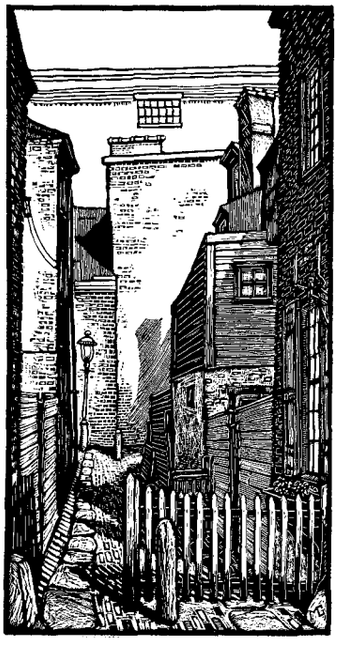
From Baltimore, where he works on *The Sun,* comes a good letter from Neil Swanson, whose *The First Rebel,* an historical novel about Pennsylvania's James Smith, has been highly praised. He says that he felt the story of the Pennsylvania rebellion deserved a place in American history and he did his best to put it there; that when he stumbled on the old records on which the book is based he stopped dead in the middle of a 200,000-word novel and went to work on *The First Rebel.*

"Now," he says, "I am trying to sort out the pieces of my orphaned novel, *The Temporary Gentleman,* from among shirts and socks, moth balls and my wife's most precious linen. Eventually, I suppose, it will come unscrambled, if the dog hasn't developed a taste for historical fiction and disposed of the most vital chapters. He disposes of practically everything else around our house."

He also informs us that if he's an author at all, he's an author by marriage, and then explains the statement. "I had just begun to write my first novel, *The Judas Tree,* when I met the most beautiful girl I had ever seen and discovered that under her red hair she had considerably more than the normal allotment of brains. When I got to page 117, I proposed—in the middle of the second paragraph. . . . I spun the typewriter a few turns and, without changing paper, wrote the lovely redhead an urgent invitation to marry me. She did.

"*The First Rebel* is a child of that marriage. My wife's aunt, Mrs. Margaret Koch of Bridgeville and Mercer, Pennsylvania, is a great-great-granddaughter of Colonel James Smith, my 'first rebel.' It was her gift of a tattered and yellowed copy of Smith's memoirs which started me on my hunt for the documents which would fill out his tantalizingly brief account of the rebellion he led. And my wife, the Margaret Diana to whom all my books are dedicated, has borne the brunt of the research. The hard work has been fun with her to share it—and I make no apology for that bit of sentimentality. Anyone who wants to know what she's like need only read *The Phantom Emperor,* for she is Maurine Dufresne.

"As I remember *Locos,* by Felipe Alfau, his 'author at the mercy of his characters' was not doomed to be troubled by them beyond the limits of one volume. From where I sit, it looks as if I'd be driven through thirty volumes by the first half-dozen characters I tried to bring to life. The difficulty is that I got interested in them myself. After finishing *The Judas Tree,* I began to wonder what would happen to the people I had unceremoniously abandoned at the end of that book. More out of curiosity than out of any intention to write another book about the Pennsylvania frontier, I began to dig into source records covering the years between the Pontiac War and the Revolution. I came upon so many untold stories that I became more and more excited. In fact I think I grew a little feverish. For before I knew it, I had outlined a series of novels and biographies designed to tell the story of the 'middle border' (principally Pennsylvania and Maryland) from the first advent of white men to the years just after the World War—a series that will carry two or three families, through their successive generations, into episodes neglected by formal historians and therefore long forgotten. If I live to finish the job, there will be twenty to twenty-five novels and five to ten biographies. If I do the job as I hope to do it, those thirty books will present the most complete picture of American development ever attempted *in terms of ordinary people.*



"And just the other day I read a pontifical critic's statement that 'historical novelists contribute nothing.' But I'm stubborn. . . . I don't know whether I'll get to my destination; but at any rate *The Temporary Gentleman* will be a sequel to *The Judas Tree. . . .*"

*

Michael Foster's *American Dream* is keeping fast company with *Northwest Passage, Gone With the Wind,* and *The Years* at the top of best-seller lists all over the country. We wondered if he had any new literary plans hidden away. From Deer Harbor, Orcas Island, Washington, he writes back: "This is the first time, really, that I have ever regretted the extraordinarily quiet life which we live here, on this wilderness beach—because, in the nature of it, it precludes happenings which could possibly be described as 'up-to-the-minute information' about this somewhat dubious writer, anyway.

"Of course, from time to time, other and more agile writers come to visit us from New York, and even members of the firm; but all we ever do is go fishing. . . . So if you don't mind I am sending your letter to Mr. Bob Hunt, of the publicity department of William Morrow and Company, who, as a publicity writer, compels the profound respect of one who has spent his life in publicizing other people." To date, nothing heard from Mr. Bob Hunt of William Morrow and Company, but we're still hoping.

*

Dale Warren at Houghton Mifflin has sent us what he says is pretty special

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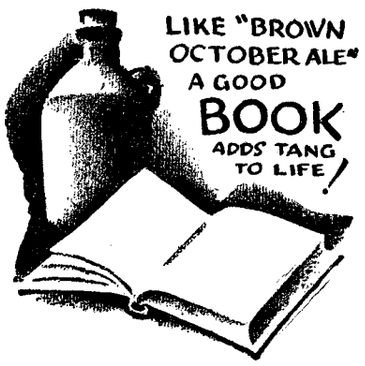

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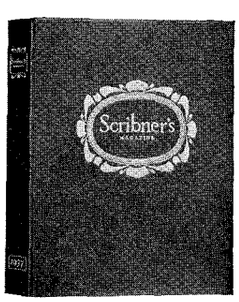

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information about Stuart Cloete, author of their high, wide, and handsome new romantic novel for the fall, *The Turning Wheels*. We hope, for your sakes, that the information really is very special and that you won't have read it in all the local newspapers long before our October cover graces your library table. That's so often the trouble with the special information one gets from publishers. Incidentally, Mr. Warren informs us that "*The Turning Wheels* promises to be another *Gone With the Wind* (don't laugh)." That's only the second second *Gone With the Wind* predicted for this fall. Maybe it will be——

To get on with the information about Stuart Cloete. It is written by E. Arnot Robertson and reads like this:

"One is never quite sure, inviting Stuart Cloete to dinner, whether one will get the ex-Coldstream Guards' officer, . . . who has a disconcerting habit of saying 'Good show,' when he means 'How nice,' or whether the unbuttoned half-Dutch ex-farmer from South Africa will turn up, liable to be reminded, by the look of the fat lady on his left, of a post-mortem he did on a cow. 'It was the wind she died of,' he says dreamily. 'First I cut open the stomach——'

"I always prefer the farmer. The guardsman is, not unnaturally, too controlled to be such good company. Gazetted at seventeen at the beginning of the War, sent to France and desperately wounded at nineteen, patched up at home and sent out again in time to be finally smashed up and invalided out—the surprising thing is that the farmer can be so funny.

"Fifteen years on the veld, chosen as the best place for getting over shell-shock — has anyone, I wonder, ever learnt more in a tremendous convalescence, mental and physical? Under the small, leisurely, convincing details of that familiar life, told lovingly by a man who sees each day afresh, is the feeling of a burning impatient spirit, pouring out its harvest of loneliness, a full, rich garnering of endurance and knowledge and a curiously personal, indomitable joy. Stuart Cloete is thirty-nine and might do anything."

—KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

Scribner's Recommends:

These books which the editors of SCRIBNER'S *and the publishers choose as outstanding among the September publications:*

1. *To Have and Have Not,* by Ernest Hemingway. Scribners. $2.50.

The first novel in eight years by the world-famous author of *A Farewell to Arms* and *The Sun Also Rises* is a dramatic and significant story of life in the Florida Keys.

2. *The Depths and the Heights: Men of Good Will* VI, by Jules Romains. Knopf. $3.

In this volume are two books. The first, "To the Gutter," shows the sickness in the mind of a man who goes from eminence to degradation and despair. The second, "To the Stars," shows the greatness of the mind of a man dealing in pure science.

3. *Andrew Jackson* (Vol. II), by Marquis James. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

The second volume of a biography already famous for its first half.

4. *One Life, One Kopeck,* by Walter Duranty. Simon & Schuster. $2.50.

The Moscow correspondent of the *New York Times* writes the violent and thrilling story of a young peasant boy who becomes a ruthless leader of the Russian revolution.

5. *Life With Mother,* by Clarence Day. Knopf. $2.

The same qualities which made *Life With Father* a best-seller beloved by thousands characterizes these new sketches of the Clarence Day family, written shortly before his death.

It is interesting to note:

. . . that word has just come through that the *New York Times* Book Fair is scheduling its second appearance for the week of November 15th to 21st.

. . . that at least two early fall books not on this list are bound to make their mark, namely Harper's Prize Novel, *The Seven Who Fled,* by Frederick Prokosh, author of *The Asiatics,* and A. J. Cronin's story of a doctor, *The Citadel,* which has been loudly cheered in England.

. . . that the Macmillan Company suggest that *Oleander River,* by G. B. Stern, and *Collected Poems* of Sara Teasdale be substituted on their list of September books.

. . . that we take off our hats to Daniel Walden at Stokes and Company who votes twice for a book not on his own but on the Viking list. The book is a translation of Jean Giono, *Song of the World,* and Mr. Walden remarks: "Two votes for this great book. It is long past time for Giono in translation and Viking deserves a medal." We commend his spirit and his taste.

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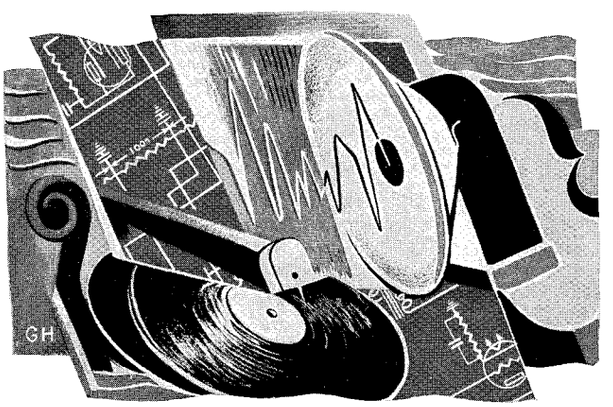
Music and Records

RICHARD GILBERT

I HAVE had nothing to report on open-air concerts and festivals of the past summer mainly because these affairs offered very little I could not duplicate with as relatively fine a sonority and, in most cases (so my less sedentary friends tell me), with a better quality of interpretation right in my own home. That, I agree, is a very selfish consideration. I realize that hosts of music lovers who would brave mosquitoes and sudden precipitations and strain to catch melodies gone with the wind would find it economically inexpedient to provide their tastes with an extensive library of phonograph records. However, two circumstances of particular significance prompt a line of thought along which both music-makers and listeners will not fail to note portentous developments in the art.



First, consider Willem van Hoogstraten's valedictory speech at the close of the Lewisohn Stadium concerts last August not so much for some of his remarks themselves as for the necessity of making them. The conductor appealed to the last-night audience (I cannot recall his exact words) to continue to support concerts given by visible musicians in an age when the survival of performances of the sort just concluded seemed to be endangered by the "wonderful" developments of the radio and electrical devices for reproducing music.

Secondly, consider the advent of a new music season in which the greatest attraction belongs exclusively to the broadcasters. I refer, of course, to the series of radio concerts to be conducted by Arturo Toscanini.

I am not trying to infer that public music-making is doomed. No matter what developments science achieves, men will continue to make music and others will be pleased to watch them. But, for artistic as well as economical reasons, there will be radical changes in the methods of presentation, and there isn't very much we can do about it. Many people today derive the greater part of their musical pleasure from the broadcasts and the comparatively limitless repertoire of the phonograph.

Now it is not yet the privilege of everyone to possess a fine library of discs and the tonal blessings attendant with a superior radio and record-reproducing instrument. However, it seems inevitable that sooner or later some private or governmental philanthropy will do the people a tremendous service by installing in public libraries collections of phonograph records and advanced facilities for either individual or mass listening. The Carnegie Corporation's gifts to colleges and secondary schools throughout the country of sets of records and a specially designed reproducer is a significant move in this direction. Similar equipment will secure for other cultural centers a means of musical enjoyment and education in appreciation quite beyond the scope of available flesh and blood agencies. The implications of all this, of course, are too vast and far-reaching to be considered here. But, for the moment, I present it as a provocative development for followers of Euterpe to ponder over.

*

We all trust that Toscanini may be persuaded to make as many recordings as possible during the ten-week period of his association with an NBC orchestra. This wish becomes doubly imperative when we realize that—with the appearance this month of his magnificent recording of Brahms' *Variations on a theme of Haydn, op. 56a* (Victor set No. M355—two discs)—from the lot of records the great conductor made with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York more than a year ago, there remains for future publication only a single set of a Rossini overture.

The recording of the familiar *Variations,* due to the unusual transparency of Brahms' orchestration, is even more brilliant a feat of phonography than that accorded the previously published Toscanini performances of Beethoven, Wagner, and Rossini. This set of brief pieces built upon a gracious melody (taken from a Haydn divertimento for brass instruments and sometimes known as the "Chorale of St. Antoine") is unfolded with the utmost perfection in detail, phrasing, and dynamic effect. The Mozart-like suavity of several of the variations and the culminative brilliancy of others, leading to a powerful climax, provide material which only Toscanini can etch so exquisitely and mold with so persistent a flow of unbroken continuity. Other conductors will do well to study these records. But to get the soloists and choirs to perform as they do here is the work of a magician —and Toscanini alone of all living men appears to possess the necessary magic.

*

There have been arguments both for and against orchestral transcriptions of Bach's works, his massive organ pieces in particular. The mere fact that Bach himself arranged music of his own as well as of other composers for instrumental combinations not originally indicated has been taken by some as sufficient license to continue the practice. However, the most important fact

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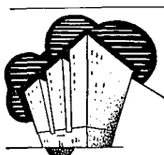

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that devotees of Stokowski's and, recently, Lucien Cailliet's ministrations are apt to overlook is that Bach's arrangements and revisions always preserved faithfully the style and substance of the original. Such turgid travesties as Cailliet's transcription of Bach's organ *Prelude and Fugue in F minor,* recorded by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra (Victor No. 14382), not only misrepresent Bach's intentions with regard to color and line but create in the public mind an egregious misconception of the very essence of his music.

The present arrangement of the F minor prelude and fugue is one of the least successful attempts to clothe Bach in modern dress. Muddy in orchestration and blatant in dynamics, the piece is distorted in places almost beyond recognition. Not the most convincing of Bach's organ works to begin with, the telescoping of the fugue to fit a single disc side is really unforgivable. But the climactic tumult and general theatrics of the performance will endear this full-lunged recording, I fear, to a public for whom all meretricious devices help pave the path to culture.

To complete the three musical "B"s this month there is a fine recording of Beethoven's *Symphony No. 2 in D, op. 36,* played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham (Columbia set No. 302—four discs).

*

Called by many critics the greatest symphonist since Beethoven, bald Jean Sibelius of Finland has had exceptional good fortune with the record publishers. Thus far his third, fifth, sixth, and seventh symphonies, four tone-poems—*Pohjola's Daughter, Tapiola, The Oceanides, Night Ride and Sunrise*—violin concerto and string quartet, entitled *Voces Intimae,* have been recorded under the auspices of the Sibelius Society, sponsored in London by "His Master's Voice." The records are issued in this country through Victor. This company has published without benefit of advance Society subscriptions the first, second, and fourth symphonies, the *Swan of Tuonela* and, of course, the comparatively inconsequential *Finlandia,* all performed by American orchestras. Currently, Victor releases Volume III of the Society series under its own Musical Masterpiece number (M334—seven discs), so there is no longer any need to worry about the availability of the original limited subscription edition. However, in keeping with Society requirements, you must purchase the set complete; you cannot obtain *Voces Intimae,* played by the Budapest String Quartet, without the *Symphony No. 6 in D minor,* played by the Finnish National Orchestra conducted by Georg Schneevoigt, or *vice versa.*

With Sibelius there is no point in trying to relate all his subjects and bridges and developments as you would, for example, with a composer like Brahms. The string quartet is not poured into the classic mold; it contains none of the usual contrasts between first and second subjects—if, in fact, these can be clearly defined. Nor are its five movements—none of which is in traditional quartet forms—linked together by a conventional thematic affinity. Rather, Sibelius' characteristic adjustment between matter and manner (and this is what impresses you the more you listen) and his subordination of a logical but independent form to the emotional content of his music are more apt to recall the last quartets of Beethoven. Hence, if these chamber works are not to your palate, leave Sibelius alone. Or, if you feel that there is something in *Voces Intimae* worth taking further pains to discover, you may be sure that the musicianly treatment of it by the Budapests will aid you to a realization of a unique musical genius.

The sixth symphony is not so difficult a nut to crack. Its melodies, harmonic color, and orchestration attract from the very first hearing. Not as somber as the fourth symphony nor yet as radiant as the fifth, the sixth prepares the way for the seventh, on all counts Sibelius' greatest work. If, in the carefully prepared recording of the D minor work, the general tone of the Finnish orchestra compares rather unfavorably with that of more familiar ensembles, it must be conceded that Sibelius' countrymen have a grasp on the rugged spirit of his music you will not encounter elsewhere.

*

Among recent single discs there is one you cannot afford to miss, no matter what your musical interests. It is, perhaps, too early to claim for Jussi Bjorling a tenor worthy of comparison with that of Caruso. But there can be no doubt, after you have heard this Swedish singer's record of *Che gelida manina* from Puccini's *La Bohème* and *Celeste Aïda* from Verdi's *Aïda* (Victor No. 12039), that here is a truly magnificent voice, projected with appealing flexibility, effortless breath control, and, what is rarer, an intelligent conception of style.

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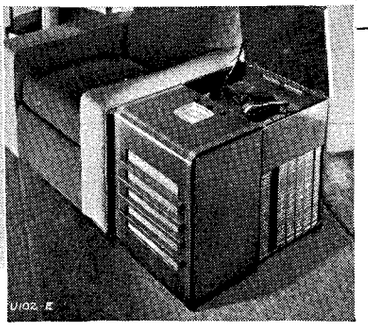

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My Swiss Hilly Billy
From the 20th Century-Fox film "Thin Ice"
Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians

25663—In the Still of the Night
Who Knows?
Both from the M-G-M film "Rosalie"
Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra

25660—Liza
Smiles
Benny Goodman Quartet

25664—Ebb Tide
From the Paramount film "Ebb Tide"
Gee! But It's Great to Meet a Friend
Bunny Berigan and his Orchestra

25665—I Still Love to Kiss You Goodnight
I'd Like to See Samoa of Samoa
Both from United Artists film "52nd Street"
Hal Kemp and his Orchestra

25666—I Surrender Dear
Piano Stomp
Lionel Hampton and his Orchestra

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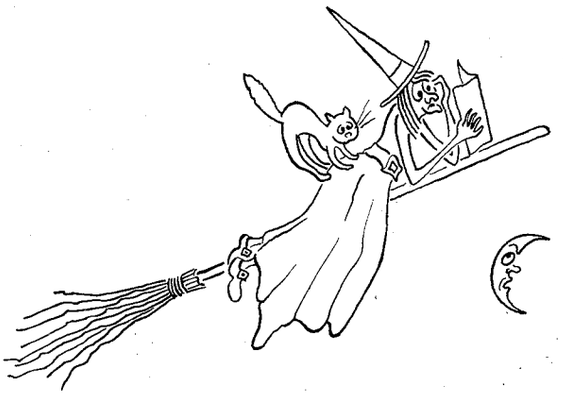

The Scribner Quiz

IRVING D. TRESSLER

In addition to the regular fifty questions of fact, prepared by Irving Tressler, the Editors offer this month an additional ten questions, designed to test your knowledge of the meaning of words and your understanding of human nature. The two sections of the Quiz—I—"How Much Do You Know?" and II—"How Well Do You Read?"—are scored separately. (*Correct answers on page 91*)

I—How Much Do You Know?

To work this part of the Quiz you need possess but three things: a comfortable chair, a pencil, and an average person's grasp of what's going on in the world.

Subtract 2 points for every question you get wrong, then total your missed points and deduct these from the perfect score of 100. (15 questions missed means 30 points lost; this deducted from 100 gives a score of 70.) . . . Don't skip any of the questions! The scores of twenty-five SCRIBNER readers averaged 72.

*

1. A very simple and quick method of eliminating the mosquito nuisance is to:
put oil in all stagnant ponds
obtain a substantial Federal grant
uproot all ragweed and goldenrod in area
clip the wings of all new-born insects

2. The State of Vermont has long been known as the:
Codfish State *State of Indecision*
White Mountain State *Old Line State*
Green Mountain State *Constitution State*

3. The present leader of the Democratic majority in the Senate is:
Senator Robert M. La Follette (Wisconsin)
Senator Hiram Johnson (California)
Senator Alben Barkley (Kentucky)
Senator J. Hamilton Lewis (Illinois)

4. It took him a long time, but Jimmy Mattern has finally obtained U. S. Government permission for a 1938 flight from the U. S. to:
Syria via South Africa and India
Greenland *New Zealand*
Russia by way of the North Pole

5. When we see the name Martha Raye, most of us automatically think first of:
an unfortunate cross-eyed condition
a very fine contralto singing voice
an unusually large, prominent mouth
her spirited defense of Mooney & Billings

6. According to all reports, Billy Rose has had a most successful season with his Aquacade spectacle at the exposition in:
Ft. Worth *Cleveland* *Dallas*
Los Angeles *Chicago* *Newport*

7. *The Road Back* is the name of a moving picture made by Universal from the novel of the same name by:
Knut Hamsun *Ernest Hemingway*
Warwick Deeping *Erich Maria Remarque*
Victor Hugo *Arthur Schopenhauer*

8. Ex-Premier of France Leon Blum has been embarrassed recently by a book he wrote years ago on the subject of:
sex reforms for the masses *guppies*
Germany as an inevitable enemy of France
socialism as the ideal form of government
communism as the solution of all worries

9. If a drunk shouted "Tinker to Evers to Chance!" you would take it for granted that he knew something about:
politics *pool* *rare old wines*
horse breeding *baseball* *opera*

10. When you consign a person to Limbo you are consigning him to a place:
just outside of Jim Farley's office
known as the very hottest ring of Hell
for souls to be tried before the Lord
for souls barred from Heaven through no fault of their own

11. Hitler has his mustache and Mussolini his jaw, but only America's.....has such unruly hair and bushy eyebrows:
Henry Ford *Tom Girdler* *John L. Lewis*
Governor Herbert Lehman *Donald Budge*

12. Nowadays, doctors who specialize in midwifery are called:
pediatricians *odontologists*
obstetricians *obstructionists*
urologists *oölogists* *occultists*

13. Professors Auguste and Jean Piccard have interested the world these last few years with their:
attempts to cross human beings with apes
efforts to establish Belgian fascism
balloon stratosphere ascensions
efforts to raise girdle-less secretaries

14. With all its labor troubles, General Motors had an exciting first six months in 1937; the corporation's semi-annual report showed that profits:
dropped 30 million compared with 1936
remained about the same as 1936
increased 10 million compared to 1936
dropped to the size of a New Deal surplus

15. Recently a new streamlined train was christened *The Ann Rutledge* after:
Abraham Lincoln's first wife
George Washington's mother
Abraham Lincoln's sweetheart
Thomas Jefferson's paramour

16. The revolver was invented in 1835 by:
Samuel Colt *Benjamin Franklin*
S. P. Langley *Thomas A. Edison*
Hiram Maxim *John Remington*

17. Not long ago the well-known weekly news magazine, *Literary Digest:*
became a pictorial magazine exclusively
conducted a mid-term presidential poll
merged with the Review of Reviews
campaigned against women's "halo" hats

18. In England, the possessor of one of these titles takes precedence over all but members of the royal family at formal functions:
Marquis *Earl* *Lord* *Duke*
Sir *Esquire* *Baron* *Sahib*

19. Amelia Earhart was the first woman to do all but one of these:
fly nonstop across the United States
fly from Hawaii to the United States
fly the Atlantic
fly from England to Australia

20. A recent stamp commemorates the Ordinance of 1787 which provided for the government of the Northwest Territory, a region roughly composed of:
Ill., Mich., Wis., Ind., Ohio
Montana, Idaho, Wash., Oregon
N. Y., Pa., Ohio, Vt., N. H., Maine

21. Yale University received a $10,000,000 gift last spring for the establishment of:
an anti-Red foundation *a skating rink*
a cancer-study institute
a vast new dormitory system *a zoo*

22. The statement, "She's tougher than a night club bouncer!" is a pretty good example of:

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redundancy *incongruous metaphor*
mild hyperbole *double negative*

23. That huge oil company called the Texas Company manufactures a gasoline known as:
Mobilgas *Veedol* *Golden Shell*
Champion *Fire-Chief* *Conoco*
Essolene *Ethyltex* *Power*

24. If the franc is the monetary unit of France, then the monetary unit of Switzerland is the:
lira *franc* *piaster* *mark*
pound *dollar* *peso* *ruble*

25. The third son of Charles Lindbergh, born in England, is named:
Charles *John* *Land*
Augustus *Dwight* *Edward*

26. With a single exception, all of these athletes gained their fame through their running ability:
Charlie Paddock *Glenn Cunningham*
Gene Venzke *Earle Meadows*
Don Lash *Jesse Owens* *Paavo Nurmi*

27. Those eight central front teeth in your mouth are called:
bicuspids *wisdom* *molars*
canines *incisors* *nippers*

28. *Northwest Passage* is the title of a recent best-selling novel by:
James Boyd *Walter Edmonds*
Kenneth Roberts *Louis Adamic*

29. No matter how many times we look out of windows most of us don't realize that one of the three major substances used to make glass is:
olive oil *iron ore* *sand*
varnish *wool* *kerosene*
discarded football-game programs

30. Surprisingly few Americans seem to know that the capital of the U.S.S.R. is:
Leningrad *Moscow* *Kharkov*
Stalingrad *Odessa* *Warsaw*

31. Paul Muni is now appearing in a movie concerning the life of:
Émile Zola *Luther Burbank* *Kit Carson*
Oliver Cromwell *Honoré Balzac*

32. Emil Ludwig, the famous biographer, is now industriously writing the life of:
King George V *Joe Louis*
Franklin D. Roosevelt *David Windsor*
Aimee Semple MacPherson *Al Smith*

33. Great Britain has for years had difficulty in Palestine because of the:
Arabs' hatred of cellophaned cigarettes
fighting between Catholics and Jews
bickering between Jews and Arabs
fights between Moslems and Protestants

34. Next to Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro, the largest city in South America is:
Lima, Peru *Montevideo, Uruguay*
Bogotá, Colombia *Santiago, Chile*
São Paulo, Brazil *Valparaiso, Chile*

35. The National Safety Council says most fatal accidents in the U. S. occur in:
the home *automobiles* *the water*
railway cars *industries* *airplanes*

36. One of these current kings is still young enough to be unworried about whom he is to marry:
Peter II (Yugoslavia) *Carol II (Rumania)*
Farouk I (Egypt) *George II (Greece)*
Gustaf V (Sweden) *Haakon VII (Norway)*

37. There's been so much written about this year's bumper crops that we thought you should know that the greatest state producer of wheat is normally:
Washington *Idaho* *Missouri*
Minnesota *Kansas* *Nebraska*
South Dakota *Ohio* *Illinois*

38. A young lady named Jadwiga Jedrzejowska has earned quite a reputation in Europe and this country this year through:
communist activities *sculpturing*
tennis playing *acting* *swimming*

39. One of these is a simple instrument used to determine the thickness or diameter of an object:
conifer *calliope* *calibrator*
calorimeter *caliph* *caliper*

40. This year has seen a lot of steel-strike trouble in the Mahoning Valley which is largely in:
Michigan *Pennsylvania* *Indiana*
Ohio *New York* *West Virginia*

41. The name of Hal Roach normally brings up the thought of:
a Walt Disney character *movie comedies*
Broadway gossip columns *high diving*
the University of Illinois football team

42. Only one of these things we eat isn't derived from a seed or berry:
coffee *vanilla* *nutmeg*
mustard *cinnamon* *cocoa*

43. The U. S. Maritime Commission has announced that the long-awaited successor to the liner *Leviathan* will be the world's.....ship:
fastest *safest* *biggest*
slowest *longest* *most uncomfortable*

44. Some people don't like questions concerning advertising, but they nevertheless know which one of these electric refrigerators stresses the Meter-Miser:
General Electric *Electrolux* *Coldspot*
Frigidaire *Kelvinator* *Westinghouse*

45. Samuel Liebowitz would be a good man to have helping you if you were:
a criminal up for trial
a victim of a third-degree burn
a foreign buyer of U. S. scrap iron
a collector of early American furniture

46. The ancient Pelham, N. Y., streetcar which inspired the famous Toonerville Trolley cartoons of.....has at last been replaced by a bus:
Percy Crosby *Gluyas Williams*
Fontaine Fox *S. J. Perelman* *Dr. Seuss*

47. If you were formally introduced to a U. S. Senator, Emily Post says, to be correct, you would have to reply:
"I'm delighted to meet you, Mr. Senator."

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HENRY GODDARD LEACH

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October Number

PRIMER FOR LANDLORDS AND TENANTS
Janet Mabie

LA GUARDIA'S RE-ELECTION
Sutherland Denlinger

THE TWO DICTATORS
Emil Ludwig

INTELLIGENT HUSBANDS WANTED
Eudora Ramsay Richardson

ON HAVING A STOMACH
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Artists who enrich its pages include Howard Chandler Christy, Charles Dana Gibson, A. B. Frost, Frederic Remington, Will James, Rockwell Kent, Arthur Rackham.

Critics' Comments

Rochester Democrat-Chronicle: "Here is all the fun of running across an old magazine in the attic — Antiquarians of the future will pay well for it!"

Washington Star: ". . . writers and illustrators pledged to the noblest ideals."

Memphis Commercial Appeal: "For the man or woman forty and over and above we recommend a long, long look at the fiftieth anniversary number of Scribner's, for it is so composed that it reminds one of many of the brighter, more agreeable pages of that part of history he or she may have watched in the writing. For the young it is a sort of a handbook on the nation as they never knew it."

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"How are you, old fellow?"
"Glad to meet you, Senator So-and-So."
"Happy to know you, Honorable."

48. Mae West was sued this past summer by a man named Frank Wallace who claimed:

she had run him down with a car last year
he had been her husband since 1911
she had hired him to write her stories
she had promised him all her corset trade

49. One of these holidays is closest to October 1st:

Lincoln's Birthday *Good Friday*
Columbus Day *Armistice Day*
Thanksgiving Day *Christmas Day*

50. One of these men stands a far better chance of a dinner invitation to the White House than the others:

Jimmy Walker *John D. M. Hamilton*
Harry Hopkins *Al Smith* *Frank Knox*

The Scribner Quiz

II—How Well Do You Read?

Section I of "The Scribner Quiz" tests your factual knowledge. Section II is designed to test your knowledge of the meaning of words, how well you read, and your grasp of human conduct. If you will read the following anecdotes with an understanding of the true meaning of the words, of their meaning when modified or qualified by other words, you should have no trouble in selecting the correct answer.

Keep in mind that the answer is *not* what *you* would do in the situation outlined or what you think the subject *should* do or what *some person* would do. *It is what the person described would do.*

The correct answers have been determined by a jury of SCRIBNER readers; if you feel their answers are not correct, we respectfully suggest that you look up the words in the dictionary and see if the jury is not right. The Editors welcome suggestions on this new part of the Quiz and it is their intention to ask readers to send in questions of their own devising, after this section appears for the second time, in November. Further details will be announced.

SCORING: The perfect score is 100. Deduct ten points for each question you answer incorrectly. If you get four wrong, your score will be 60, which is not bad for this quiz. Scores of twenty-five readers averaged 60 (*correct answers on page 91*).

EXAMPLE: Here is a simple question for you to answer which will show you how to do the others:

Fat, easy-going, economical Mrs. Smith catches a bus every day that gets her to her job exactly on time. Breathless, she arrives at the corner one morning just as the bus is pulling away. Would she:

☐ *Scream at the top of her lungs for the bus to stop?*
[No. She's out of breath.]
☐ *Run a block and catch the bus at its next stop?* [No. She's fat.]
☐ *Wait for the next bus?*
[Yes. She's easy-going.]
☐ *Dash into the middle of the street and make a flying leap for the step?*
[No. She's fat.]
☐ *Take a taxi?* [No. She's economical.]

*

1. An impulsive, highly nervous boy of eighteen, the son of Doctor Williams, a confident professor of psychology, innocently runs over and kills an old man, obviously a tramp, while driving alone at night on a country road. When his cries for help and the sounding of his horn bring no response, he realizes that no one can know what he has done. He hurries home and tells his father. Would Doctor Williams:

☐ *Immediately inform the police?*
☐ *Consult a lawyer?*
☐ *Soothe the boy's nerves by agreeing to say nothing?*
☐ *Induce his son to inform the police himself?*
☐ *Make an agreement to say nothing, forbid the boy to drive again?*

2. Larry, a shrewd but sentimental bachelor, is a recluse except for devotion to his subversive partner's young children. The partner appropriates the greater part of the firm's funds by methods illegal but difficult to prove as criminal. The money is recoverable. Simultaneously the partner's wife and Larry discover that they are in love. Would Larry:

☐ *Seek the partner's indictment as a criminal, which if proved is grounds for divorce?*
☐ *Agree that the partner may keep the money in return for a divorce and plan to build his fortune anew?*
☐ *Enter protracted litigation for recovery of the money?*
☐ *Put what he has left in trust for the children, renounce the love affair?*
☐ *Run away with the wife and children?*

3. In spite of widowhood and small means, Penelope exuberantly exerts herself to have her two pretty daughters happily married. Unselfish and devoted, forthright and fascinating, she loves to join their social activities. When to her amazement she learns from her daughters that she is an effective rival of theirs would Penelope:

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☐ *Stay in her room and let them grapple with the domestic problems alone?*
☐ *Tell her daughters to buck up and beat her to it?*
☐ *Continue to manage the festivities and attempt to subdue her charms?*
☐ *Marry the first suitor who asked her and get herself out of the way?*
☐ *Tell the boys that she is aware of their infatuation and get it through their heads that she is not in the market?*

4. Reporter Billy Gordon is ordered by his carping, bullying city editor to cover a possible scoop. He is on his way, doggedly determined to make good. Suddenly, with only seconds to spare, his one-track mind seething, he is stopped by the passengers of a wrecked car. He recognizes them as an upper-bracket heiress evidently eloping with a lower-bracket band leader. Would Billy Gordon:

☐ *Report the elopement, phooey with the assignment?*
☐ *Chase a taxi for the elopers?*
☐ *Bawl out the elopers and dash on for the scoop?*
☐ *Offer to take the attractive heiress home and hush the whole thing up?*
☐ *Take the heiress and the band leader with him and cover both stories?*

5. Resourceful James Fallonsby, president of the Fallonsby Manufacturing Company and a vociferous conservative, is confronted with his only daughter's announcement of her engagement to Victor, a fiery young exponent of theoretical socialism. Would James Fallonsby:

☐ *Order his husky butler to throw Victor out?*
☐ *Attempt to convert Victor by argument?*
☐ *Forbid the match?*
☐ *Send his daughter on a trip around the world?*
☐ *Give Victor a responsible position over labor in his business?*

6. In one of Mrs. Mortimer Nimrock's bi-weekly spring cleanings she disposes of her sentimental husband's elaborate hunting togs. Malodorous in the obscure corner where he has cached them, they are nevertheless attar of roses to Mortimer. After years of recurrent similar bereavements, patient, plodding Mr. Nimrock, inured to the routine, proceeds to solve his problem. Would Mr. Nimrock:

☐ *Buy a new outfit?*
☐ *Buy a new outfit; deduct the expense from his wife's allowance?*
☐ *Make a round of the charitable organizations; retrieve his loss piece by piece?*
☐ *Advertise, offering an incommensurate reward?*
☐ *Get a divorce?*

7. In the small community where they live, Imogene, a precocious, ingenious little girl, spreads garbled accounts of her parents' discussions of neighborhood affairs. These she hears by eavesdropping upon her merry mother and her level-headed father. Would Imogene's parents:

☐ *Make a round of the neighborhood, humorously explaining that Imogene is of problem age, with a vivid imagination?*
☐ *Spend hours in fruitless repudiation of the child's half-truths?*
☐ *Punish Imogene and threaten her with an uncomfortable future?*
☐ *Combat criticism of the child and create strained relations?*
☐ *Confine their conversation to politics and household affairs?*

8. Accepting a blind date at a house party, Vivian looks forward to boredom until she finds that she will be unknown to every one there. Intelligent, beautiful, and vivacious, she decides to play Dumb Dora, to wear ill-fitting clothes, glasses, no make-up, and to string out her hair. She meets Paul, her date, an austere, artless egoist who perfunctorily carries on with evident distaste and with whom, to her dismay, Vivian quickly falls in love. Would Vivian:

☐ *Abandon her disguise upon realization of her feelings?*
☐ *Finesse Paul into discovering the disguise for himself?*
☐ *Confess to her starchy hostess and ask her to take responsibility for the prank?*
☐ *See the thing through with intent to meet Paul again when she can appear at her greatest natural attractiveness?*
☐ *Inveigle Paul into a compromising situation?*

9. The wife of inartistic Henry, a niggardly, acquisitive tycoon, takes up painting as a hobby. She develops unexpected and finally publicized talent. The cost to Henry of her painting materials and exhibits is staggering. Would Henry:

☐ *Disparage her talent?*
☐ *Pretend inability to meet her expenses?*
☐ *Capitalize and exploit her talent?*
☐ *Encourage her to accept the financial backing of a mercenary, importunate dealer?*
☐ *Drive her mad by telling her how to paint?*

10. Margaret, a diplomatic woman, socially active and experienced, must entertain a stranger over the week end. She learns that her guest lives to eat and that his favorable impression is vital to her husband's success. Would Margaret:

☐ *Attempt to provide elaborate and extravagant meals with a new, untried cook in her kitchen?*
☐ *Prepare plebeian dishes herself at which she is skillful?*
☐ *Go to the club and fashionable road houses for all meals?*
☐ *Fill the house to capacity with interesting neighbors and serve ample, ingenious buffet meals?*
☐ *Hire a caterer?*

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Hollywood With a Pinch of Salt

LUCIUS BEEBE

WHETHER or not Los Angeles in general and Hollywood in particular have any fascination for you depends, as it does almost anywhere else in the world, on what you consider fascinating. There is, however, a difference. World voyagers and connoisseurs of geographic excitements are almost unanimous in recommending the delights of such established manifestations of man and nature as the Vale of Cashmere, Raffles Hotel, the Blue Grotto, the Maritime Alps, and the prospect of Fuji from the north, south, east, or west or through the window of the nearest rice-wine palace. To some, Hollywood is doubtless one of the glamour scenes of the world, but to others it is little better than a sort of communal emetic, an esthetic Micky Finn.

If you visit Hollywood as a true amateur of fatuities, treasuring each improbable gaucherie, every meretricious detail of a scheme of living which would have frightened Mr. Swift's Yahoos out of their wits, every evidence in support of the worst that foreigners can imagine of the American scene, you will find some justification for your worst fears. If, on the other hand, you derive satisfaction from a semitropical civilization which affords a tolerably abundant living to thousands who hardly exert themselves to more than collecting metaphorical breadfruit; which fairly teems with celebrities who supply the ingredient of glitter and romance to half the world; and which, quite legitimately, is as representatively American as, say, the frontier hospitality of San Antonio, the curiously involved social legend of Cleveland's Shaker Heights, or Boston's passion for attending funerals and hockey matches—then Hollywood is a fertile field for exploration.

The outstanding characteristics of Hollywood, as divorced from its geographical and municipal association with Los Angeles, are the most frightening traffic and the fastest driving ever to astonish the moderate motorist; a complete absence, to the visual perception, of any uniformed police force; the politest and handsomest gasoline-station attendants known; two of the snootiest restaurants in North America populated by a bewildering multiplicity of authentic celebrities; a uniform sun tan which makes the entire population virtually Negroid and is generally believed to be compellingly erotic; an ominous prevalence of drive-in hot-dog kennels where fearsome compounds called "ham hots" are served at the wheel of your car; barber shops where it is absolutely necessary to be shaved or singed by appointment at least two days in advance; one of the world's very best apartment hotels called the Town House; a department store (Bullock's Wilshire) which will drive you out of your wits with the loveliness of every item stocked; and a recognized tradition which requires that the entire morning of every day be spent on the telephone sending or receiving intelligence of the outrageous and wonderful conduct of Gene Fowler last night at the Trocadero.

The famed gaiety of Hollywood's routs is apt, to the eye of the casual observant traveler, to resolve itself into a form of public night life which, allowing for its peculiar lapses in taste and costume, is as decorous as that of any Junior Assembly in the land. The uninhibited screaming, slats-pasting, and coupé-wrecking of an earlier day are one with the dodo and the Druidic mysteries. Rowdy-dow is strictly a private manifestation, although there is a wealth of legend about it at any time, and the only notables who let down their back hair in public to make spectacles of themselves are admitted has-beens, now on the down side and through with the films forever.

Hollywood's habits at table are something to make Brillat Savarin fairly whisk about in his grave. At large dinner

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parties given in public restaurants such as the Trocadero, it is the custom, because of the inevitable tardiness of many of the guests, to serve dinner, not course by course for all the company together, but individually to suit the convenience of late arrivals, so that while Mr. Flynn and Miss Damita may be in their salad, Mrs. Sam Hoffenstein, directly across the table from them, will be only at the caviar stage. At a dinner attended by the reporter last year and where guests were invited for eight-thirty, the first arrivals, Prince and Princess Sigvard Bernadotte, prompt as only royalty is, arrived when bidden, and the last diner at a quarter to twelve.

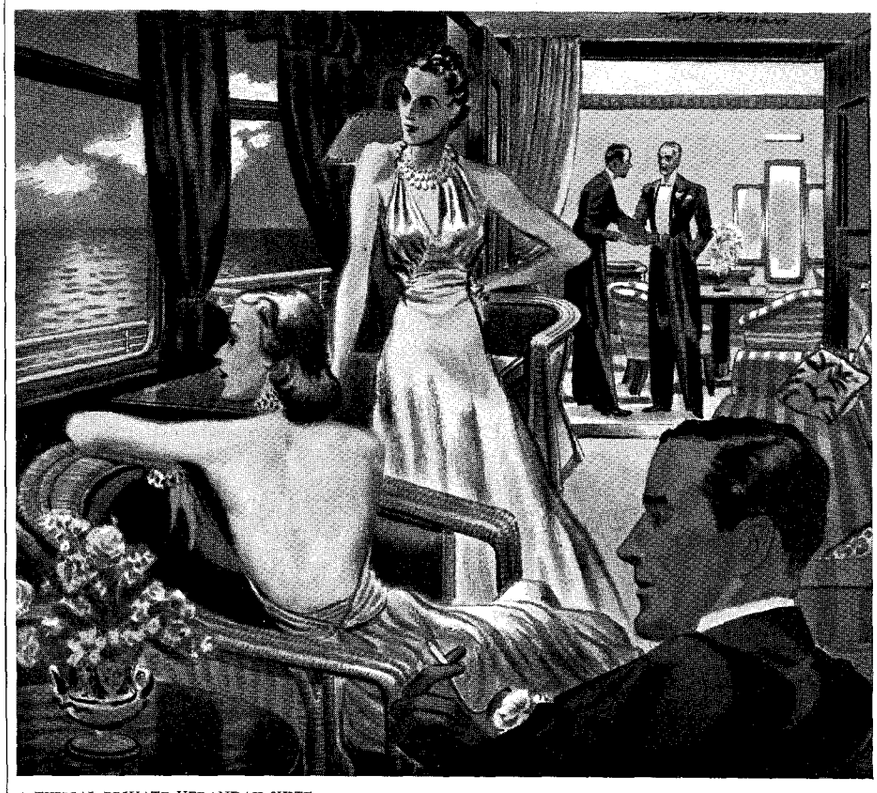
Telephones at tables during meals are one of the most accurate indexes to Hollywood's idea of chichi and the grand manner. They are almost as universal and quite as affected as dark glasses, but no star, director, or executive of any account dares to sit through a meal without having a phone ostentatiously installed at his place and having a conversation of impressive length. It is simply the modern version of having oneself paged in a hotel lobby.

In general the wine cards of Hollywood are self-respecting and reasonable. Just what the customers do with the vintages obtainable is something else again, and there is an almost universal inclination to rely on either sauterne or champagne throughout an entire meal.

The controlling ownership of the Vendome is not entirely in sympathy with the current regime in Germany, and, as a result, patrons look in vain for traces of Rhine, Moselle, Rhinegau, or Steinwein. However, the request to a waiter captain, "Bring the Christian wine card," will produce an entirely adequate and knowing list of German wines, and the tall foil-necked bottles that indicate Hock are visible on any number of luncheon tables.

Between the very Ritz Carlton menu prices of W. R. Wilkinson's restaurants and the twenty-cent lunches of the drive-ins, there are a number of establishments of moderate price which are particularly attractive to executives and film officials who can afford whatever they please but are not necessarily on parade whenever they address themselves to chicken Jeanette or lobster Savannah. Among them is the resort of Dave Chassen (former stooge to Joe Cook) called the Southern Pit; others are the Cinebar and Cinegrill and Ted Snyder's, where outsiders are discouraged but which shelters as distinguished a clientele of professional celebrities as any restaurant in the land. The story

The Inside Story



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ANOTHER Italian Line advertisement without a picture of a Lido Deck! Strange? Not if you know the other side of the story — the "inside" story — of Lido Life at sea!

Night after night, an Italian liner is just as delightful as it is day after day. Lido life goes on . . . in different costumes, in different surroundings. Cocktails on a private verandah deck, perhaps. Then a sumptuous dinner . . . dancing . . . idle talk, gay chatter . . . leisured travelers amusing themselves as they please, after a day in the open air and sunshine of the Southern Route!

Choose the great Rex, the gyro-stabilized Conte di Savoia, or the popular Roma . . . for an express crossing. Or enjoy eight or nine extra ports on the Vulcania or Saturnia, if you have time to see and do things en route!

ANOTHER "INSIDE STORY" . . . Because you spend so much time on the Lido Deck, even in midwinter, you'll find an inside room on a lower deck to be perfectly comfortable, as well as economical!

The leading **TRAVEL AGENTS** *in your city are our representatives. Consult them freely—their services are gratis. Or apply 624 Fifth Avenue, New York City, or to our nearest office: Philadelphia, Boston, Cleveland, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, New Orleans, Montreal, Toronto.*

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Santa Fe

this fall or winter

Explore the delightful Spanish-Indian country of the Southwest . . .

Indian detours

BY-THE-WAY TO CALIFORNIA

Inhabited Indian pueblos; cliff dwellings of vanished races; isolated Spanish mountain villages and primitive 17th century churches—these are the unspoiled objectives in Northern New Mexico that an *Indian-detour* enables one to explore intimately and understandingly.

• *Indian-detours* cover 1 to 3 days. They are economical; convenient for transcontinental travelers via the Santa Fe; made under the pleasant guidance of cultured young women couriers. Headquarters are at La Fonda hotel, in Old Santa Fé, charming for a day or a month during the sparkling days of fall and winter.

Famous Trains West

With rail travel cost near an all time low, Santa Fe promises another high in comfort, convenience and variety of winter service to California, Old Santa Fé, Grand Canyon, Phoenix and Palm Springs. *Our representative will gladly assist you in trip planning.*

T. B. Gallaher, P.T.M., Santa Fe System Lines
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Mail *Indian-detours, Grand Canyon* folders and fares

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DRAWINGS BY GEORGES SCHREIBER

goes that in the early days of the Southern Pit, when business was not booming as it later did, Edward MacNamara was discovered all alone at a table one night by a friend who inquired what he was doing in such a deserted place. "I'm a stand-in for a customer," said MacNamara.

The film capital boasts at least four first-class French or French-Italian-Swiss restaurants (and perhaps more that are unknown to the reporter) and one hotel restaurant which compares favorably with anything experienced gourmets will demand. They are the Trocadero and the Vendome, owned by Billy Wilkinson, himself a local legend and proprietor of *The Hollywood Reporter;* the Victor Hugo, opposite the Beverly Wilshire Hotel on Wilshire Boulevard; and Perino's, halfway down Wilshire into Los Angeles, an authentic and entirely responsible establishment where they make, bar none, the finest sidecars in the world. The hotel restaurant is that of the Town House.

There is, however, one characteristic of all or any of these places not encountered in noted restaurants elsewhere in the world: their standard of excellence, no matter what heights it may achieve on occasion, varies with the individual patron, and the service, unless you are a friend of the house or a recognized celebrity, is more than likely to be lamentable in the extreme. Hollywood restaurateurs, their maitre d'hôtels, captains, waiters, bus boys, and barmen suffer from an extreme of *snobisme* which can make the blood pressure of an average patron mount to Union League proportions. At the Vendome, Hollywood's version of New York's Colony at lunch time, the reporter has actually seen less notorious patrons, who by chance had been seated in good locations, asked to vacate their table in the midst of the service of a meal to accommodate the tardy appearance of Douglas Fairbanks. It is doubtful if, in any other restaurant in the world, including whatever one Mussolini may favor with his patronage, such managerial insolence could be encountered.

The Trocadero corresponds in social standing to New York's El Morocco and is the plush, grande luxe supper spot of the town. It is, in fact, with the exception of a gaudy roulette parlor across the street, about the only night club which has the approval of film executives as a show case for their most exotic stars, and it crawls with paragraphers and candid-cameramen, headed by Hymie Fink, dean of the Coast lodge of that fraternity. The food is better than tolerable, the wine list excellent (they still stocked a quantity of the now elsewhere vanished Bollinger '26 last March) and the service, if you are anybody, can be superlative. The same staff mans the Vendome by noon and the Troc by night, as one is open only for lunch and the doors of the other don't fold back until dinner time, about nine. It is, therefore, possible to make your reservations for dinner while lunching in an entirely different establishment.

There is a great deal of sameness about the food in Coast luxury restaurants, and California proprietors seem put to it for variety. As a generality, California vegetables, while infinitely handsome, have less flavor than those in the East, with the notable ex-

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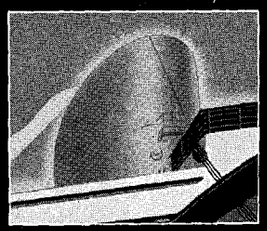
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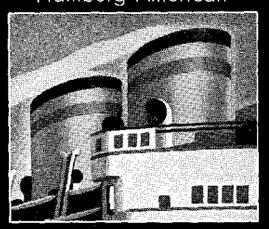
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ception of artichokes, and until the amateur gourmet has encountered the Coast variety he has never eaten artichokes worth mentioning. The other two local dishes which excite the judicious are the celebrated abalones and the giant crabs which are caught in the Straits of San Juan de Fuca. These seafoods are uniformly good at almost all first-rate restaurants, but at Perino's there is a mustard mayonnaise served with the crab (cold always) that is a really splendid arrangement.

Venturing abroad into the gin palaces and midnight pleasure pavilions of the town, the Hollywood pilgrim will find several score of unpretentious but entirely uninhibited resorts, at least a handful of which deserve mention. There is the Club Bali, which is owned by a syndicate of film celebrities headed by Mrs. Samuel Hoffenstein and presided over by an impresario named Icky Outhwaite. It is the latest of all Hollywood's hot spots, featuring entertainment vaguely smacking of the Islands and a serious-minded drinking clientele. There is, too, the Beachcomber Bar, presided over by an unquestionably authentic character known as Beachcomber Don and specializing in the largest Daiquiris known to man. They must contain a full half-pint of rum and lime and are served in huge sherbet glasses filled with crushed ice and will last one a good half-hour. There is the Clover Club, an extremely lavish restaurant-cabaret to whose premises admission is by card only, but the management displays a fine catholicity in its selection of members and there is always a good parade of film folk at the bar in the latest

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Climb aboard your Magic Carpet—be it train, plane or motor car—and come to Phoenix for an enchanted winter in Arizona, land of adventure and romance . . . land of sunshine, grandeur, and glamour. If you yearn for outdoor activity, there's golf, tennis, riding, polo and swimming—all winter—under the warmest, cheeriest sun imaginable. If it's relaxation you seek, lounge to your heart's content in the luxurious shade of lofty palms. And dream at night under a velvet-blue sky aglow with magical moonlight. Come early, and stay long, in this warm, dry Valley of the Sun.
Winter Rates now in effect on Transcontinental Lines.

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Mix the tang of October with the tonic of the sea

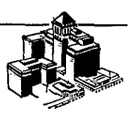
★

Nothing is so heartening as this season by the sea—unless it's the hospitalities that go with it within these beachfront hotels. Excellent meals, cheerfully served, in attractive dining-rooms. Restricted clientele.

LEEDS AND LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL

ATLANTIC CITY



Send your travel queries and perplexities to the Travel Editor, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

A cosmopolitan center with a million and a quarter population, the Aztec capital, in point of sheer interest and contrasts, has justly been pronounced the metropolis with the greatest 'it' not only on the western hemisphere, but the world over.

Spend your summer holiday in air-conditioned Mexico City -where the thermometer rarely goes above 70°- and travel by rail, IN AIR-CONDITIONED COMFORT. Through, up-to-date service.

Budget? A twentyeight cent 'peso' renders your trip extremely economical.

As a fitting climax, include in your schedule GUADALAJARA, PATZCUARO, URUAPAN, GUANAJUATO or JALAPA, charming and exotic by-ways which are so many pages from a story book... whose cozy and modern hotels and overnight Pullman service from Mexico City are their only claim to twentieth-century civilization.

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National Railways of MEXICO

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and most outrageous fashions. The Clover Club, although periodically subjected to the attentions of the police, is about the only white-tie resort where gambling persists season after season, although there are scattered posh roulette parlors elsewhere throughout the adjacent desert and in smart resorts, and there isn't a cigar store or pool hall or corner saloon in California that hasn't a back room devoted to games of what is whimsically known as chance. Play at the Clover Club includes roulette and a number of mechanical hazard and birdcage games and presents an impressive façade. Sometimes it runs tolerably high, but generally speaking, anybody who has lost $5000 there in an evening will enjoy a temporary celebrity next day.

Over the celebrated Brown Derby Restaurants this reporter prefers to draw the veil of gastronomic discretion. Like other Hollywood ordinaries they are snobbish beyond all measure, and there is absolutely nothing on the menu or in the service to justify suffering the abusive neglect or studied insolence of the management. Probably because most film actors are accepted on a strictly Jim Crow social basis elsewhere in the land, they have built up a resistance to outsiders in Hollywood that may impress the naïve but which, to the knowing, is a source of inextinguishable mirth. In a midst where the principal luminaries were ribbon clerks and high-school boys in Idaho only yesterday the affectation of an almost imperial scheme of social exclusiveness rests on the screen folk with all the authenticity of an Indian war bonnet on Cal Coolidge.

By and large, the judicious will take Hollywood in a not-too-critical vein or even better, as when drinking tequila, with a pinch of salt first and a piece of lemon afterward. So much of the scene is spurious that it assumes the proportions, more than anything else, of a vast geographical jest. But it is definitely an adventure and one which no connoisseur of the preposterous can afford to miss.

Winter Cruise Preview

Though your summer tan has hardly paled and the icy season still seems incredibly far off, it is high time to book that winter cruise. There is every indication that reservations will be harder to get than they were last year.

Three huge liners—the *Bremen,* the *Rex,* and the *Normandie*—will be taken from their regular Atlantic runs early in the new year to make special cruises. On February 2, the *Bremen,* largest and fastest ship ever to be sent on a world cruise, begins a ninety-day, round-the-world trip under the auspices of Raymond-Whitcomb. Her speed makes it possible for her to allow generous stops in many countries in this short time. Indeed the cruise program provides that the *Bremen* be in ports of call at least part of forty-seven days out of the ninety. Her itinerary provides first for visits along the South American coast, then over to South Africa, up through the Indian Ocean to Bombay, where nine days will be spent exploring the land of the rajas. Ceylon, Singapore, Java, Bali, and the Philippine Islands are the next ports of call along the way to Japan, whence the *Bremen* will steam south to Hawaii, then home by way of California and the Panama Canal. Rates including shore excursions begin at twenty-four hundred.

Late in January, the *Rex,* under the auspices of the American Express, will steam south for a twenty-five-day trip to Rio, where summer will have just begun its sway. After visits to Cristobal, La Guaya on the Venezuelan shore, and Trinidad, there will be five days in Rio before turning north again for a stop at Barbados on the way home. Passage (shore excursions not included) begin at four hundred dollars.

Another special, luxurious trip to Rio is scheduled for February 5, on the *Normandie* under the guidance of Raymond-Whitcomb. From New York, the *Normandie* puts in at Nassau, then at the Port of Spain before setting out for her main objective, Rio de Janeiro, where four and a half days of sightseeing and gaiety await the traveler. Tariff (without shore trips) begins at about four hundred dollars. Under the auspices of Raymond-Whitcomb too, is the forty-seven day Round South America Cruise on the *Columbus,* scheduled early in February. The cruise program calls for stops at Havana, Cristobal, Balboa, three ports in Peru, four in Chile, two in the Argentine, one in Uruguay, and four in Brazil, with calls at Trinidad and the Bahamas on the homeward stretch. For those who prefer to vary this trip by excursions into the interior, there are several optional tours from Valparaiso. Rates, exclusive of shore trips, begin at about six hundred dollars.

—K.K.

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The Switch Key

(*continued from page 21*)

to send any messages till she got here. She's coming in now."

"Why?" Walt looked up at him. "Why do I want to see her?"

Maria burst in and she held out both hands straight in front of her, with all the fingers spread out. "Don't turn him over, Walt, don't turn him over," she said. "I'll tell you straight, I won't lie to you, he made a key. But don't turn him over, you'll kill him."

"It don't make much difference, does it?" Walt asked.

"Yes it does. I got to take care of him, I got to see him through." Her hands slumped down to her sides like semaphores dropping.

"It's lucky for you I ain't married. It's lucky for you I ain't got any younguns of my own." He handed her the key with the ribbon. "Have it somewheres about. I'll be down pretty quick, and I'll bring somebody along. Then you fetch it out, do you understand? And Rufus was took sick yesterday. Just like he pretended already. He was took sick and he never got the switch closed, and the key was still in his trousers' pocket, say, and you being worried about him didn't know a thing about it. You got the idea? Then it's all up to me."

Neither of them took any notice of Fred. That was how he came to know the whole story. He didn't understand it too well at the time. Yet he knew that Walt was doing something pretty fine, and he was proud of him. "It ain't in the timetable," Walt said, "but we got to meet it all the same." Maria hung her head down, and turned around and went out.

"Seems to me you've always got your nose in everywhere." Walt took a hold of Fred's hair and pushed it back so he looked right down into his face. "I can count on you to shut up?" he asked quietly.

"Yes."

"Then go home and keep away from the Barrows for a while, and keep clear of me."

"Yes."

Walt turned away from him and banged the stove door open and began to stir in its belly with a poker. Fred slipped out and went home. He kept out of the station yard after that. There were a number of blue-uniformed trainmen around there now. And he never said a word at home about what he knew about Walter Stone and the switch key Rufus made. He listened but he never said a word.

He never even told Bill about hearing his mother's talk with Walter Stone. They were silent with each other as they watched the train yard. They had felt uncomfortable ever since the day when Walter Stone was taken away.

Walt had gone on the two o'clock train. It was a new engine pretty like the old one; and the same passenger car. A crowd stood on the platform, and all the pupils in the big south room looked down. Miss Miller didn't beat on the desk with her ruler. She was watching too. They saw Walt get in the car, and a couple of men were with him. The engine snorted and the bell rang, and then everybody on the platform began to yell. It was a kind of cheer; you heard people yell Walt's name. The town didn't know just the facts, but it understood that one man was giving himself up in place of another. Fred and Bill Barrow avoided looking at each other, they felt so gone, and that was when the bond of silence began between them. The engine whistled when it went by the house where the Barrows used to live. "You better go back to your seats now," Miss Miller said.

A new man had the job as station agent, a man from away. Joab Baylis applied but he lost out. It made the railroad a hostile and foreign thing. You didn't go into the yard any more. The railroad didn't want Rufus, of course, and the Barrows had had to move. Dan Thowles' widow let them have the rooms over her millinery shop. Rufus was out of the marsh now, anyway.

It was strange that Bess Thowles should have taken up with the Barrows. After all, Rufus left the switch open that killed Dan, even if it was Walt's responsibility. But that was only part of a strange thing. Rufus Barrow had become important to Shelter Point. Even Bill Barrow showed it at school; even Fred Winslow sensed it. He heard his father speak soberly of Rufus Barrow at home.

You see, everybody knew that Walt had done a fine thing; but now he was away, and he was in prison. And just what he had done wasn't clear. Perhaps he couldn't have helped himself. A good many people said he got what was coming to him; but even they knew that he had given himself up for another man and they resented it because it was beyond them. Walt had outtopped all of them and he had done it for Rufus Barrow here. And in some obscure way this put a value on Rufus as though he had been bought for a great price. It made Rufus as important as what had been done for him. People felt they ought to cherish Rufus. This was really a tribute to Walter Stone, although Shelter Point didn't understand it that way.

When Rufus looped around the Post Office you spoke soberly to him as though he were a man whose advice you needed, but you didn't want to ask right now because he had just come from a funeral. He was set a little apart like the minister. He got the concession for the newspapers, although he didn't have to do anything. Bill delivered them, and Fred Winslow went with him.

Rufus Barrow began to thrive on all this, and get better for a while. Doctor Broughton made an effort over him again, even though he had given him up long before. He got Rufus to stay in bed, and came to see him free of charge. A good many women cooked

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special things for Rufus to eat. In this way they kept Rufus alive for two years, and when he finally lay dying the town made quite a struggle over it, the way the country struggles against the death of a great man. Not that you think you can prevent it; or that you are grieved. It is a matter of pride and excitement.

"How are you feeling today?" Fred Winslow always asked when he came in the room where Rufus lay.

"I'm better, I'm fine," Rufus said. Two years ago he used to say, "I'm dying." But at last he had the sympathy he wanted; he didn't have to beg for it. He hungered to live, now that his yellow cheeks were fallen away and it was all over.

"He's had a pretty good day," Maria would say.

Then when he came to die and was buried Maria went away for a while, and about that time the story got out about the switch key—the key that Rufus had made that caused the accident.

"You ain't told?" Bill Barrow asked Fred.

"No, I never told."

They both decided Bill's mother must have told. They couldn't figure it any other way. When she came back they never asked her. But everywhere you went you heard the story of the switch key. Bill's home was about the only place you didn't hear about it.

People shook their heads. "I want to know," they said. "What do you make of that?" There were people who thought that Maria had done a fine thing, too, by Walter Stone, and others who thought she had betrayed Rufus' memory.

When Walter Stone came back pretty soon after that, the story of the switch key suddenly faded out.

"I'm glad to see you back, Walt." Everybody shook his hand. His face was gray, but it was the same old Walt.

"Hello, boys," he said to Fred and Bill Barrow when he saw them.

"Hello, Walt." They hurried away feeling gone.

He had back his old job at the station now, and it wasn't long before Fred and Bill Barrow began to go down into the railroad yard once more. They would go down there noontime, after the train was in, and Walt was about to lock the place up and go to dinner. He would pull out his new gold watch given him by the company, and look up at the school clock.

"You boys get the hell out of here," Walt said; but he didn't really mean it.

King Cotton Shares His Throne

(*continued from page* 16)

Kraft paper can be made of almost any wood, since its color is relatively unimportant for most uses. Newsprint, however, has to be white and it has to be cheap. When you read your newspaper, you are looking at ink on a background of wood fibers, 80 per cent of which have had no chemical treatment whatever. Naturally, it is cheaper just to grind wood mechanically than it is to put it through digesters using expensive chemicals; but to be used raw, the wood must be very white. Spruce fills the need nicely. Since our domestic supplies of cheap spruce are gone, we import newsprint from Canada.

Southern pines are known as yellow pines, a name which grew up in the early days because the lumbermen used only the yellow heartwood, which is hard and strong. They discarded and burned the sapwood. But when young, these trees have no heart, and their wood is white. Not so white as spruce, but white enough, Dr. Herty contends, and much cheaper. Numerous trial editions of newspapers have been printed on Southern-pine newsprint within recent years.

After long agitation and campaigning, capital has been pledged to build a newsprint mill in Texas, and Southern newspapers have contracted to take its output. Southerners are convinced that the Texas mill will be so successful that others will be built, and some of the kraft mills be converted to make newsprint. That happens to be a reasonably simple thing to do. It is contended the development would have come long ago were it not for the fact that $400,000,000 has been invested in Canadian newsprint mills by American capitalists. That, say Southerners, helps explain the lack of enthusiasm for developing a domestic industry. Southerners assert newsprint can be made $20 a ton cheaper in the South than in Canada, but this must be proved in commercial practice. The long controversy is likely to be settled one way or the other by the practical results of the mill in Texas. American newspaper publishers, North and South, are more keenly interested this year than ever before because of the swift rise in Canadian newsprint prices and the confident prediction that the peak has not yet been approached.

To create a Southern newsprint industry has long been Dr. Herty's consuming ambition.

When he was a member of the faculty of the University of Georgia, at the turn of the century, Dr. Herty got interested in the Southern pine as a source of naval stores. Turpentine operators had always hacked deep into the base of the tree to make a recess or "box" that would hold about a quart of turpentine. As a piece of skillful axmanship, it was admirable, but what it did to the tree was pitiful. Dr. Herty conceived the theory that the practice was worse than unnecessary. He made tests, and finally enunciated the dictum, "The pine tree is not a turpentine storehouse, but a turpentine factory." He asserted, and proved, that there is normally no turpentine in the tree; turpentine is a substance the tree secretes when the inner bark is wounded. And if only the inner bark is wounded, the tree yields not merely as much flow as when the wood is cut deep, but approximately 25 per cent more. Dr. Herty invented the turpentine cup which is nailed to the tree. Its use now is universal. Thus he completely revolutionized one important industry.

Dr. Herty taught chemistry in the University of North Carolina, went North to serve as president of the American Chemical Society, and gathered various other distinctions as the years went by. Revisiting the South after a long absence, an old friend drove him out to see a stand of pine trees which he had nursing along; the two men had long shared ideas on conservation. The trees needed thinning, that was apparent. But it costs money to thin out woods, and there was no market for the timber, too small for sawlogs. That set Dr. Herty thinking again about the Southern pine. He had analyses made of sawdust from thirty trees in that stand, and when results showed much lower resin content than anyone had suspected, he felt sure that here was newspaper-making material.

A long struggle ensued. Even the simple matter of getting someone to try to make pulp from a test lot was discouraging. Finally, a mill owner in Pennsylvania put through a batch, out of personal friendship. Results were encouraging. Some enthusiasts wanted to subscribe capital to start a paper mill right away. Dr. Herty refused their offer; what he needed was a laboratory, he insisted, for he knew there would be nothing but failure unless careful preparatory work was done.

Money raising was a hard job, but

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eventually the Chemical Foundation, the City of Savannah, and the Georgia Legislature provided funds. Equipment manufacturers supplied machinery at cost, and the laboratory opened in 1932. Its first attempts to turn out newsprint were very bad. It took a year to get satisfactory results. Since then, many successful runs of book, bond, and tissue papers have been achieved.

The laboratory is housed in an unprepossessing old brick warehouse on the Savannah waterfront. It is a paper mill in miniature, plus a testing laboratory. If you are properly accredited, it is possible you may be allowed to see a little machine making rayon in one room. In another, you will see logs being ground into pulp. Perhaps the paper-making machine will be running on one of the many kinds of paper known to the industry.

Visitors from all over the world have come by the hundreds to prowl through the unimpressive little building, hidden away down a street paved with the rough cobbles that ships brought from England as ballast in pre-Revolutionary days. The laboratory cost and has spent a total of perhaps a half-million dollars in five and a half years. From it, directly and indirectly, the South has gained a hundred million dollars of new industrial investment already, and the promise of better days for the pine-belt farmer.

Answers to "The Scribner Quiz"

(*see page* 80)

Section I

1. Put oil in all stagnant ponds
2. Green Mountain State
3. Senator Alben Barkley (Kentucky)
4. Russia by way of the North Pole
5. An unusually large, prominent mouth [she is a radio and film star]
6. Cleveland
7. Erich Maria Remarque
8. Sex reforms for the masses [title: *Marriage*]
9. Baseball [a famous trio, members of the Chicago Cubs]
10. For souls barred from Heaven through no fault of their own
11. John L. Lewis
12. Obstetricians
13. Balloon stratosphere ascensions
14. Dropped 30 million compared to 1936
15. Abraham Lincoln's sweetheart
16. Samuel Colt
17. Merged with the *Review of Reviews*
18. Duke
19. Fly from England to Australia
20. Ill., Mich., Wis., Ind., Ohio
21. A cancer-study institute
22. Mild hyperbole
23. Fire-Chief
24. Franc
25. Land [Land Morrow Lindbergh]
26. Meadows [pole-vault champion]
27. Incisors
28. Kenneth Roberts
29. Sand
30. Moscow
31. Émile Zola
32. Franklin D. Roosevelt
33. Bickering between Jews and Arabs
34. São Paulo, Brazil
35. The home
36. Peter II (Yugoslavia)
37. Kansas
38. Tennis playing
39. Caliper
40. Ohio
41. Movie comedies [Our Gang]
42. Cinnamon [it's a bark]
43. Safest
44. Frigidaire
45. A criminal up for trial
46. Fontaine Fox
47. "Glad to meet you, Senator So-and-So"
48. He had been her husband since 1911
49. Columbus Day [October 12th]
50. Harry Hopkins

*

The correct answers to Section II of "The Scribner Quiz" (page 82) are:

1. Induce his son to inform the police himself
2. Agree that the partner may keep the money in return for a divorce and plan to build his fortune anew
3. Tell the boys that she is aware of their infatuation and get it through their heads that she is not in the market
4. Bawl out the elopers and dash on for the scoop
5. Give Victor a responsible position over labor in his business
6. Make a round of the charitable organizations; retrieve his loss piece by piece
7. Make a round of the neighborhood, humorously explaining that Imogene is of problem age, with a vivid imagination
8. See the thing through with intent to meet Paul again
9. Capitalize and exploit her talent
10. Fill the house to capacity with interesting neighbors and serve ample, ingenious buffet meals

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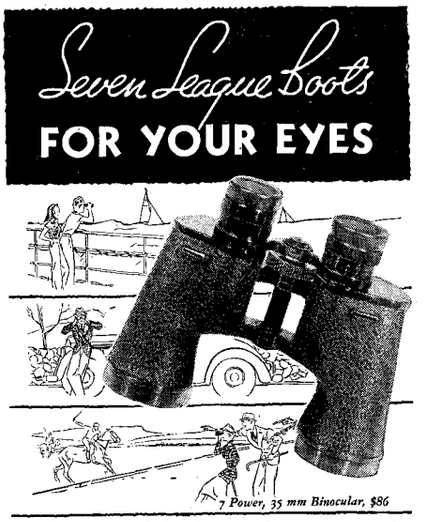

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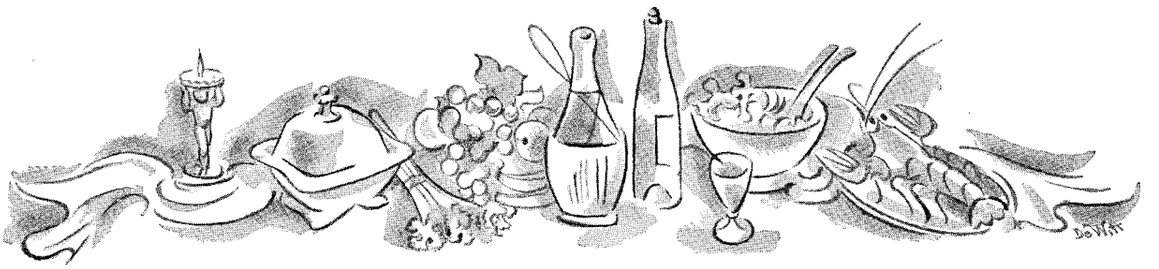

Wines, Spirits, and Good Living

G. SELMER FOUGNER

THERE is an old story which wine lovers delight to tell concerning the great fondness of King Edward VII for the pure juice of the grape. The Duke of Windsor's grandfather was a great connoisseur of fine vintages, and it seems that he was once asked by a member of his royal entourage to explain the fundamental rules for tasting fine wine.

"Ah!" said the King. "You raise your glass to the light and examine the color, then you twirl the liquid around slowly in the glass; you raise it to your nostrils and breathe in the aroma, take a long sip and let it linger awhile on your palate; and then . . . *you talk about it!*"

All of which is well and true, but the trouble about wine in America is that it has been too much talked about, and the horde of self-appointed wine experts unloosed by repeal have done more harm to the cause of wine than any other single factor. They have spread through the land a positive fear of wine, through the stupid ritual which they have attempted to enforce regarding its use. If we can stop the talk about six-wine dinners and "red with the meat and white with the fish," there may still be a chance for wine in America.

The day may yet come when a bottle of wine may be seen on the average American dinner table. Mind you, I said "a" bottle of wine. But this will happen only when the stupid attempt to dictate a long and complicated ritual to those who are willing to try wine with their meals has been relegated to the limbo of forgotten blunders.

Statistics gathered by the importers as well as by the American winegrowers show that the use of wine is slowly spreading throughout the land. But if it is to meet with any measure of success, the cause of wine will have to be energetically "debunked."

For the past several years Mr. G. Selmer Fougner's comments on foods, liquors, and the art of entertaining simply and well have set a high standard for wit, humor, and helpful information. His newspaper column in The New York Sun, *"Along the Wine Trail," has a large and appreciative following among men who take a real interest in the arts of the table. Mr. Fougner writes exclusively for* SCRIBNER'S *in the magazine field. In addition to his monthly recommendations, he will be happy to formulate menus, suggest foods and drinks for special occasions.*

As one who has spent a lifetime in the study of wine, let me say most emphatically that there is no special knowledge required in order to determine whether a wine is good or bad, and that anyone can become a judge of wine in a few minutes—at least as good a judge as 95 per cent of the wine experts developed in this country since repeal: most of these so-called experts are no more expert than yourself.

Take it from one who has sat in on winetastings all over the world, many of those who attempt to pass judgment know little more than you—who claim no knowledge at all. And your opinion, when it concerns the wine intended for your personal use, is as good as theirs, any time. Take with a heavy pinch of salt the stories of men who can tell every wine apart and place a vintage date on every bottle. There is no such animal.

Like all good rules, this one, of course, has an exception. Every industry has its specialists, men who have spent their lives studying a particular product. The same, quite naturally, holds true for wines. Each type of wine has its experts, generally to be found among the producers of that particular type. Thus, there are men in Burgundy who are able to identify most of the Burgundy wines and the same holds true in Bordeaux, in Champagne, and in every one of the wine-growing centers of the world. But few and far between are those who know and can tell apart even a score of the best-known of all types of wines.

Stories of French winetasters who by a sniff, a whiff, and a sip are able to tell not only the precise origin of all wines, but the exact date of their vintage, should be largely discounted. But some of the feats they can accomplish certainly are surprising. Many stories are circulated about winetasters, but one told to me many years ago in Bordeaux stands out in my memory.

It seems that a particularly famous wine expert, who had come to the great viticultural center on a special tasting mission, was run down in the street by an automobile and carried into a nearby house in a dying condition. An ugly wound on his forehead was bleeding profusely and, no antiseptic being available, those attending him, pending the arrival of a doctor, sponged the wound with a serviette dipped in a bottle of wine. While he was being subjected to these tender ministrations, a few drops of the wine trickled down the victim's nose and onto his lips. Opening his eyes the poor man sniffed at the wine and, in a dying gasp, murmured: "Ah, Château Lafite, 1905!"

But there's no such freak knowledge required to appreciate a good wine, no more than any lengthy amount of palate training is needed to learn to like coffee, tea, or any other beverage of daily household use.

You have heard without a doubt of the remarkable feats achieved by the "teatasters" of which we have been told

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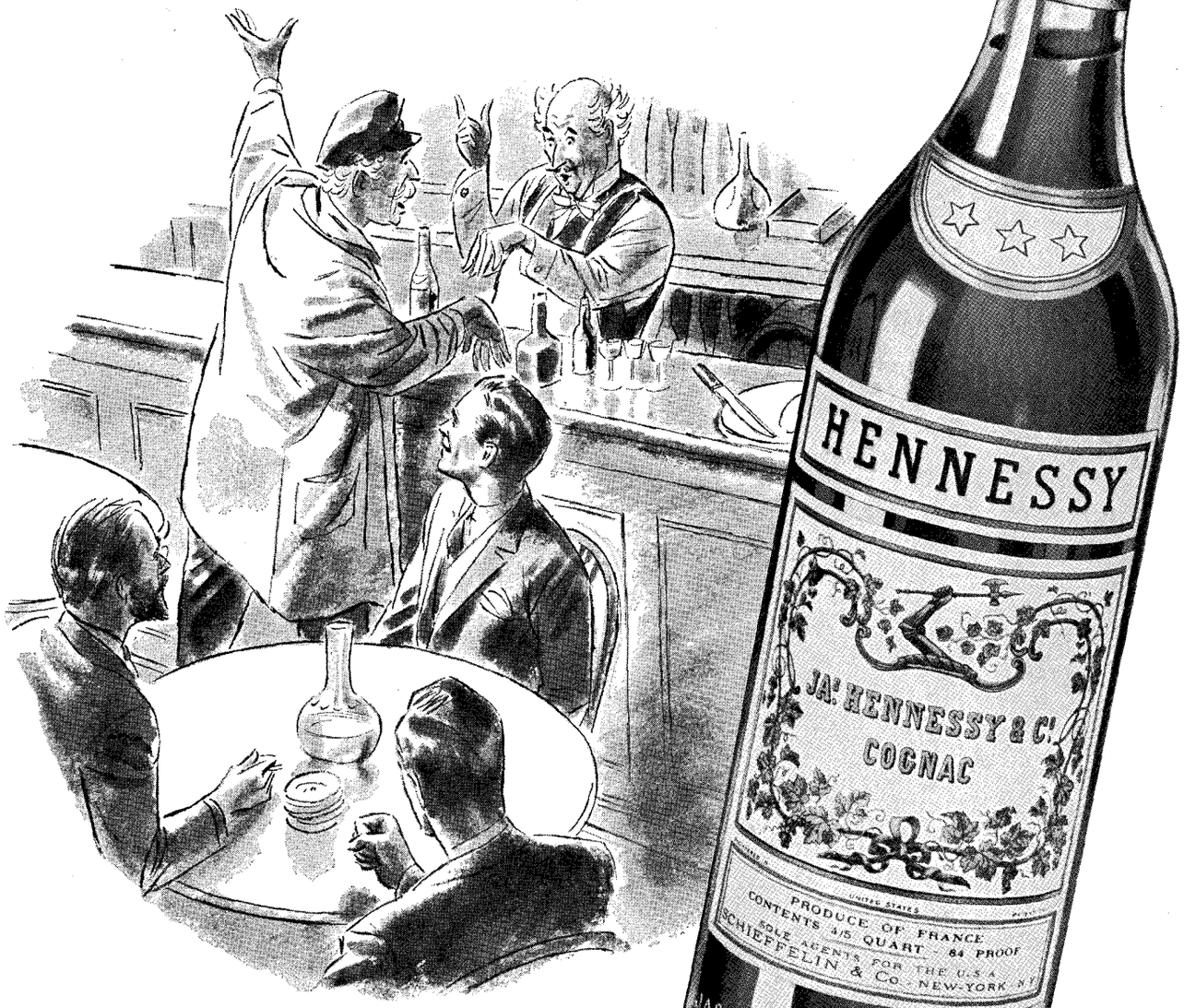
HENNESSY

COGNAC BRANDY



84 PROOF

The birth of the Side Car

Legend has it that this smartest cocktail of two continents was created by accident. An innkeeper in France, excited by news of damage to his side car, combined separate orders of Cognac Brandy, Cointreau and lemon juice into one. Voila! What a happy error...what a delectable drink for you...with the quality, bouquet and "clean" taste of Three-Star Hennessy!

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Brandy Daisy
Mint Julep
Brandy-and-Soda
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Pousse Cafe
Stinger Cocktail
Brandy Cocktail

SIDE CAR

1 part Three-Star Hennessy
1 part Cointreau
1 part lemon juice
Shake well in broken ice and strain into cocktail glass.

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there are not more than half a dozen in existence. These men spend most of their lives tasting tea; their palates have been so thoroughly trained that they can determine instantly the quality of the brew placed before them and for their unique services they earn and deserve huge salaries.

But has it ever occurred to you that any part of the knowledge of these specialists is required for you to appreciate a good cup of tea? If faced with a new brand, you taste and determine whether or not you like it, without consulting any authority or specialist. Well, do the same for wine. If the wine tastes good to you and if it seems to agree with your stomach, then it is good wine.

And with that fundamental rule thus set down, let us proceed to destroy another myth. Probably the greatest harm done to the wine industry in the United States has been caused by those who prescribe a series of wines for simple family dinners. This is something unheard of in any of the great wine-drinking countries of the Old World. Only on gala occasions are several types of wine served in the home or consumed in the restaurant. Just as your ordinary dinner consists of only one main course, so should that same meal be accompanied by only one wine. With the sole exception of special festive dinners where the wine list may be in direct proportion to the number of courses served, a single wine is splendid for any table.

Nor need you pay the slightest attention to those who tell you that only certain types of wine go with specific dishes; that different wine must accompany fish or red or white meat.

In my childhood days I was accustomed to the drinking of one wine all year round and that wine came to the table with the main course, be it fish or fowl. In my school days in France, a half-bottle of wine was the daily ration —increased once a year on the day of St. Charlemagne, patron saint of all schools, to a full bottle.

The average family in France buys its wine for daily consumption by the cask. There are of course a few bottles stored away in the cellar for use only on festive occasions, but in the ordinary course of life a bottle from that cask comes to the table every day, whatever may be the menu.

And once again I say—if you want to give wine a trial—follow the example of the French, the world's greatest wine-drinking people. Select a wine to suit your personal taste and drink it with anything that comes to your dinner table, regardless of whether it is Bordeaux or Burgundy, white or red, and without worrying about the food to be served. And this you may do without fear of ridicule, criticism, or interference with good health.

Mr. Fougner Recommends:

CRABMEAT À LA KING

1 pound fresh or canned crab flakes
2 green peppers, shredded
¾ cup fresh mushrooms, shredded
1 cup cream
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon paprika
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
3 well-beaten egg yolks
¼ cup sherry
Buttered toast

Combine the crab flakes, green peppers, mushrooms, cream, and seasonings. Simmer ten minutes. Beat the egg yolks light and add the sherry. Stir into the cooking crab flakes and continue to cook and stir over a very low heat until slightly thickened—about two minutes. Serve at once on the toast.

SPAGHETTI IN SHERRY

The Italian name for this dish is: Spaghetti Bolognese. Ingredients required: One pound spaghetti, one-half pound beef tenderloin, one-half pound fresh mushrooms, one onion (medium size), one glass of sherry wine, two tablespoons of tomato purée, three ounces of butter, two ounces of grated Parmesan cheese, one pint of brown sauce.

Cut the meat in very small dices, and chop the mushrooms. Put in a pan on the fire one ounce of butter and when melted add the onion chopped fine. When brown add the meat, let fry for a few minutes, then add the mushrooms, the wine, the tomato purée, the brown sauce, salt and pepper to taste and let cook together for twenty-five minutes. Add two ounces of butter before putting the sauce on the spaghetti. Serve the grated Parmesan cheese separately.

OCTOBER SPECIAL COCKTAIL

½ good rye whiskey
¼ Italian Vermouth
⅛ fresh lime juice
⅛ Benedictine
Ice and stir well

And this you may do without fear of ridicule, criticism, or interference with good health.

The man who takes pride in his table or in the entertainment of his guests will make sure that the wine he serves is sound and that the label is one of which he need not be ashamed. This does not mean that the label need carry some famous name; some of the world's best-known names, as far as wine is concerned, are being used on bottles containing utterly unworthy products.

Assuming that with the assistance of the information previously given or to follow, the buyer has been able to make a selection, the matter of personal taste must, of course, play the leading part in the final decision. Choosing wines is the most difficult matter, as no two persons have the same idea of the flavor of any particular wine. In the last analysis, the buyer should choose, whenever possible, the wine which is most agreeable to his palate. And if he be gifted with a taste for wine, his choice will be easy.

An even temperature is all-important for the preservation of wine, whether it be in casks or in bottles. It is a well-established fact that wine, even in hermetically sealed bottles, remains subject to the action of external causes. The safest place to keep the bottles is in a spot where no motion can affect them, far from the rumbling of traffic.

The preservation of wine in bottles depends, of course, upon its maturity in the wood. But, however good the condition of the wine was at the time of the bottling, some sediment is bound to be deposited. Wines which deposit much should be decanted.

The operation of decanting is a simple one. The wine is poured slowly into another container, through a strainer, with a fine piece of cambric placed in it to prevent the deposit from passing into the decanter. This same operation should be performed when the cork, or part of it, has been forced into the bottle.

Bottles of good wine should be placed on their sides on the shelves where they are to be kept and never in an upright position, in order that the corks may always remain wet. Wines lose much of their flavor by being kept too long. There is always a middle age, or a maturity of years, in which the finer wines should be consumed. It is a great mistake to believe that a wine which will keep long should be consumed only when it will keep no longer.

Mere age is no criterion of the quality of a wine. This writer recalls an occasion in Monte Carlo when a bottle of Burgundy, eighty years old, was brought

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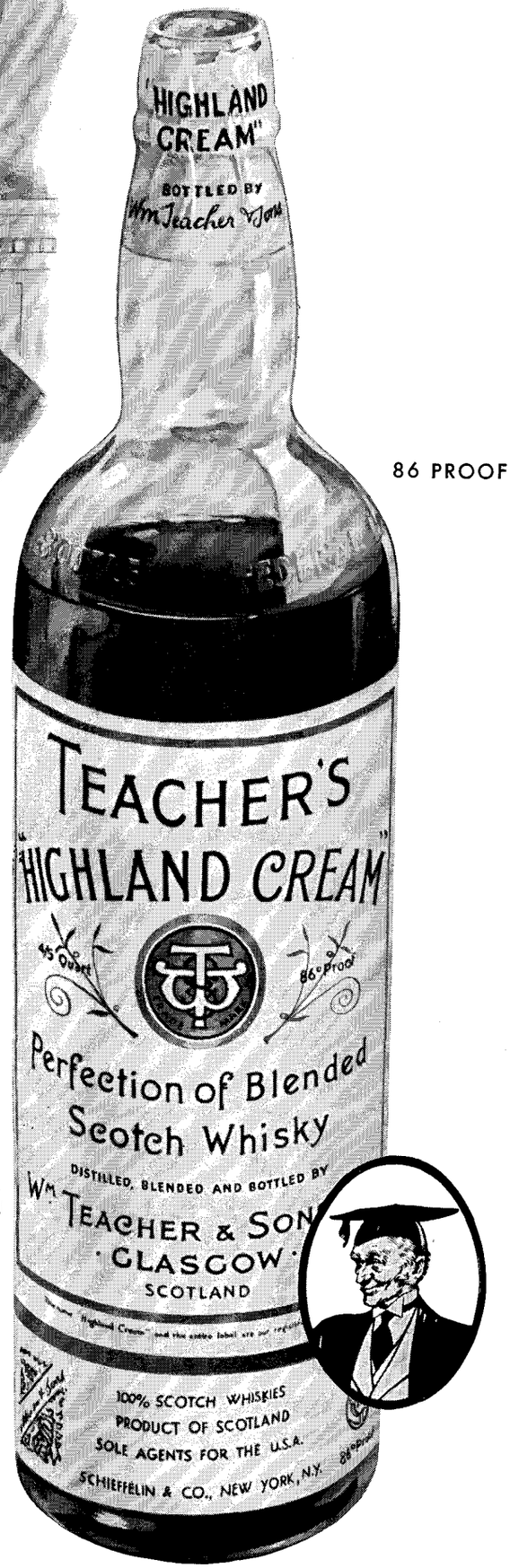

86 PROOF

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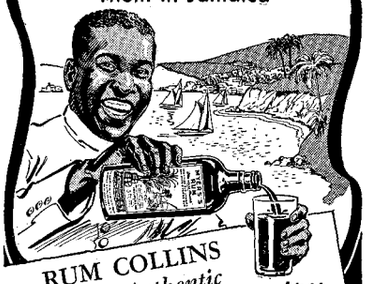
To Mix Them as They Make Them in Jamaica



RUM COLLINS
The Authentic Tropical Recipe:

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Recipes far removed from the traditional cook-book variety are his specialty. In his recent travels over the wine trails of the world, he has collected more than a thousand new ideas for eating and drinking. Some of these dishes or drinks will add the extra touch that lifts a good party or a good dinner into an extraordinary occasion.

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reverently onto the table by a "sommelier," or wine waiter, accompanied by two headwaiters. The precious liquid was reposing majestically in a wicker cradle; the cork was removed without one single drop being spilled, and much care was taken to tilt the bottle exactly at the correct angle when the wine was poured into the glasses. But much as he would have liked to join in the general praise of the contents, this sampler had to admit, to the utter disgust of his host, that the wine was flat, watery, and utterly devoid of flavor.

For the benefit of those who are now buying wines and learning to drink them, it may be useful to refute here the belief that a bottle of wine, once opened, must be consumed all at one time.

In France, as well as in all other wine-drinking countries, the bottle served at one meal, particularly in small families, is frequently recorked and served again at another sitting. This practice, as a matter of fact, is universally in use in hotels run on the so-called "American plan," where meals are included in the daily cost of the room. The guest orders a bottle, drinks half of it at one meal and the remainder at the next.

Too much time must not be allowed to pass, of course, before the bottle is finished; the wine will turn sour and undrinkable if kept too long, however carefully it has been recorked. Any sound wine, however, will keep at least a full week. Champagnes and other sparkling wines may never be recorked, but must be consumed when opened.

Red wines must never be served cold, nor should they ever be warmed. The best procedure is to let them acquire gradually the temperature of the room in which they are to be served. White wines should be served cool—chilled but not necessarily iced. This, in the modern apartment, may be done by placing the bottle in the refrigerator two hours before the meal at which they are served. Never, under any circumstances, put ice in wine; it ruins the flavor beyond recall.

So much for what is known as table wine, meaning the type which is intended for daily or even occasional consumption at the luncehon or dinner table as the liquid accompaniment to food. "Party wines" and those of the "fortified" variety are in an entirely different class. The best-known types of fortified wine are, of course, sherry and port.

Champagne, the best-known party wine, is also the simplest to handle and to serve, inasmuch as it is equally good at the beginning of a meal as at the end. Some authorities do not approve of serving sparkling wine throughout a meal but this is purely a matter of individual taste; and if no other wine is to be served, there is no sound reason why champagne should not be poured at all stages of the meal.

Both sherry and port wines possess, as has been shown, enduring qualities. They are both hardy wines which will suffer no serious injury from having been kept in exposed places, although too low a temperature is to be avoided. Low-priced types are necessarily young and likely to suffer from having been moved at an immature age. Both sherry and port are served in small glasses.

The proper time for port is after food; if served at dinner, its place is after and not with the dessert. An exception is made in the case of nuts and cheese, as the wine mates perfectly with either one. Sherry may be consumed at any time—before, during, or after the meal. As an appetizer, it has been used widely, particularly in recent years, probably in imitation of the old English habit of drinking a glass of sherry at the table, before tackling any other wine.

If, after reading all of the foregoing, you have become convinced that your own opinion regarding ordinary table wine is as good as that of anyone else, you will find in a later article of this series some definite advice intended to assist you in choosing better quality wines for special occasions.

Every other type of alcoholic beverage will be dealt with in time, and inquiries will be promptly answered, meanwhile, on the selection, care, and service of whiskeys, gins, brandies, rums, fine liqueurs, and beer.

In the meantime, returning to our theme, a good way to cultivate a taste for wine is to experiment with wine in cooking. The wonders that may be achieved in every type of cooking from the simple chafing dish to the full-sized broiler or roasting pan will surprise you.

There is a way of adding a small glass of sherry to Crab Meat à la King that improves the taste a thousandfold; and the addition of wine to a dish of spaghetti will make a rare delicacy out of that somewhat commonplace dish. Both recipes accompany this article.

*

The after-theater and midnight supper will be Mr. Fougner's topic in November, with a full selection of recipes for chafing dish, other quick-to-prepare dishes, and a list of appropriate beverages to accompany the foods.

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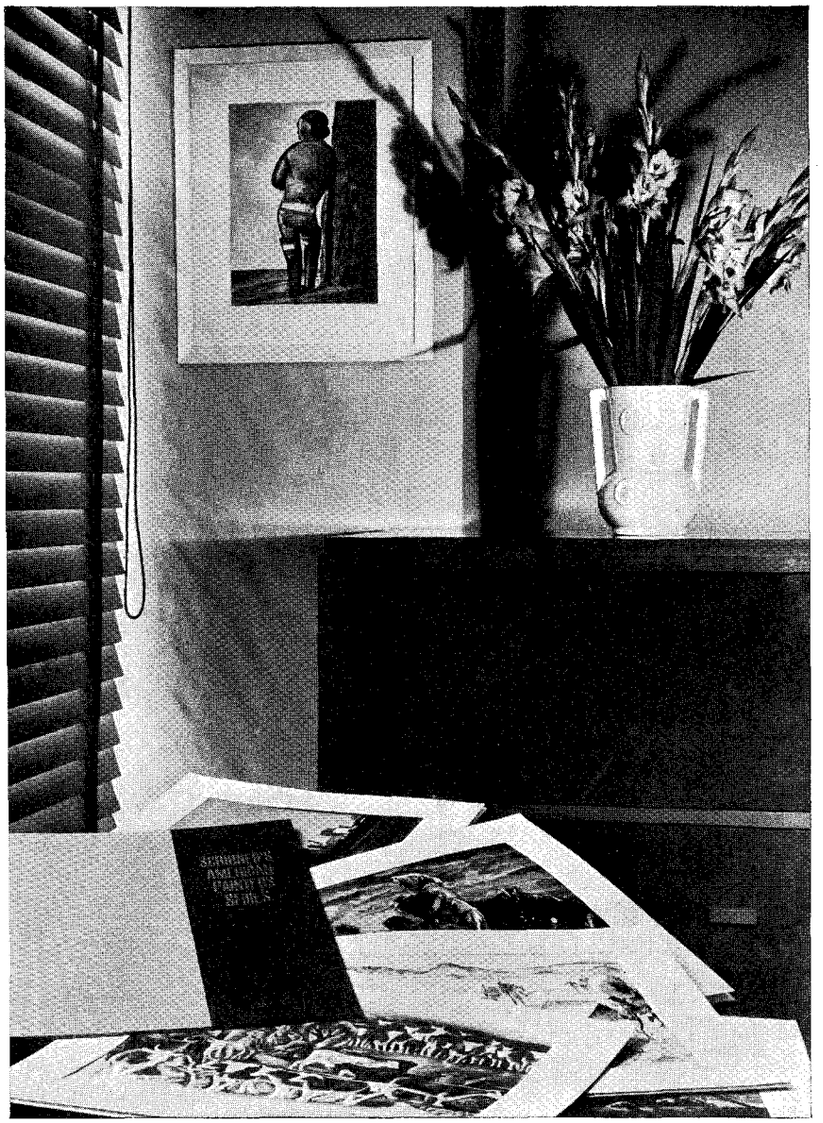

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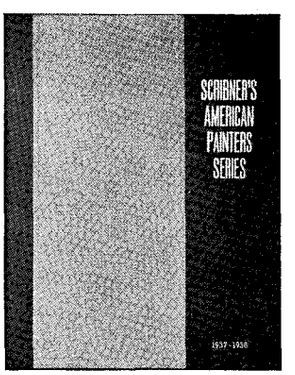

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New Luxury for Windows

KATHERINE KENT

With the new drapery fabrics as index, even the hardest-bitten twenty-niner must admit that the upturn is fully upon us. A new luxury in texture, an almost-forgotten dignity in design, and a warming color subtlety mark the changing mood.

But in no sense is this a mere revival of boom days. The colossal and fussy elegance which the racketeers of the decorating crafts shellacked on a credulous, open-pursed world is little in evidence. I'll not, however, go so far as to say that there are no monstrosities with us, or that monstrous things will not be done with lovely fabrics. But in the main, there are so many materials of exquisite looming, in designs that enhance them rather than shout in competition, that hope grows high for something like a renaissance. At least the opportunity is at hand to treat windows and other architectural openings with that true grace which ultimately is a compound of beauty in fabric, simplicity in line, and variety achieved by perfect accents.

Left to right—A heavy rich fabric designed by Marion Dorn, imported by Carrillo Bros. Silk bayadere striped damask, brocaded-leaf design on plain stripe alternating with ribbed stripe from Schumacher. Silk satin damask with plain, chevron and diamond stripes (Stroheim & Romann).

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Color is perhaps as significant of our changing mood as any other single factor. Gone are the blatant hues, the strident contrasts of the ebullient years; gone too, the stark, primitive simplicities of head-sunk days. Instead, we have full rich colors in hues from pastel fairness to deep tones, *all* with a softening misty overlay. But don't for a moment get the idea that this means dullness overall and a studied moderation. The new colors are charming and full-bodied, cheerful but never overpowering. Old rose, turquoise, chartreuse yellow, and gage green are returning favorites; blues, reds, pinks, and even whites with a hint of mauve in them are new charmers; while in the dark tones, the damson shades are decidedly to the fore. There is little gray to be seen as background color but it is never-

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theless important in combination with the warmer tones. Very new and smart is gray with yellow.

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Silks dominate the scene. As one would expect with the trend to more luxurious fabrics, pure silks are omnipresent. Then there are the real silks in combination with linen, and with cotton; rayons, rayons with silk, and rayons in other textile combinations. No short description can hope to embrace the numerous finishes on the market, for they vary from shiniest of satins to textures like linen, from the smoothest of smooth surfaces to a nubbiness that by rights is just plain knots.

Interesting things are happening to stripes. There are few of the bold this-color-that-color sort to be seen. Instead, stripes tend to blend; to form the background for floral, and for conventional designs; or to be themselves highly patterned.

Stripes, however, far from exhaust the range of designs. Shadow plaids, large and small flower designs, and all the period motifs are used in new arrangements on fabrics as diverse as velvets and taffetas. Quilted effects vie with quilted materials, or should I say complement them? Where the quilted fabrics are too bulky for drapery use, these new quilted effects do beautifully, giving the illusion of puffed softness in a weight that drapes to perfection.

Modern designs continue in simplification. By far the best that I've seen (though I make no claims to have seen *all*) come from England. If modern is your *metier* by all means investigate the Marion Dorn fabrics, a few of which have now found their way into this country. It almost seems as though our own designers are holding off until after the Paris Exposition. Next year perhaps will be more fruitful in readily available modern designs. In the meantime, from Paris comes news of hand-woven woolens for upholstery and drapery use, and of woolen curtains sheer as muslin. Swedish and Danish fabrics are beginning to trickle to our shores. For the most part, they are hand-loomed, simple in design and highly distinctive. Beside the more familiar cottons and linens, interesting use is made of chenille yarns and spun rayons. It is a pity that these fabrics are not better known, for they are a relief from the mannered homespuns of the last few years and do beautifully in the provincial type room, and with really *early* American furniture.

From California comes a welcome note of independence in design. California holly, pepper leaf, native chrysanthemums, flowering cactus, night-blooming cereus, and flowering eucalyptus are among the motifs used by the California Hand Prints on silks, mohairs, and linens for drapery and upholstery use.

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A recent comer to the drapery mart is oil silk designed for *other than* kitchen and bathroom purposes. Pioneer work has already been done by a few far-sighted decorators who have made intriguing uses of oil silk in almost every type of room. These silks have not only a highly practical appeal—for rain storms through carelessly left-open windows mean nothing to them, and grime washes off with a sponge—but they have a decorative light quality unlike any other fabric. For another season or two they will also carry the appeal of the unusual and exclusive, so rare in inexpensive materials, for you'll not find oil silks of the quality and design appropriate to room uses in ready-to-hang production. The material must be purchased by the yard and made to measure.

The best collection that I've seen of oil silks that have nothing reminiscent of bath or kitchen about them, bear the stamp of Witchin. There is a chintz pattern, for example, consisting of generously spaced groups of flowers in delightful colors, on a quite transparent ground—the sort of thing you find in French imports on fine glazed percales and on voiles. Then there is a shadow plaid—gray over brown, yellow over white, blue over blue, and a red over white that gives deep red, pinkish gray, and a rich rose effect. A really simple and effective design for sunrooms, living rooms in country houses or in the South. Another design that does equally well for the same purposes is a bamboo motif in which the stalks cross in continuous diagonals. It is to be had in beige on brown, red on clear, and blue on green. Then, in a less transparent oil silk, you'll find an all-over pattern in silver on several striking grounds. Among the oil silks from other houses there are a number of delightful designs in ship, fish and conventional patterns. A very amusing one takes its inspiration from the *Gondoliers*.

Kleinert's *Illusion* silk is also worth your investigation. Like oil silk, it sheds water and is easily cleaned with a damp cloth or sponge, but unlike oil silk it has not a trace of odor. If there's an infant in your home, you probably know it in its unadorned state, *Softex*.

In choosing oil silk, bear in mind the

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Life in the U. S. Contest

WINNERS

The December SCRIBNER'S will contain the names of the winners and the first series of winning manuscripts. It had been previously hoped that the judges could publish their decisions in the November issue, but the volume of work has made this impossible. Over 8000 manuscripts were submitted, each of which required careful reading and critical appraisal.

In the December

SCRIBNER'S

purpose for which you intend it. I mean not only in the matter of design, but in its light-admitting qualities. You'll find considerable variation, with some of almost gossamer transparency, and others practically opaque. The difference lies not so much in the weight of silk used as in the way the design has been applied. When the silk is printed before oiling, light penetrates easily; on the other hand, when the design goes over coated silk, opaqueness is obtained. If pigment colors are used in the latter process, you need have no fear that the design will wash off.

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A number of new ideas in drapery hardware have made their appearance. Minor, perhaps, but to my mind most important, is the pole with an invisible bracket. Instead of the familiar doo-dad that comes from the wall and circles back over the pole, you can now buy a small bracket that fits into a slot in the pole, eliminating not only excess decoration, but permitting the drape to run to the very edge of the pole.

Catalin finales are used on swinging cranes, tiebacks, and drapery rods made by Judd. Clear bright colors, crystal, amber, tortoise shell accent brushed silver, bronze, brass, chromium, and copper finishes. Interesting use of glass ends (clear or in soft shades) for curtain poles is made by Kirsch. For the modern room, you'll find well-designed crystal blocks, spheres, and cylinder rod-finales; for the period room, delightful shapes in pressed glass. The new cranes feature a salutary departure from those of past seasons. The familiar scroll work or what-have-you that has so long adorned the top of the crane and perched above the curtain is now worked parallel to it, giving a smooth and satisfying finish to both drapery and supporting arm. Another crane that deserves mention combines the advantages of the swing-back feature and the suavity of the cornice line.

PHOTOS BY COPLAN

Left to right—Woven silk in quilted effect (Schumacher); brocatelle in all-over flower design (Thorpe); Doupioni silk, bayadere stripes (Seeley-Salamandre); delicately patterned rayon damask (Schumacher).

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